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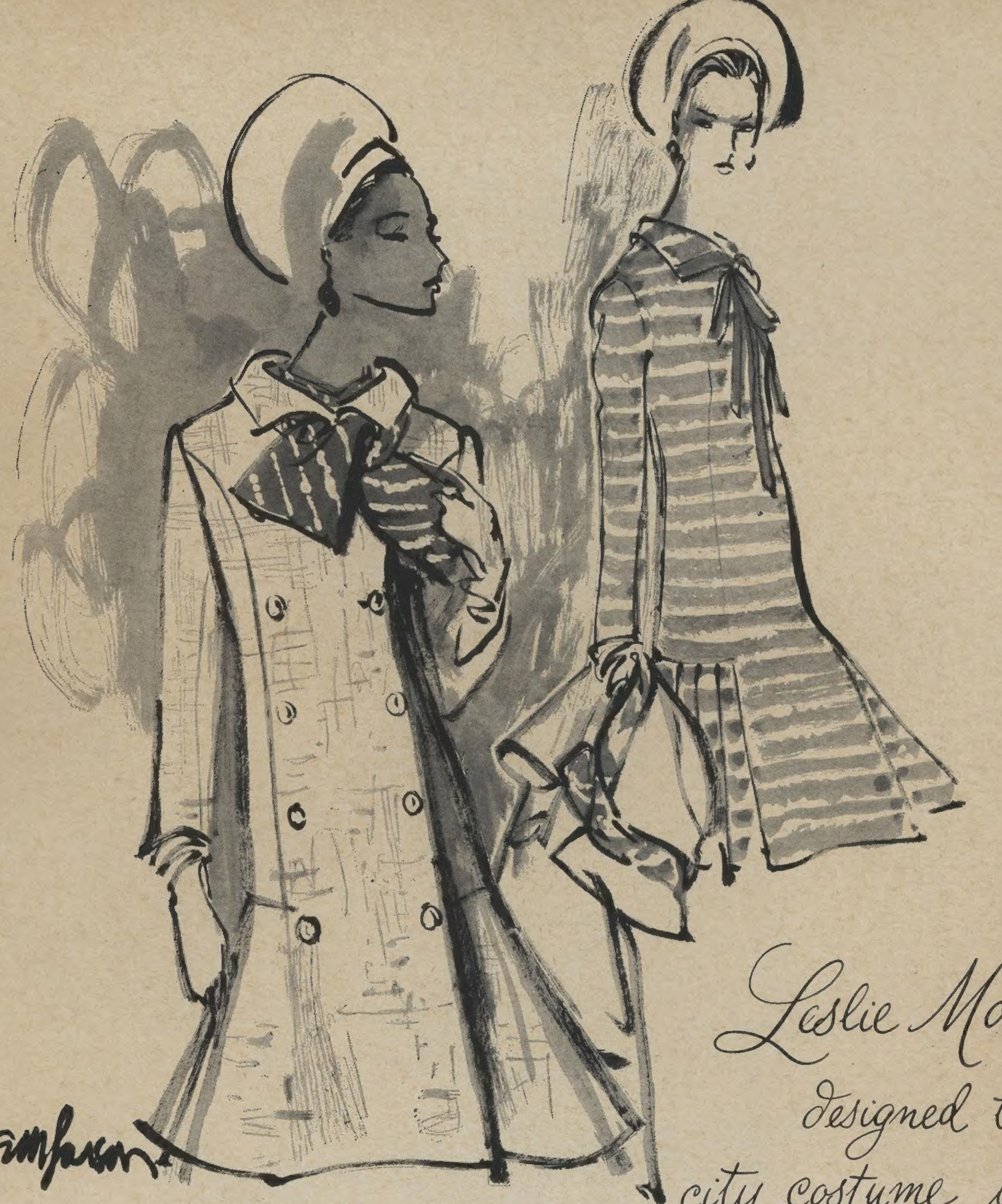

Leslie Morris designed this city costume in crisp beige silks ... pale beige for the coat, deep café-beige for the striped dress and matching coat lining.

Exclusive in our Made-to-Order Collection on the Second Floor

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MARCH 15, 1965

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VOGUE

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PENN

COVER: One of this spring's prettiest accessory splashes—a deep-rose capelet of rippled silk taffeta blooming over bare shoulders, pale roses and yellow dogwood nestled here and there in the folds. Bursts of diamonds and pearls at the ears. On the lips, Glissando Pearl gleaming over Pink #4, by DuBarry. Capelet by Emily Wetherby. About $90. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Hairpieces by Fashion Tress. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire.

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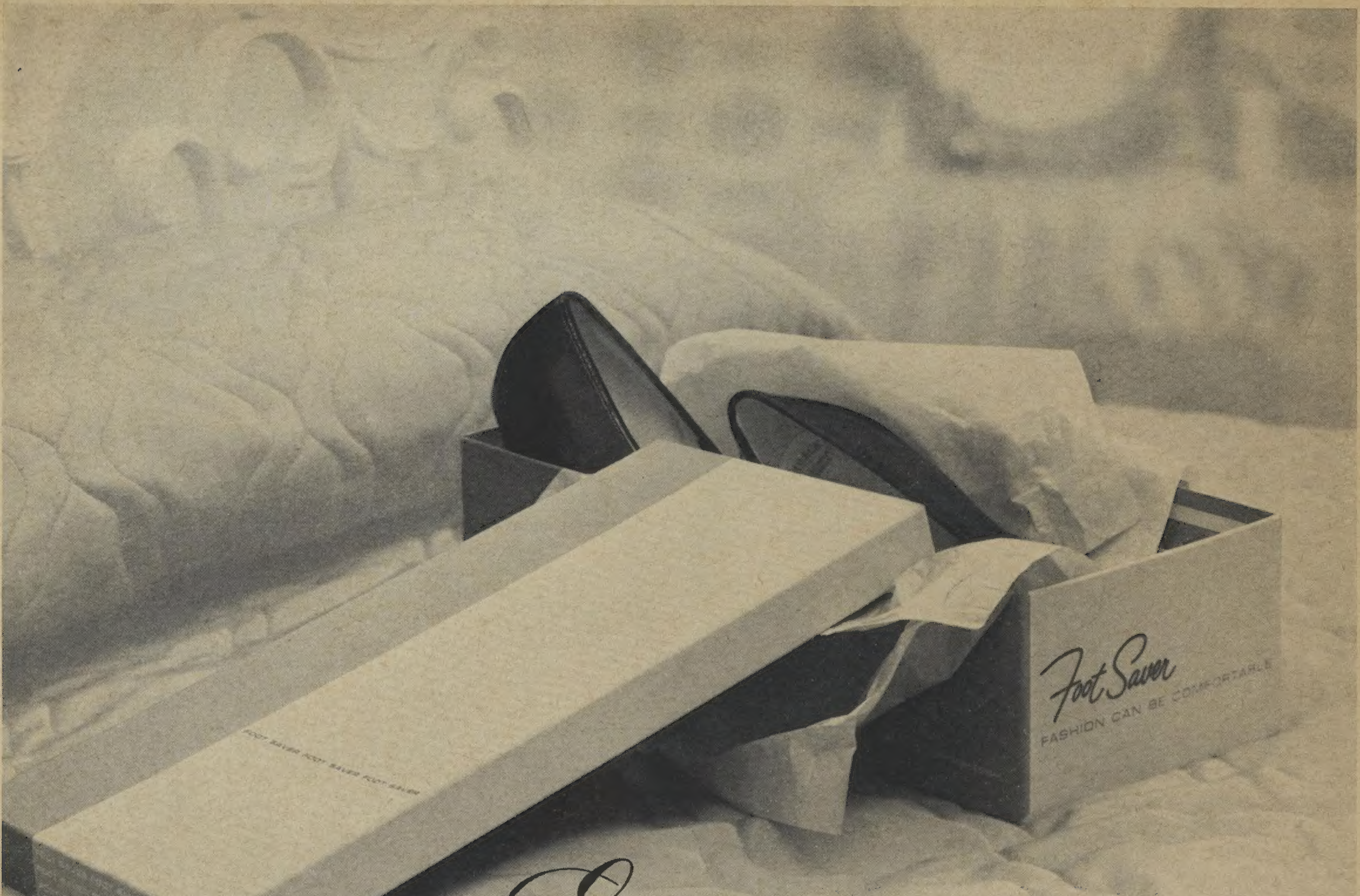

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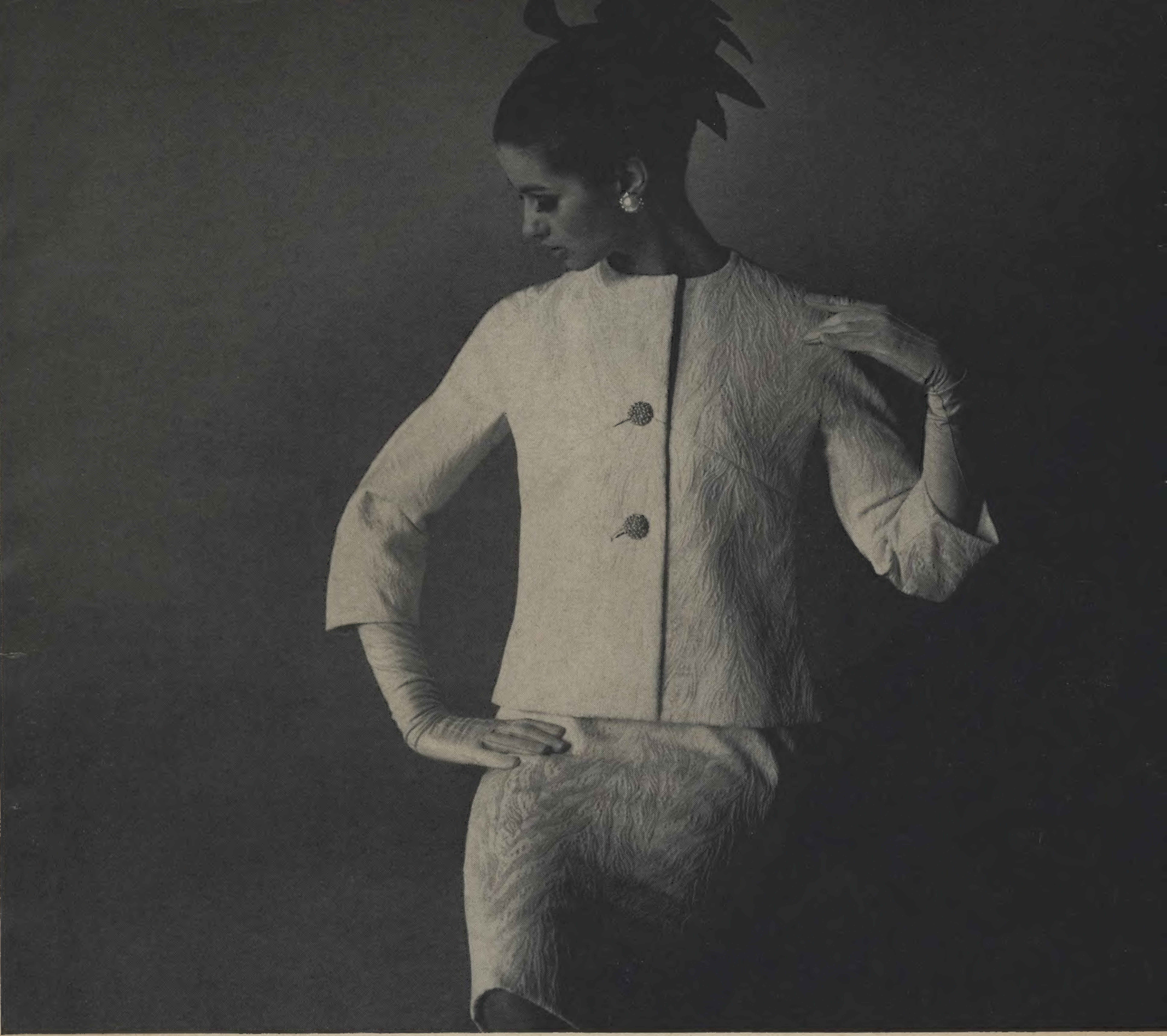

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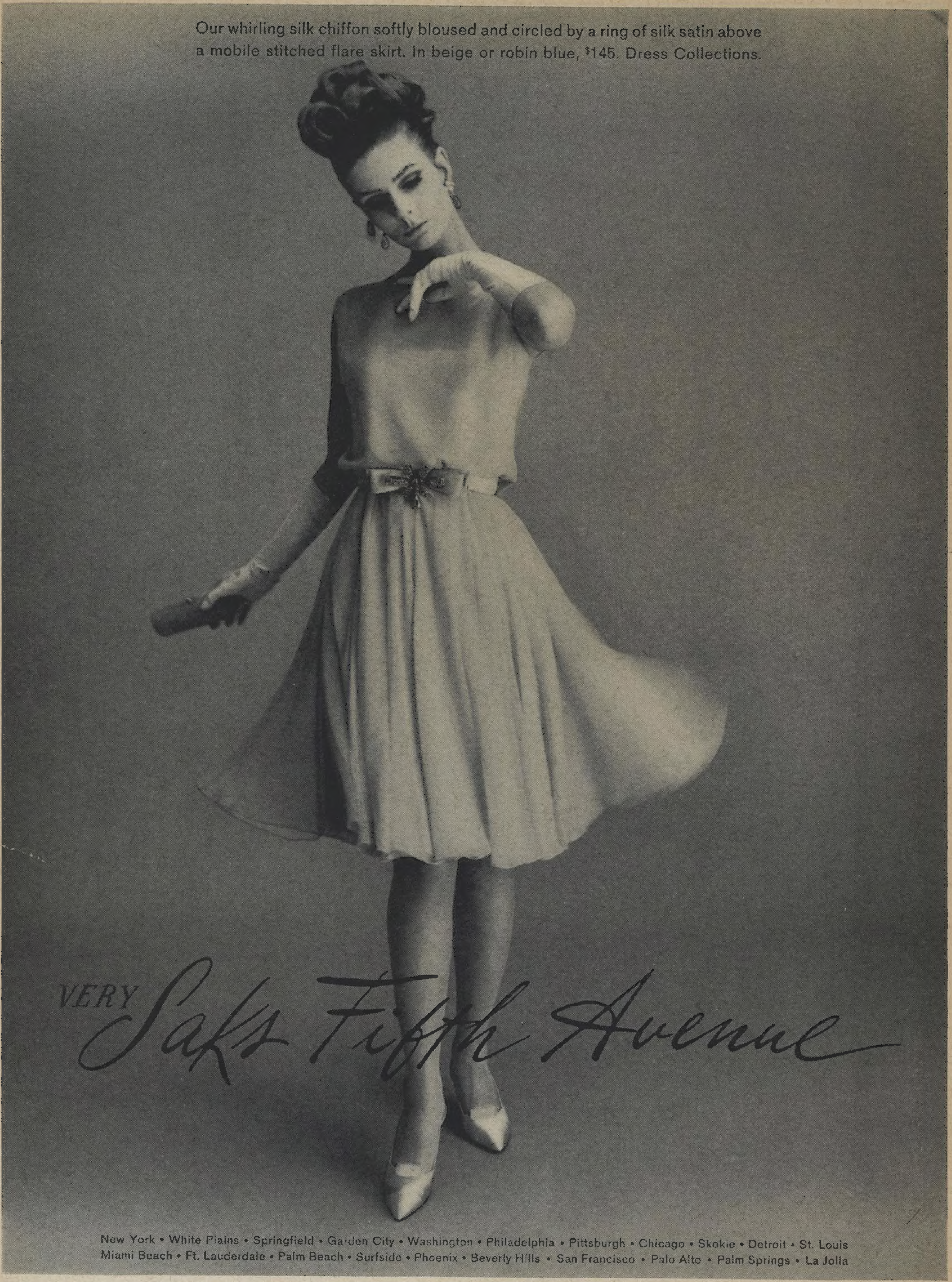

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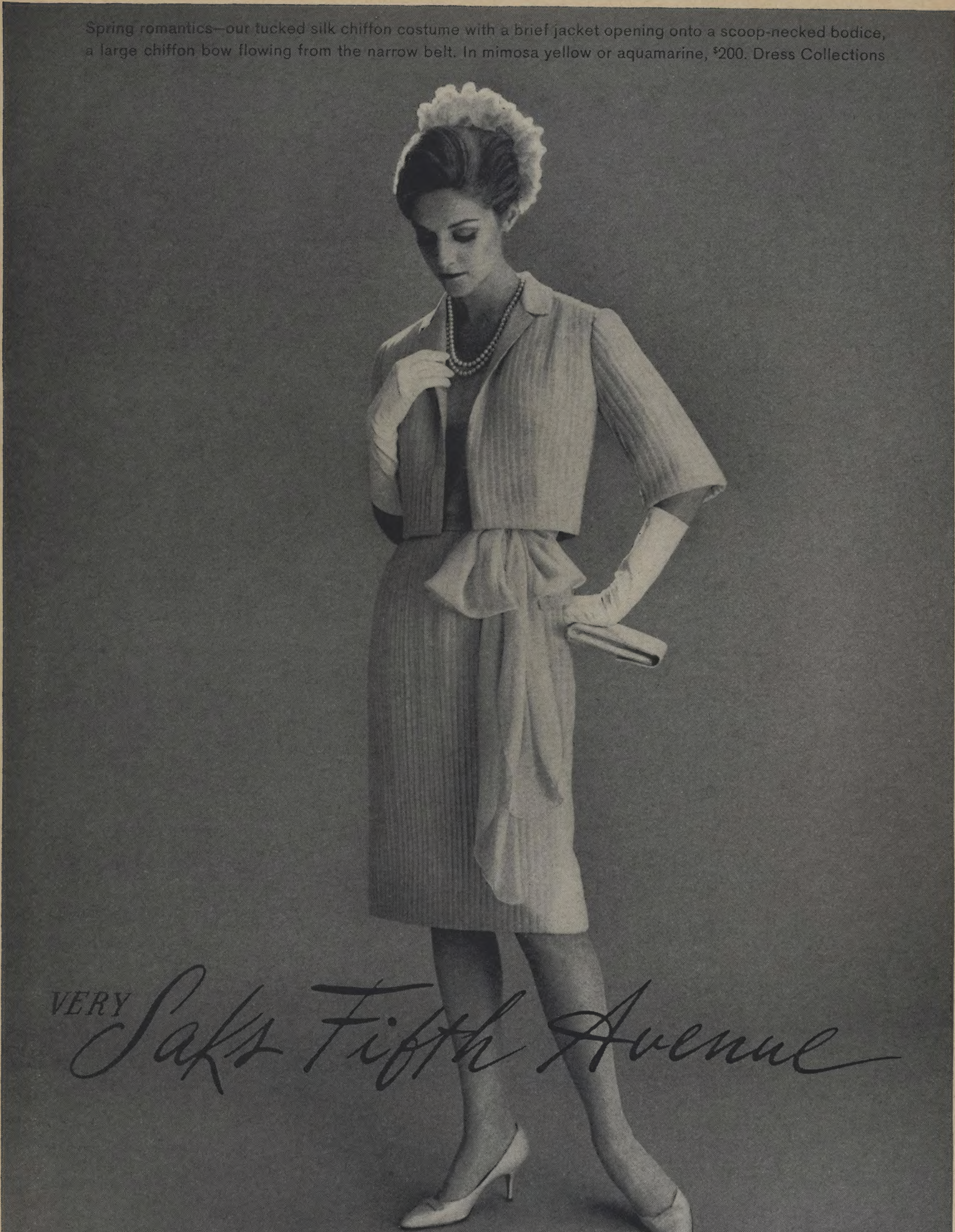

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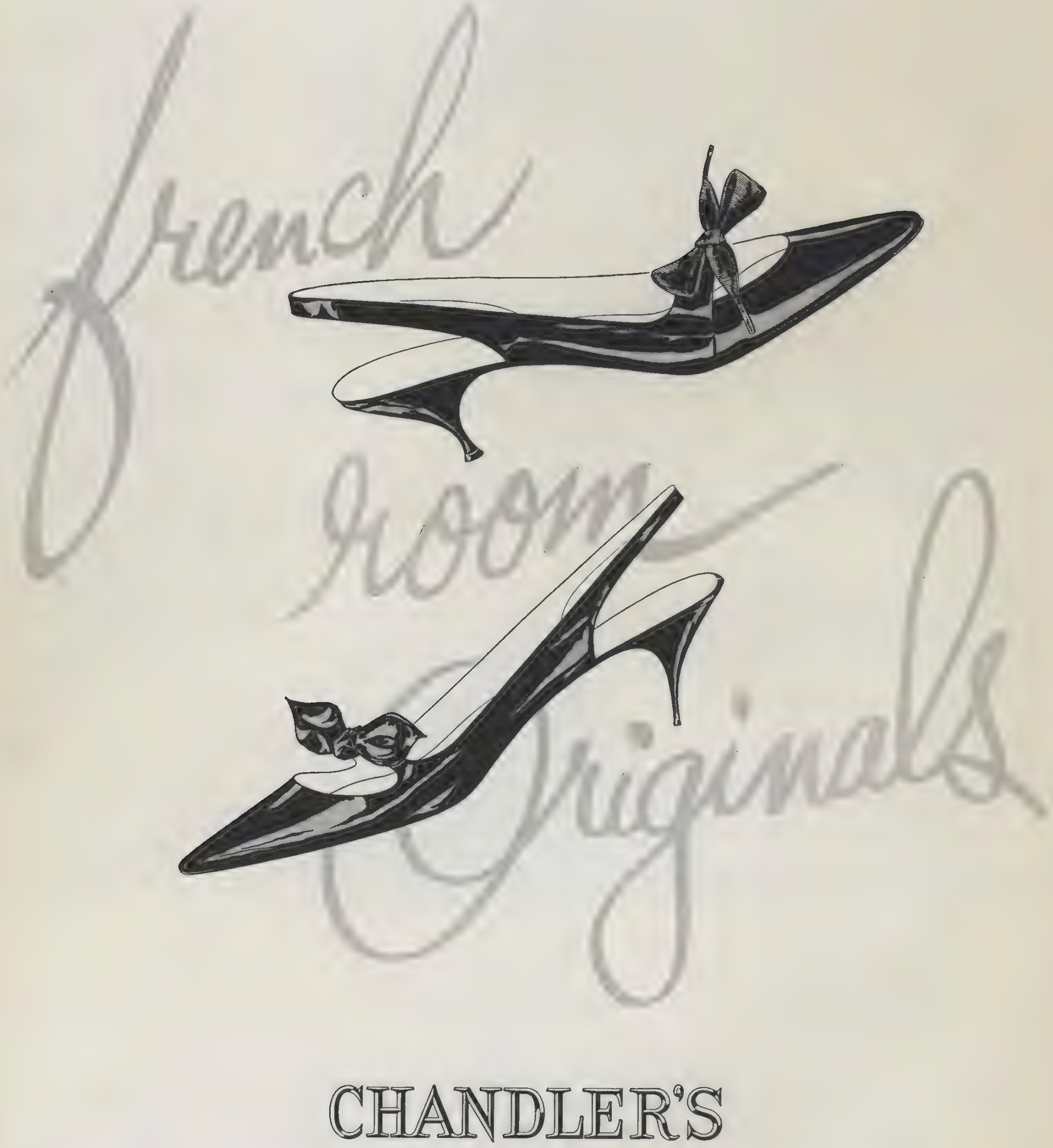

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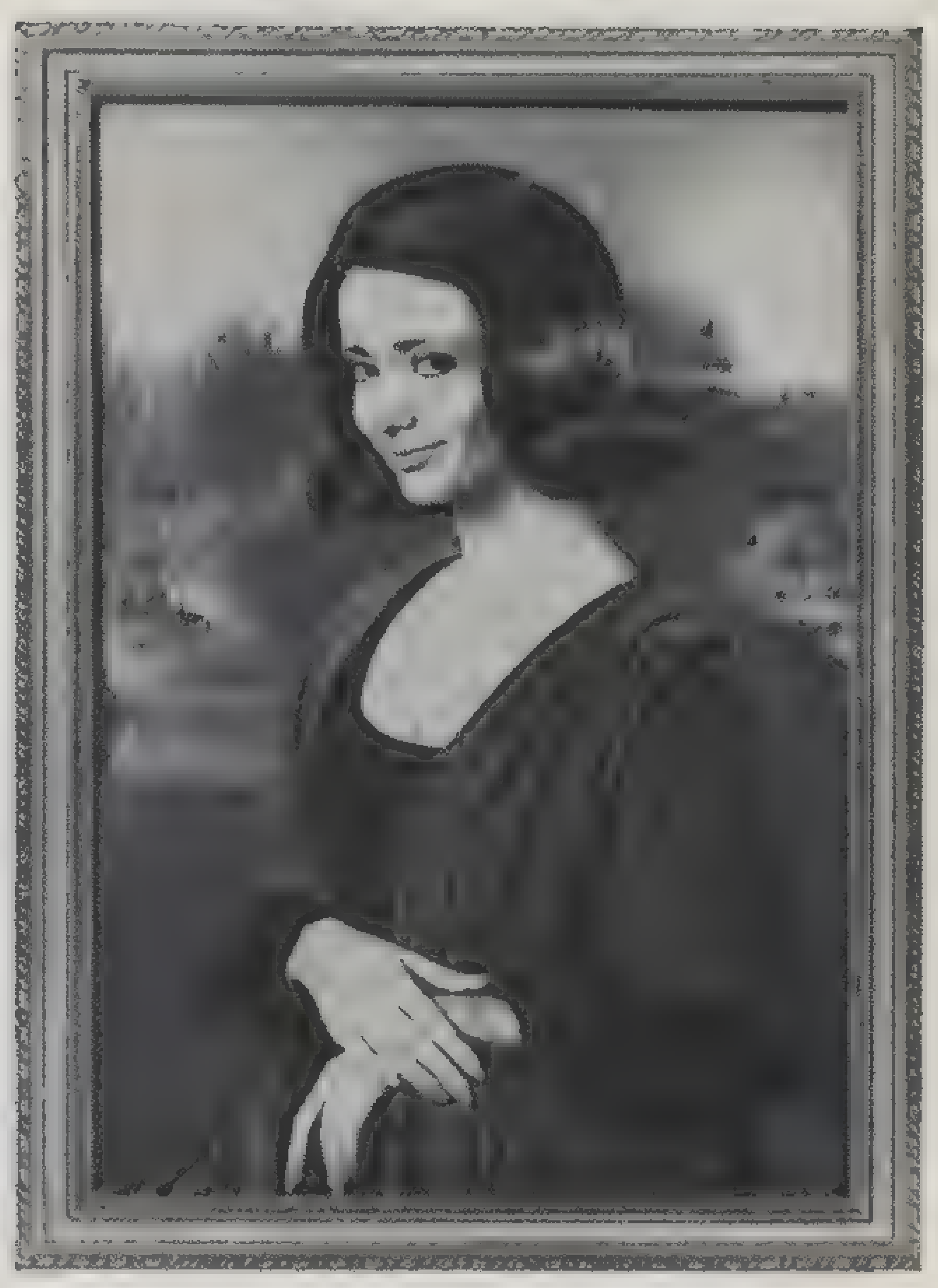

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

News on keeping toothsome the teeth

How the late Lady Mendl would have approved, we can not help but think. Way beyond her time in so many ways, Elsie de Wolfe Mendl had installed in her bath room thirty years ago a gadget similar to the one we're about to discuss here. Hers was her own invention, a no-holds-barred pursuit of oral well-being. . . . Now there is one on the marketplace, done up dashingly by Raymond Loewy, to hang over a sink or rest on counter. Dentist-designed, dentist-cheered, dentist-prescribed, Water Pik, the electrically-activated contraption we sing of, feels nothing at all like a dentist's less charming ministrations. By water-jet action it stirs up wholesome exhilaration in a mouth, reaching into mysterious inter-teeth grottoes, evicting therefrom unamusing after-dinner remnants in the line of food and bacteria. What Water Pik is out to do away with is periodontitis, that awesomely frequent marauder of so many mouths that have reached their majority—or even their early teens. . . . Procedure: One fills its reservoir with lukewarm water—scented, medicated, or salted to taste—that gets spurted between and around the teeth at the rate of twenty determined spurts a second by a special gadget, Jet Tip (different colours for every member of the family, man, woman, and child). Of course, not for *one* second do the makers of Water Pik suggest that their baby replace brushing. It's to complement brushing, hopefully twice a day, in order to help keep all thirty-two permanent teeth permanently glowing with health and good humour. . . . Being snapped up right now at all the Saks Fifth Avenues.

Making down and creaming up

Among words to the wise that accompany a gossamer new foundation: Always apply makeup with down strokes so as to miss the pores, night cream with up strokes so as *not* to miss them. The foundation makeup to take the downstream path in this case is lightfingered, age-lifting Fluff Fantasque by Lilly Daché. A bit of Fluff gushes from an interesting little aerosol dispenser. The inviting consistency of a well-whipped parfait, it requires, for its daily outing, just one small gingerly tap (the more gingerly the better, we've found) on its pushbutton top, the frothy proceeds then distributed one drop to the forehead, one to the nose, one to each cheek. That's *enough*—to moisturize, smooth, freshen, and colour a face, hairline to chinline. Never settling in crevices, so weightless it points up no pores, Fluff Fantasque comes in five ivory-through-pink-parfait tones, any one of which, downstroked on, leaves the wearer looking innocent of makeup—ravishingly, albeit deviously.

What to get into when it's time to get up: Mini-Slip in nylon tricot, beautifully edged in lace. Available in Black or Spring Coral over Beige; White over Surf Blue. Sizes 32 to 36, $9. KAYSER®

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

March 15

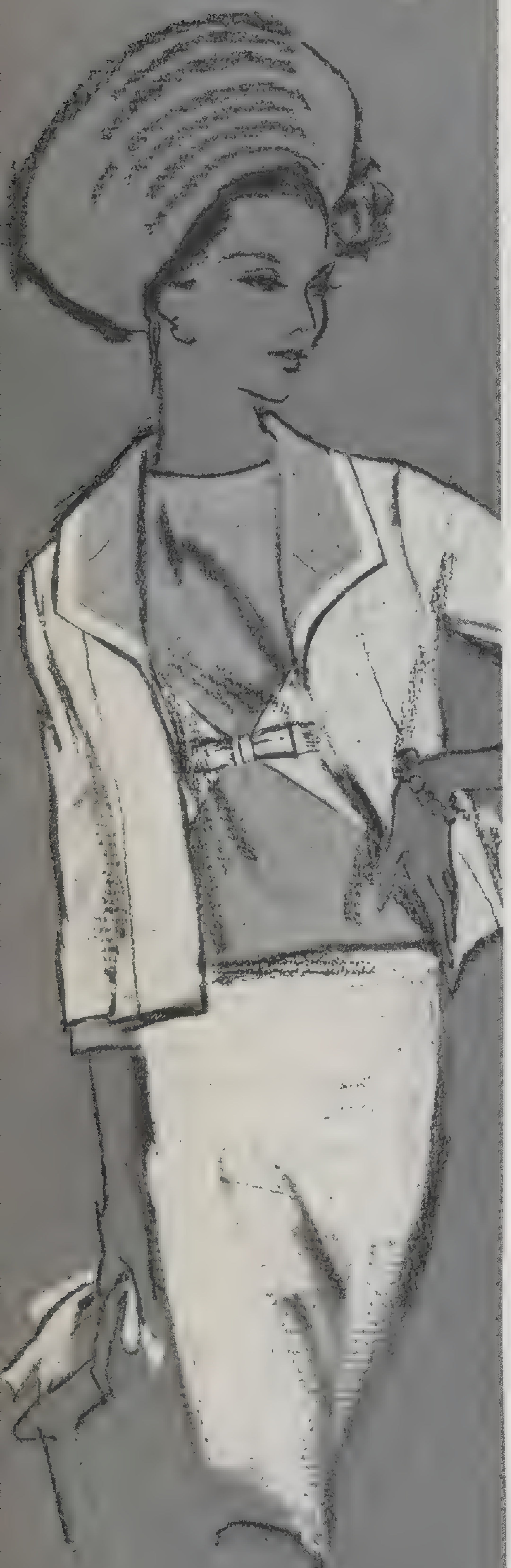
Checkout on the missing glove

We've yet to meet a thoroughly attractive woman who hasn't—at one time or another—chosen to tangle with the sort of work that calls for rubber gloves rather than kid ones. This includes Mrs. William Rayner, who not so long ago installed her own boiserie, painted her own flat, and built for her clothes cupboard a better accessories-storage mousetrap—all with her own hands. . . . It also includes Mrs. William Paley, whose interest in gardening involves first-person labour, and begins at a level somewhat deeper than grass roots; and Mrs. Frederick Cushing, who likes waxing her house to a glow, and polishes the family boots and shoes. It also includes Mrs. Richard du Pont's golden young daughter, Lana, whose management of her own cherished horses involves not only riding them (she rode for the U.S. in the Combined Training Event at the Olympics in Tokyo), but also every detail of their care and feeding, and sometimes the cleaning of their stabling facilities. . . . The work list also includes Miss Karen McIntosh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan McIntosh. Her elegance in a dressage event (she too went well at Tokyo, representing the U.S.) hardly suggests that an hour later, shadbelly jacket removed, silk top hat flung off, she might be up to her elbows in a bucket of thick, damp, grey clay, packing the hooves of her horses with a therapeutic mixture next to which cement and plaster handle as tidily as tea-table delicacies. . . . We therefore wonder why it is that rubber gloves haven't been made to be more interesting. Why the colours in which they come are so resolutely jelly-bean pink or yellow or green or blue. Why their lengths and sizes are so unprogressive. . . . Why not a little wrist-length, cotton-lined rubber glove designed to look like a leather-palmed, string-backed hunt glove? (For certain jobs, that's quite enough glove, and could be quite attractive.) And why not, for certain other jobs, an opera-length rubber glove? Or the usual rubber-glove length (just between wrist and elbow) done in saffron, mocha, chamois, beige—in other words, in good glove colours? . . . What business is it of ours? Only this: hardworking hands are a present reality. Hand lotions and creams have done their bit to compensate—but for even the best of these, it's uphill work when the hands aren't adequately protected en chore. . . .

Miracle smile

Although the "official" figures on the upswerve in the use of perfume in the U.S.A. will not be published until the year's halfway mark, we can better than guess—judging by the faces wreathed with smiles and canary feathers—that the perfumers were well pleased with 1964. There's every indication that at last a perfume-break-through has been achieved—a breakthrough in what was, at one time, a curious resistance by women to the steady spending of enough drops of perfume to keep themselves consistently scented. An informal house-check among Vogue editors and their assistants recently revealed this: of the approximately sixty women surveyed, thirty-five gave perfume as presents last Christmas. And some of the thirty-five gave perfume to as many as twenty friends. One interesting explanation for the rise in perfume as a woman-to-woman present was offered as follows: as people become more and more individual in their likes and dislikes, it becomes more and more difficult to hit on a present that's sure to be felicitous. "But if you know a woman well enough to give her a present, you can't help but know what perfume she likes." . . . And now, with liked perfumes compounding themselves into all sorts of happy other forms—soaps, bath oils, purse sprays—the giving can go on and on imaginatively. . . . In work at Vogue now, by the way, is another informal house-check. In this, we're making an attempt to narrow down to a fairly specific figure the mileage a woman can expect from one fluid ounce of good perfume when it's used as it should be used, which is to say: liberally.

Justin McCarty



Supple Textured Silk in our Justin McCarty elegant three piece suit combines subtle off-white oyster with gently toned pastels . . . either pink, blue or green. A pure silk Mural® fabric by Bloomsburg. Without the jacket . . . you have a charming overblouse dress! Sizes 8 to 18. About $70.

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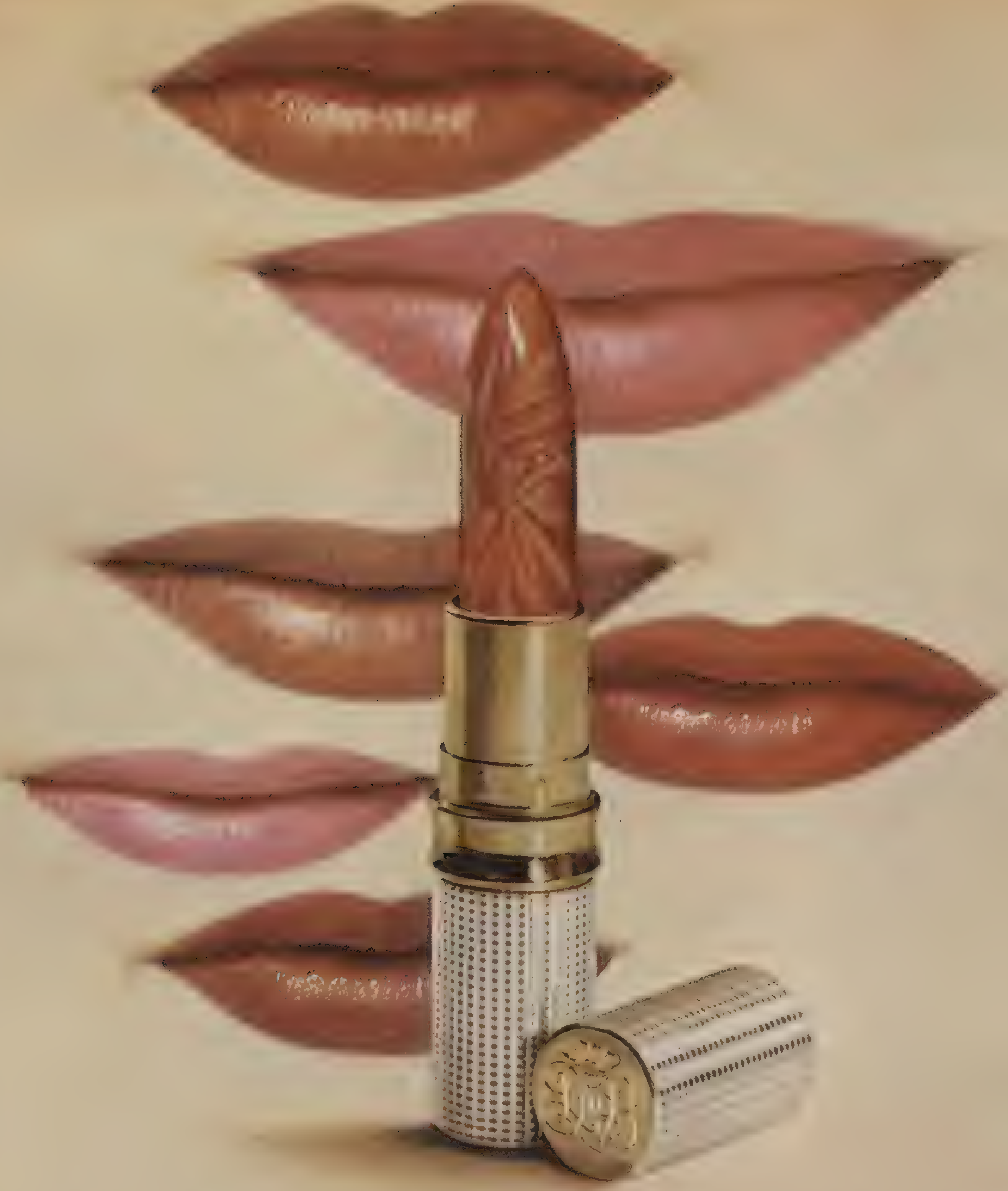

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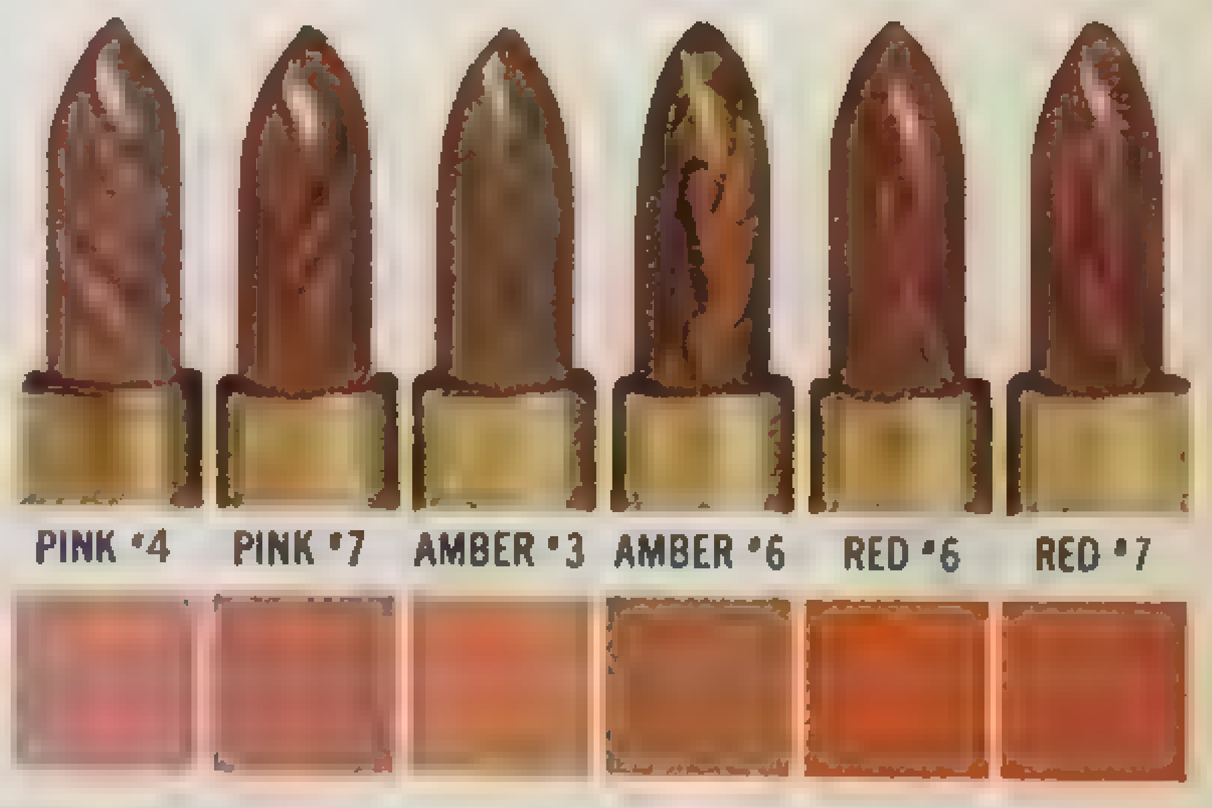

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that goes with the laciest bra

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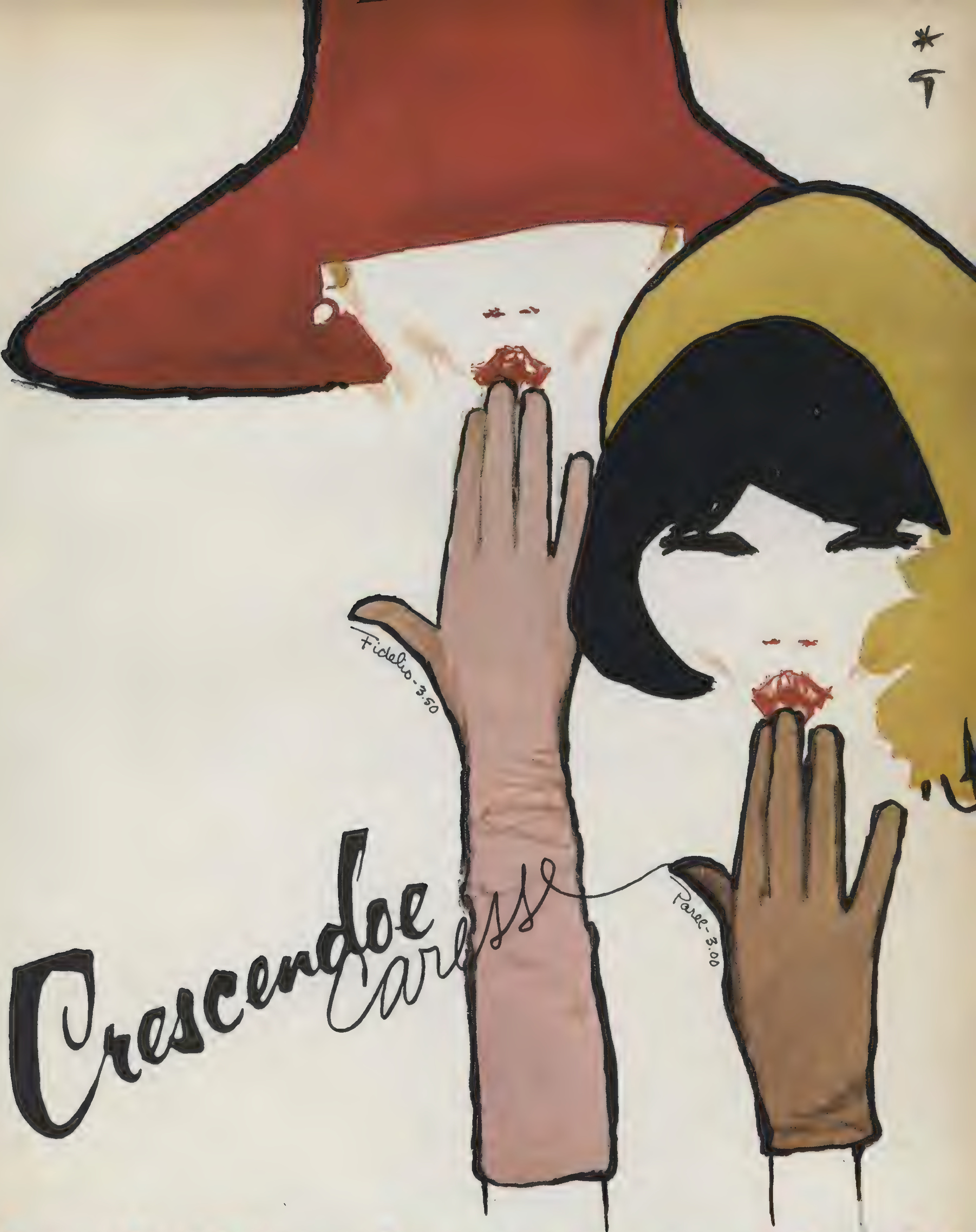
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Squalane.

It has always seemed to Helene Curtis that this was the heart of the matter. If we could reproduce the natural oil of the hair, we could effectively deal with dryness. It took us years of research and testing. The result: an oil called Squalane which is a duplication of oil within each hair of your head—the same oil that gives youthful hair its gleam and sheen.

How it works.

You can see Squalane in the blue oil floating on top of the waving lotion in our picture (above). When your hairdresser shakes the bottle, the blue part will emulsify with the waving part (bottom) for about five minutes —just long enough to be spread evenly over your hair. Squalane goes to work, replacing oils that the hair has lost. Then the neutralizer seals everything in.

See for yourself.

You'll get a soft, lustrous wave with the gleaming, unspoiled beauty of youth. Even hair dried by previous permanents, tinting or other treatments will look beautifully natural. As a matter of fact, there is no hair which cannot benefit in health and beauty by waving with Squalane.

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in his
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Critic's Holiday: A Theatre Fling in Europe

By Henry Popkin

Every so often, when Broadway is banal and off-Broadway is awful, I set off in quest of European variations in the theatre. What I see is always different, sometimes better, and occasionally unique. One recent experience was doubly unique, for it was possibly both the first and the last time around.

If the Peking Opera had never before taken an authentic full-length play to Europe, it might never do so again. The operative word is "authentic," because only a few weeks after the performance I attended in Brussels, the press was reporting that the Communist Chinese were making new changes in their traditional drama.

Everything in Chinese opera is calculated to get in the way of any normal human response: the shrill, whining singsong of the dialogue; the gaudy costumes in which no one ever lived, some of them topped by headpieces with yard-long feathers; the extraordinary acrobatics which become an end in themselves and stop the show, like a song in a Broadway musical; the extravagantly fantastic legends that are dramatized; the elaborate conventions of action. What is one to think of a play that asks the burning question: Can a white snake in human form find happiness as the wife of a druggist?

Still, some shreds of humanity get through this Chinese Wall of alienation, and moments of real feeling are the more effective because so much ceremony surrounds them. The altered ending makes a direct appeal to a stock human response. In the traditional story, the husband's horror at finding his wife to be a white snake is invincible, and so the heroine and her handmaiden, a blue snake, forever abandon the world of men.

The Communist Chinese think this unhappy ending is inconsistent with their "optimistic" and "progressive" ideals; accordingly, they made the white snake return to be reunited with her repentant husband and with their little child, who greets her with that favourite Chinese word: "Mama!" The accompanying change in attitude makes *The White Snake* almost a drama of racial prejudice, about a woman to whom people are unaccountably hostile only because she happens to have been born a white snake.

Following this Chinese treatment of a pre-Communist classic, I saw a Polish adaptation of a classic out of Poland's pre-Communist past. The play was *Tevye the Milkman*, taken from the same stories as Broadway's *Fiddler on the Roof* and performed in Yiddish by the Jewish State Theatre of Warsaw. The upshot of any comparison is that each culture—indeed, each state—gets the adaptation it deserves. While Broadway plays up goodheartedness, ascribing iniquity only to the Czar, Warsaw plays up social criticism, ascribing evil to the rich and making its point most bluntly in a tear-jerking scene in which lovable old Tevye is turned away by his rich, old, vicious son-in-law.

Each play ends on its own appropriate high note: in America, Tevye goes to America, but in Warsaw, he vows that his radical son-in-law, a social revolutionary, will shake the world. In Warsaw, Tevye's life is rather sombre, and his rôle is played sombrely by the author of the dramatization. No one aims at anything like the ebullience of Zero Mostel.

Interpretations come out differently even when the plays are the same. Zeffirelli's *Hamlet* in Italian (or *Amleto*, to be exact) was swift and passionate but also intelligible and coherent, and the stage pictures suggested some particularly well-organized paintings of the seventeenth century. It was quite unnecessary for Zeffirelli to play games with Gertrude, making her give up her low-necked dresses and her hair dye and start looking her age after her crucial interview with her son brings her to her senses.

Another *Hamlet* at the Deutsches Theater of East Berlin had no gimmicks, but, less fortunately, little feeling either. Its line was Marxist, but even that intention was imperfectly conveyed until the very end, when Fortinbras entered, looking every inch the surly, greedy feudal entrepreneur. Why should a feudal monster be permitted a redeeming feature? Inevitably, the compliment he pays Hamlet ("for he was likely . . . to have prov'd most royally") was taken away from him and given to Horatio.

Shaking up *Hamlet* is an old ploy, but giving some of the same treatment to Henry IV has the merit of comparative novelty. In Joan Littlewood's strange *Henry IV* at Edinburgh, however, few other merits were discernible. The casting was being shuffled right up to curtain time, and this trouble helps to account for the total inadequacy of Falstaff and Prince Hal.

George A. Cooper was a slim, dour Falstaff who took no visible pleasure in his wit. Frank Coda's Hal, an ingenuous teenager in tight jeans and a natty jacket, was surely the first in the history of the stage to be over-

(Continued on page 48)

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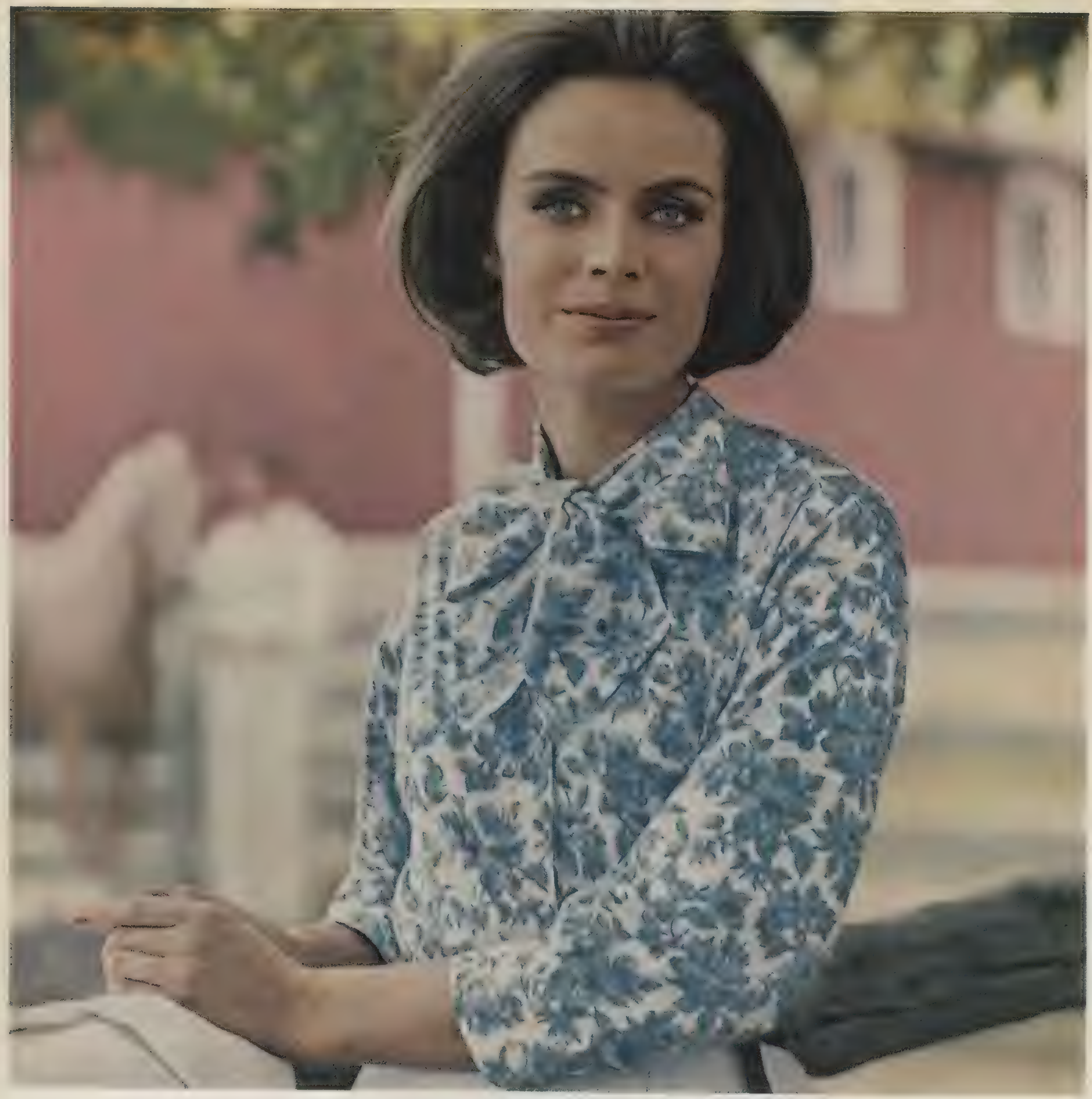

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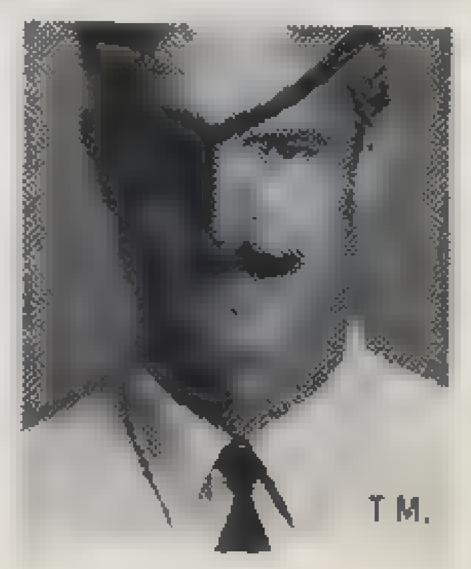

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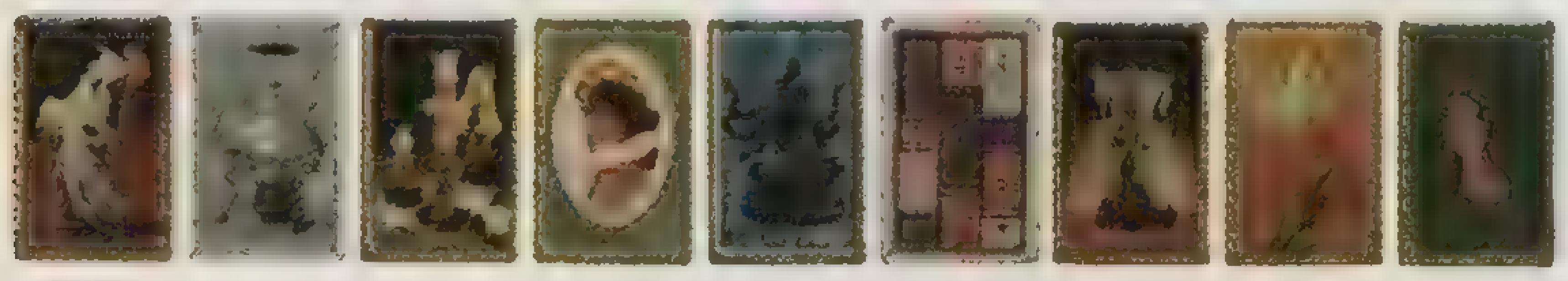

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Temperance Flowerdew was her name—in it there was a message

We know little about Temperance, except this. Her maiden name was Flowerdew. Her married name—we'll get to that. One of the first First Ladies of America, Temperance, if she was not temperate about keeping clean, probably made her own soap. Before 1800, most American women did. Indeed, there are some American women who still do. They buy a can of lye, which, we've learned, is essentially percolated ashes, and on it they get instructions for the making of soap. To one can of lye, six pounds of salt-free grease. Not counting woman-hours, and there are a number of these, we figure this comes to around 15c a non-scented, non-beauty-minded cake. . . . Obviously there are better ways of doing it—and one of the first to find a practicable and fragrant way was, unsurprisingly, Yardley of London. Lavender is not Yardley's only beat. Nor did Yardley, all romantic thoughts to the contrary, invent lavender. What Yardley did do, starting in 1770, was make lavender perfumery, an English favourite since the twelfth century, famously and internationally available. And into their superlative soaps they entwined the essence of not only lavender but roses, carnations, violets, jasmine, and fruits. We are here to say that in our soapbook, the Yardley soaps rank among the lushest, the fastest to foam, the nicest to face, the longest to last of all the soaps in the world. An attractive Yardley soap circlet, kept in a private soap dish away from petty soap thieves, should see you through a month of delicious baths and facials. Or the Yardley high command will be as crushed as Crushed Carnation, which happens to be one of their five floral soaps. (A bowl of lavender soap we know sits, opened, for thirty years now and still smells like—well, *lavender*.) . . . How does Temperance Flowerdew enter this picture? She was the first American Mrs. Yardley, a First Lady of the Virginia colony as the wife of Governor George Yardley in the early 1600's. He was the first Yardley import to these shores. And far from the last. As you've noticed.

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Critic's Holiday

(Continued from page 42)

shadowed by his crony Poins—the necessary result of casting as Poins Victor Spinetti, who later made his name on Broadway in *Oh What a Lovely War*.

As Henry IV, shifty-eyed Howard Goorney fitted Eugene Field's classic description of the actor who played the King as if he thought someone was going to play the Ace. He kept flinging his cloak open so that we could see his modern business suit underneath, his costume for the rôle of the Chamberlain a few minutes later.

With "doubling" of this sort going on continually, only one actor bothered to disguise his face when he changed parts. At tea with some members of the cast, I commended Brian Murphy for earning his salary by putting on a false beard so that we could tell his Worcester from his Bardolph. I was told that he quit doing that after opening night. The explanation seemed clear enough: Miss Littlewood preferred her actors' personalities to those Shakespeare had created.

Irritated by her bad notices, Miss Littlewood attacked art, Shakespeare, and the Edinburgh Festival, but the Festival had, in fact, attracted an admirable public that was eager to be mesmerized by quality.

One of my fondest recollections of Edinburgh is of the audience at the musical comedy by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, *Happy End*, unidiomatically named in English by its German authors, who really meant "happy ending." *Happy End* ran past the normal time for such performances and past the starting time for the late-night shows. No one stirred. The spectators remained rapt, distrusting the title and genuinely wondering if the Salvation Army lass would tame the tough Chicago gangster. All Miss Littlewood had to do to win an audience like that was to be that good.

Down in Milan, the Piccolo Teatro made a little more of *Henry IV*. As the Piccolo's great director, Giorgio Strehler, was ill, his protégé, Raffaelle Maiello, directed the production. Old Milan hands warned me that no protégé of Strehler's had ever made good, but nothing could prevent a triumph for the Falstaff of the evening, Tino Buazzelli. This magnificently corpulent performer is the Piccolo's leading dramatic actor. His magisterial bravado and his light-footed heartiness quite overpowered the production, and nearsighted spectators might have exclaimed: "I never dreamed that Zero Mostel spoke Italian so well!"

Shakespeare has gotten more startling transformations than any he has undergone in Edinburgh or Milan. In Prague, for example, *Romeo and Juliet* has received a jazzy teen-age interpretation under the obvious influence of Zeffirelli's Old Vic production, which was itself indebted to *West Side Story*.

The Capulets and the older Montagues wore authentic Renaissance clothes, but Romeo and his friends looked modern and Western in costumes that included tight trousers of decidedly Western design. Mercutio had a modish "beatnik" beard and a surly expression that did not alter even when he joined Romeo and Benvolio for several minutes of ecstatic rock-and-roll extemporizing.

Each of these adolescents carried two daggers which resembled switchblades, while their haughty enemy, Tybalt—all enemies are adults in this world, and nearly all adults are enemies—had a full-length sword, thereby gaining an advantage and displaying typical adult unfairness when he fought Mercutio and Romeo. The Shakespearean switchblade is now in. Hal and Hotspur used this anachronistic weapon when they fought it out in Edinburgh.

As in Zeffirelli's production, the Czech street brawls arose out of hot weather and edgy tempers. The young actors, insistently athletic, flexed their muscles at every opportunity and con-

(Continued on page 52)

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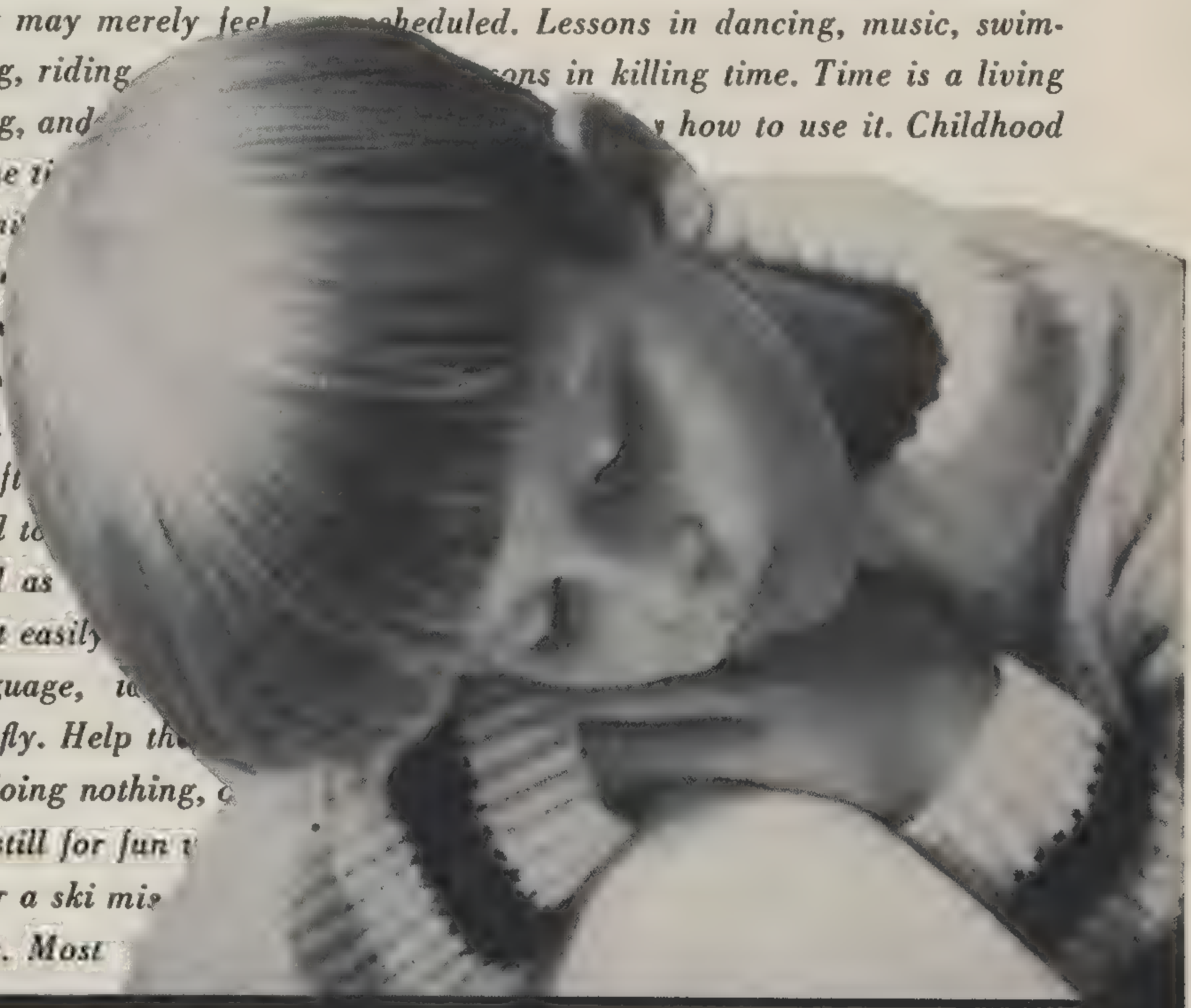

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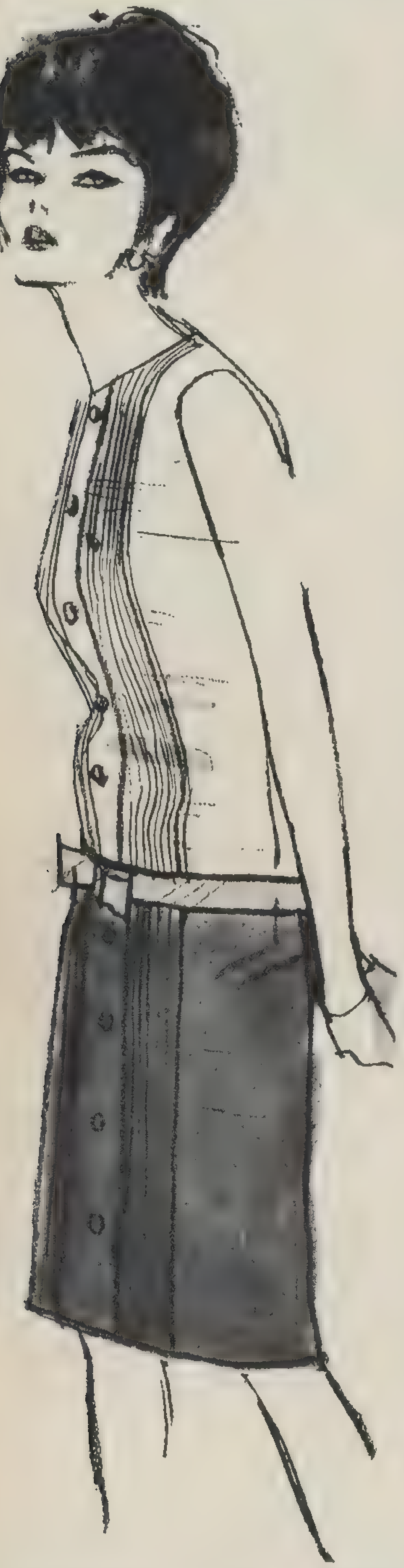

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Critic's Holiday

(Continued from page 48)

tinually jumped over a high wall downstage. Friar Laurence, a true friend of youth, jumped for fun in his cell, sometimes with Romeo, sometimes alone; in another age, he might have become a chaplain of parachutists. Romeo finally died somersaulting. This athleticism got out of hand and went far beyond its valid point of setting off youth from age; at certain moments, the play was sacrificed to the track meet.

If the director, Otomar Krejca, was, in his general approach to the play, indebted to Zeffirelli, his treatment of Peter, the Nurse's servant, recalled the efforts that Brecht and the French director Roger Planchon sometimes made to humanize servant characters in classic plays.

Krejca took Peter much more seriously than Shakespeare did. Instead of being the usual clown (not inadequately played by Andy Devine in the old film version), he was a man with a secret sorrow. This greying lackey loved Juliet and profoundly resented both his illiteracy and his low station in life. When, early in the play, he practised some dance steps with Juliet in the upper gallery, Juliet's mother watched them apprehensively, and well she might.

So, in this version, it became bitterly ironic that poor, lovelorn, illiterate Peter should stop Romeo, of all people, in the street and ask him to read the names of those invited to the Capulets' ball. If only Peter had been taught to read, Romeo would never have met Juliet, and perhaps poor Peter would have had a chance.

When Romeo crashed the party and met Juliet, Peter looked on enviously. He had many more moments of pathos, including a scene in which he went on all fours, barking like a dog and mocking his own humiliation. What was intended was a sort of social criticism, a sharp comment on the servant's hard lot, a theme that added an engaging novelty but has no justification in Shakespeare's text.

As the Western influence in *Romeo and Juliet* showed, Prague is in a state of cultural thaw. It may now be a little late to be seeing *Death of a Salesman* and Frank Gilroy's *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* (retitled *Who'll Save the Cowboy?*), but it is fairly early for *Who's Afraid of Kafka?* "Kafka" means "crow," and so the new title substitutes one play on words for another. In addition, Kafka is much better known in Prague than Virginia Woolf and, since he is being rediscovered in his native city, he is a cultural force that inspires a certain fear. Edward Albee attended rehearsals of this impressive production and contributed a program note to the effect that the human oddities he is interpreting do not belong to any single nation.

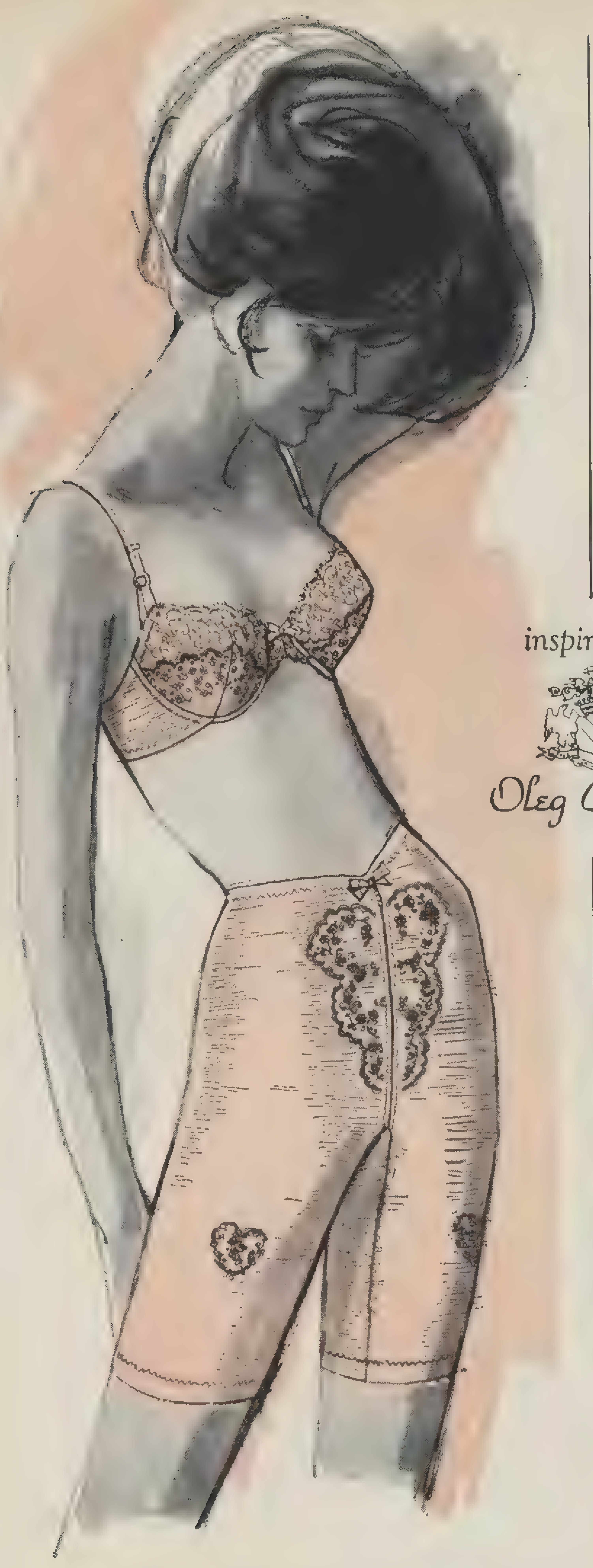
The prominence of French and British plays and the comparative absence of Russian plays in Prague give additional testimony of the thaw. Bertolt Brecht, the German Marxist dramatist whose plays used to be ignored by the Russians but continually performed in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest, is now passé. I was told that if I wanted to see a Brecht play I should hasten to Brno, the capital of Moravia, where the latest cultural patterns have not yet taken effect. On the other hand, the Russians have now started staging Brecht, perhaps in response to a speech a few years ago in which Khrushchev praised Brecht's *Mother Courage.*

The most exciting theatrical company in Prague is the avant-garde group which shares the little Balustrade Theatre with the Fialka pantomime troupe. These young actors perform such dramas of the absurd as *Waiting for Godot* and *The American Dream* as well as new plays by a fellow-actor, their own "absurdist" dramatist Vaclav Havel, whom I saw on the stage playing an American tourist, carrying his traditional load of cameras, in a free adaptation of the French avant-garde classic, Alfred Jarry's *King Ubu.*

I did not see Havel's own play *The Garden Party*, a satire on bureaucracy, but I followed its reputation across Europe and, at last, in London, found a literal English translation which will be adapted by N. F. Simpson, author of *One Way Pendulum.* It seems that a British producer, John Roberts, had been in Prague with the Royal Shakespeare Company's tour of *King Lear.* On their one free evening, Peter Brook, director of *Lear*, had visited *Romeo and Juliet*, which he admired very much, and Roberts had gone to *The Garden Party* and, without knowing any Czech, had been charmed by it. He plans to produce it in London, but he has already been anticipated in the West by a production at the West Berlin Schiller Theater's experimental stage, where *The Zoo Story* had its world premiere in 1959.

Certain forces melt international barriers, and the group at the Balustrade is one of them. Its director has written for *Forum*, the Vienna publication of the pro-Western Committee for Cultural Freedom, which sponsors *Encounter* in London. He has led his actors to West Berlin, to perform *King Ubu* at a festival of experimental theatre. (One of the American participants is The Living Theatre, in exile from New York.)

This whole story virtually summarizes the excitement of the European theatre: in Prague, a producer who writes for a pro-Western periodical has joined forces with a young man who, as an actor, lampoons Americans and, as an author, lampoons Czechs, to put on a play that was quickly snapped up for West Berlin and London. That is the sort of thing that keeps sending me to Europe.



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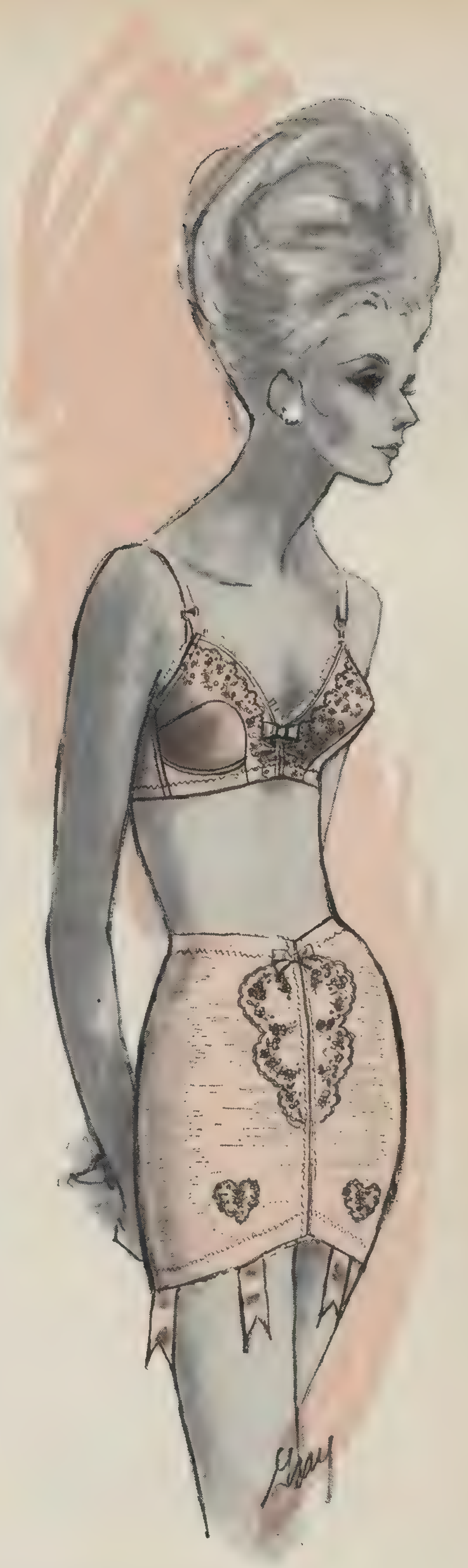

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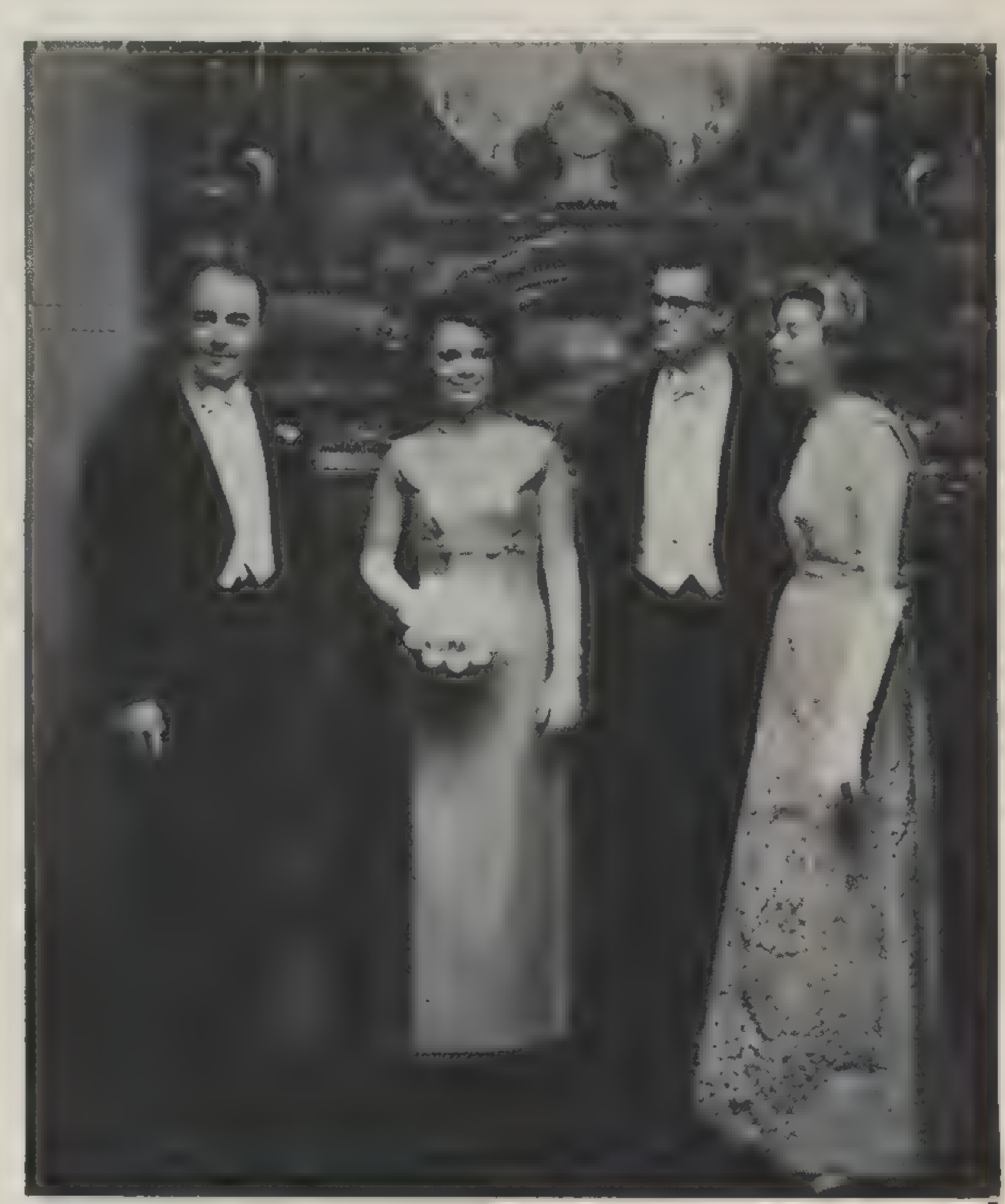
VOGUE'S

The dashing, smashing New York début of Miss Fernanda Munn Kellogg



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NOTEBOOK

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Five hundred people went on a dancing safari. All the leopards in Somalia seemed to have lent their spots to cover walls and tables under a blue African night sky at the adventurous party on the St. Regis roof given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Kellogg for the début of their daughter, Fernanda. At a dinner for close friends in the Versailles Room, speeches and toasts spun a warm atmosphere. Later, in the ballroom, young guests swung into the Watusi to the beat of Cliff Hall, kept on swinging in the discothèque where uncaged, but muralled, beasts pounced. This *fête Africaine* celebrated a special interest of the Kelloggs', who are big game hunters. 1. Mr. Francis L. Kellogg, Miss Fernanda Munn Kellogg, Mr. Christopher Kellogg, and Mrs. Francis L. Kellogg. 2. Mrs. Hugh J. Chisholm, junior, and Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson. 3. Mrs. John F. Mac Guigan and Mr. T. Reed Vreeland. 4. Mr. Sean O'Donohue, Miss Fernanda Munn Kellogg, and Mr. Jeremy Chisholm. 5. In the jungly discothèque. 6. Mrs. Harold M. Cole and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Sherman, junior. 7. Mr. Walter Gubelmann and Mrs. Richard Savitt.

6

7

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VOGUE'S

Three lovely, lively débuts in Washington and New York

1

In rooms that looked like extravagant eighteenth-century pleasure gardens, these young women made three of the prettiest débuts in years. Miss Alexandra Bruce (1), daughter of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain and Mrs. David Bruce, was presented with Miss Katherine Graham, daughter of the Honourable and Mrs. John S. Graham, at a supper dance in Washington. Mrs. Paul Mellon decorated rooms for the evening in greens, pinks, oranges, arranged great bowls of roses and ranunculi, put fruit trees in the ballroom, where two orchestras played, one for fox-trots, one for rock and roll. Miss Gillian S. Fuller, shown (2) dancing with her father, Mr. Andrew P. Fuller; and (3) with her mother, Mrs. Fuller, receiving Señor Antonio Angel, had her party in a red-velvet and gold pavilion, banked with gardenia trees and pink flowers; dancing went on all night to Peter Duchin's music.

2

3

NOTEBOOK

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Miss Alexandra Bemberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Bemberg, made her début in New York, in three large rooms planted to look like a Boucher garden, with golden garlands and pink cyclamens and trees filled with antique gold birds and lights like stars. In the ballroom Meyer Davis played straight, but a trio played for the twisters: some of the best-looking girls in New York, and boys who could give lessons at Trude Heller's. Like the Bruces' and the Fullers', the Bembergs' was more than just a pretty party: It was a bash.

Photographed at the Bemberg party: (4) Mr. Walker Lewis, Miss Eleanor C. Thompson; Mr. Garrett Goodbody, junior; Miss Emilia May; Miss Mary G. Buckner; Mr. Roberto Mendoza; (5) Miss Alexandra Bemberg with Mr. Michael Sherman; (6) Mr. Philip Isles, junior; Miss Gillian S. Fuller; Miss Jill Isles; Mr. Thomas F. Joyce III; Miss Tina Isles.

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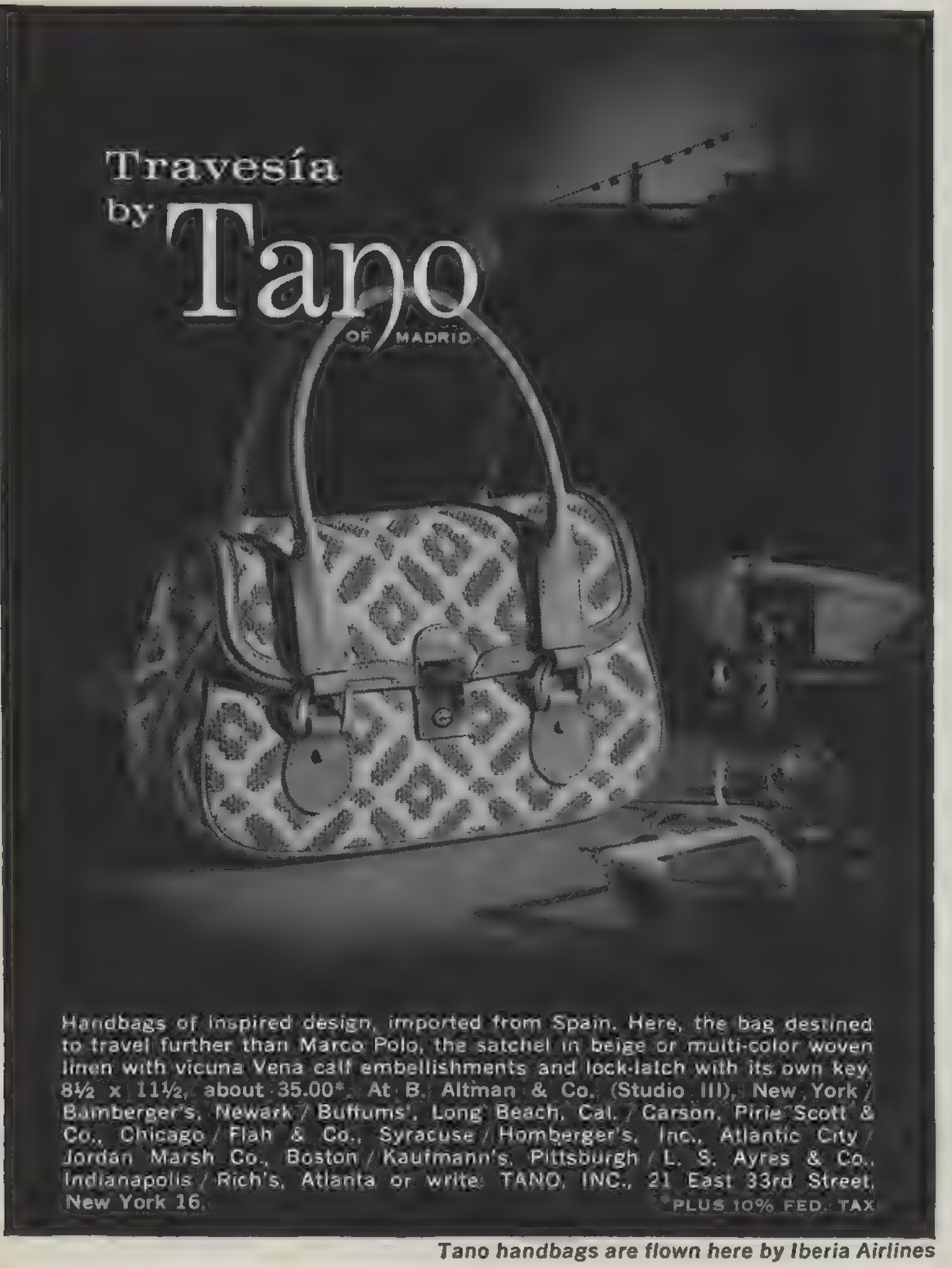

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By Alan Pryce-Jones

Newport, out of Season

The Avenue. . . . The Breakers. . . . The ghost of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish snapping at her guests, "Make yourselves at home. And, believe me, that's where I wish you were.". . . Oliver Belmont sending down clean sheets to tuck up his favourite horses. . . .

These are the visions, true or false, which are called up by the name of Newport. And it is true that Newport is still delightedly aware of the past. Ladies drive very slowly along Ocean Drive, as if they were seated in the tonneau of a Delaunay-Belleville. Gentlemen during Tennis Week look as though they might be leaving the Casino by four-in-hand. Yet beneath this Edwardian afterglow there are other Newports of far greater attraction, known only to those who stay on out of season.

Fashionable Newport begins in mid-July and closes with a snap two months later. Then the city relaxes. The trees—and despite hurricanes Newport has kept wonderful trees from the days when it was planted by the British—carry more gold than any summer visitor, the sunsets are as spectacular as any evening in Luxor, no Tiepolo sky looks on a bluer sea. For the fall lights in Newport are Venetian, and just when the outdoor statuary is being boarded up and the tenderer plants bandaged in sacking is when they are at their brightest.

The little streets come to life: John, Division, Church, Mary, and a rival group on the Point. Inquisitive faces search the façades. The house may look Victorian, but isn't that an eighteenth-century doorcase glimpsed through the window? And over there, where the laundress lives, isn't there a fine stairway? These questions have become important owing to the activity of a private group which has set about saving Colonial houses. Buyers have been found to restore them. Operation Clapboard, as it is called, is bringing fresh life to this obstinate old city.

For the future can hardly lie with the "cottages" of 1900: rather it nestles among the hydrangeas and fuchsias of the little streets. In these can be found not only pretty houses but the craftsmen who will bring them back to life: Mr. Gottlieber the cabinetmaker, Mr. Bissell the bookbinder, and a score of others as well. One of the pleasures of Newport is to find that its early traditions have not weakened. The rare, splendid pieces by the Townsends and the Goddards which can be seen in the Hunter House and elsewhere have left their legacy through establishing a standard of craftsmanship. One becomes carried away by unique examples of skill. Lately I found myself about to order my own tomb in the John Stevens Shop, now two hundred and fifty years old, simply because the calligraphic work of the Benson family which runs it is so exquisite. (Anyway it is never safe to trust one's heirs to find the right words.)

Then, there is the forbidden area: the streets with small bars rather like the old rue de Lappe in Paris. Mrs. Fish would not have liked to think that her friends ever went *there*. But there is something rather charming, on a windy March night, in the sound of the jukeboxes spilling out from the Cameo and Skipper's Dock, while the shore patrol looks askance at an extremely respectable sailor turning down Blood Alley—as they call it—with a stoutish young woman trotting beside him.

The Newport of the War College? The impeccable Newport of Trinity Church on a Sunday morning, the congregation singing away decorously in the upholstered box pews? The studious Newport of the Redwood Library, smelling of box calf and beeswax? It may be as well that Newport is so hard to reach by plane or train. We don't want it swamped, do we?

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

Moscow Art Theatre, "no torn undershirts"

The Moscow Art Theatre, recently in New York for four weeks, following forty years' absence, is forever associated with its great dramatist, Chekhov, and its great director and cofounder, Stanislavsky. The most celebrated of Russian theatrical companies, in its stage techniques it is also one of the most conservative, although its leaders insist that they have progressed far beyond Stanislavsky's system of acting. Their progress has not led them to anything resembling the "Method" acting of their best-known American adherents; they display no torn undershirts, no wordless moodiness, practically no violence, little social comment, no Freudian influence whatsoever, and an absolute minimum of attention to love, romance, and sex.

Soviet reluctance to put love stories on the stage produced a curious reaction a few years ago: the most popular recent play has been Alexei Arbuzov's romantic tearjerker, *The Irkutskia Story,* which was performed simultaneously by many acting companies but, significantly, *not* by the Moscow Art Theatre. This dedicated hostility to sentiment helps, along with the principle of seniority, to explain why the Moscow Art continues to cast the aged actress Alla Tarassova in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* as Ranevskaya, a lady who has a lover in France.

The happier side of the Moscow Art's conservatism is its reluctance to oversell a theme. By way of contrast, the Moscow Maly Theatre, overselling morality in Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness,* concludes with a throbbing tableau and an offstage choir of angel voices. In Nikolai Pogodin's *Kremlin Chimes,* the Moscow Art sells politics more discreetly. The hero of this purposive play about Russia in 1920 is Lenin; he teaches the Kremlin chimes to play the "Internationale," persuades a crotchety engineer to support the Revolution, brings a pair of young lovers together, and mingles with the common folk, like Harun al-Rashid, but his salient trait is a disarming plainness.

Dead Souls, faithfully dramatized by Mikhail Bulgakov from the first half of Nikolai Gogol's classic nineteenth-century novel, is still presented in the version Stanislavsky himself directed in 1932 with some of the same actors. It is a brilliant work of total artificiality, a grotesquely caricatured comedy, thickly populated by characters who are Dickensian but not lovable, if that is not a contradiction. This play does not even take a stand against the bad old Czarist society, except by implying that the con-man hero and his eager victims deserve each other.

In *The Cherry Orchard,* the Moscow Art Theatre is on familiar ground, since Chekhov's plays first succeeded with this company and the dramatist himself married the actress who created the leading rôle. But Chekhov used to complain that Stanislavsky made his plays too gloomy and he maintained that *The Cherry Orchard* was "a comedy, almost a farce." The present production is no longer the original by Stanislavsky but a new one created in 1958. It apparently has a lighter touch; with the warmhearted realism typical of the Moscow Art, it provides a loving, nostalgic picture of a happy aristocratic world vanishing forever, but the glowing good nature of the characters, as here represented, has lifted them not only above gloom but also above comedy. A particular victim of this exaltation is the student-prophet Trofimov, whom a recent translator called "one of Chekhov's great comic creations." But the Soviet preference is to minimize his weaknesses and comic traits because he prophesies violent but beneficial change in Russia.

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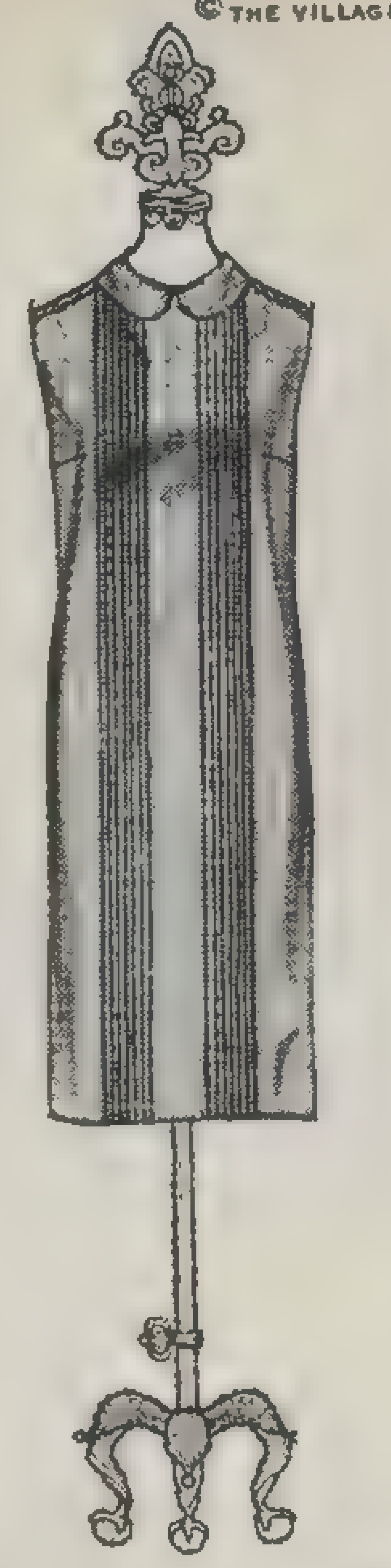

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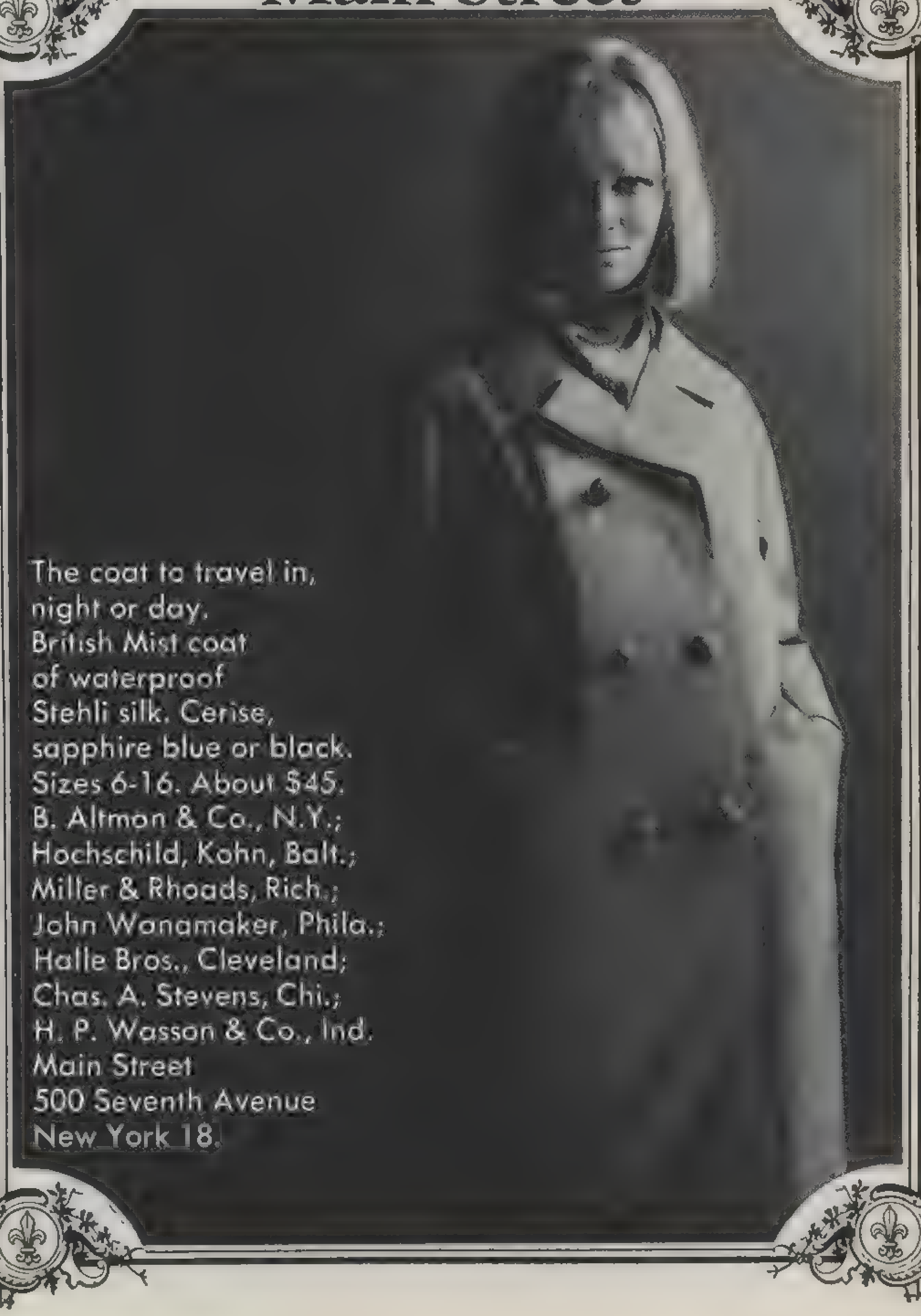

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

The Nine-Tiger Man,

"a smasher"

Into the tranquil opulence of 1856 high-Victorian England comes a Rajput chieftain, the Rao Jagnabad, the nine-tiger hunter. Caught up in the world of a great country house, with its massive menus and Gothic-revival fretwork, the Rao is an innocent; one who "divided women into two categories: those with bodies and those with jewels." With love, tragedy comes to this sensible man. Subtitled "A Tale of Low Behavior in High Places," *The Nine-Tiger Man* (Atheneum) is Lesley Blanch's first novel, and it's a smasher.

The story springs from the Rao's impact on two women: the daughter of the house, the Honourable Florence Emily Ada, who, seeing him, first becomes "aware that beneath their clothes men had bodies"; and Florence's personal maid, Rosie, an affectionate, pagan girl whose understanding of her own true nature begins when the Rao frees her from her corset laces by one slash of his jewelled dagger. Rosie accompanies the newly married Florence out to India, dons a burka, and emerges into the sensual fields of light that are her spiritual home. As for what happens to Florence and Rosie in "the fiery heart of Rajputana" I will say only that the Nine-Tiger Man, agent of their destiny, makes his finest bag during the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.

Solidly constructed, written in a style dead right for its theme, this book is the fictional extension of the mode and manner the author perfected in *The Wilder Shores of Love.* The characters set down in this Moghul Eden behave entirely in keeping with the traditions of their kind. The delight of this book is akin to *aska,* traditional liquor of Indian princes, "composed of the essence of centuries-old pressed fruits, chickens and powdered precious stones, a drink as rare as it was strange." It is quaffed here to background music of "long, slow, unwinding melopees of the East" and of Rosie rendering "The Boy That I Love Sits Up in the Gallery." These crossruffed harmonies provide a splendid accompaniment to this exotic, rational novel. One hopes Lesley Blanch will continue to travel—and write novels.

Voices of a Summer Day,

"fragmented . . . uneven"

Watching his young son in the outfield, Ben Federov, the hero of Irwin Shaw's *Voices of a Summer Day* (Delacorte Press), gives the voices of the past their innings. The story skips to and fro between 1964 and 1927, shagging flies fungoed out by memory. The result, that unique Shavian blend of Americana—equal parts athletics, being a Jew, and loving—is fragmented and of uneven quality.

To effect an illusion of novelistic unity, Shaw offers such thematic collages as: "Voices speak, faces appear, moments and images come and go—a promise broken, a false smile, a grave, a wedding night, a helmet in the rain, a father dancing. . . ." I begin to hear Dimitri Tiomkin's music underneath: ". . . all movements dangerous, equivocal; weapons everywhere, but targets concealed, the terms of victory or surrender never quite stated." With the jostle of years, with the flashbacks within flashbacks, movement finally does become both dangerous and equivocal. Had Shaw been willing to tell each story fully, we might, by the end, have better understood what "the terms of victory or surrender" really were in Ben Federov's life. Still, there is enough of the Irwin Shaw magic present to make us lend an ear.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

None But the Brave,

"dimly acted"

"Captain, you have a very remarkable doctor in this young man," said a Japanese lieutenant about Frank Sinatra in *None But the Brave.* Television has taught us that deep in the heart of every American male is the desire to be a doctor, but, nevertheless, we can all share the Japanese lieutenant's astonishment as Frankie wraps a few bandages and even cuts off a leg. For the rest, he simply plays himself—wrinkling, drinking, Broadway style, early 1940's. *None But the Brave* (a title one would have thought tied up by the patents of previous inventors) is a sentimental, commonplace movie, old-fashioned, unsurprising, dimly acted and numbly directed by Sinatra himself. It is a poor vehicle for the star. There are no girls, no songs—only some cross-section American marines and their Japanese equivalents. Sayonara, baby.

Band of Outsiders,

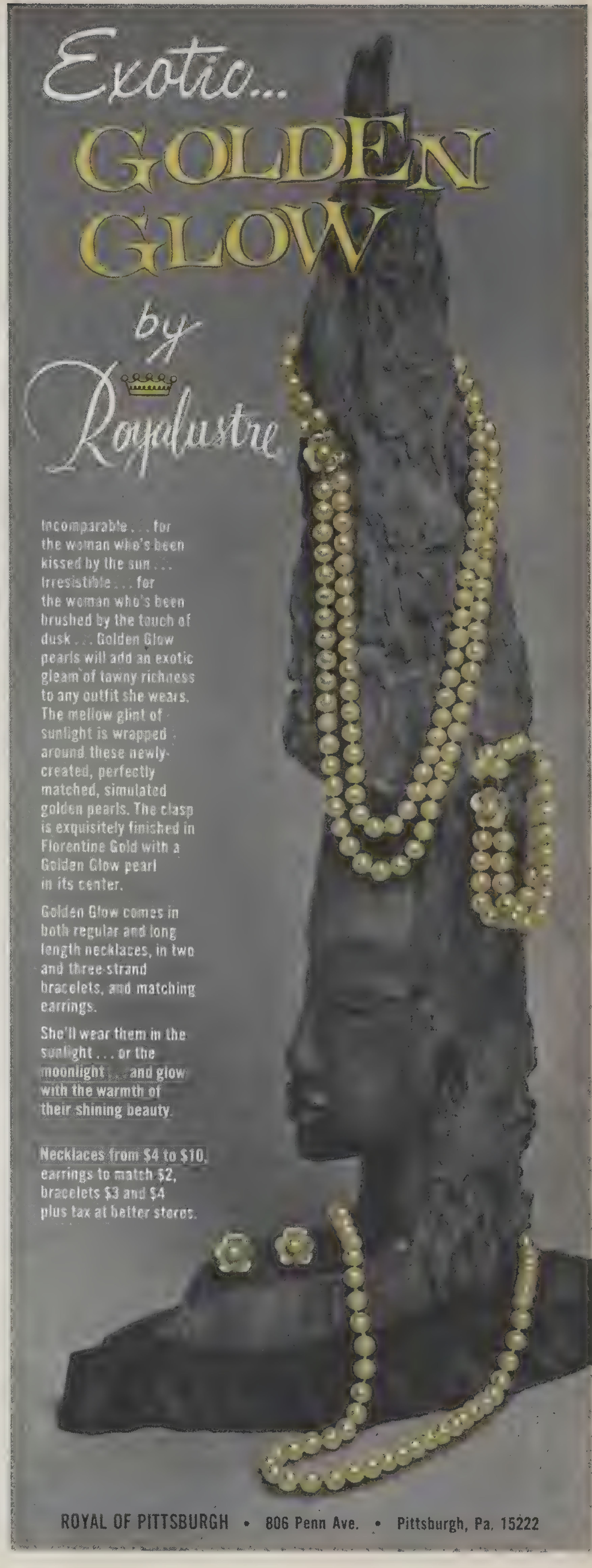
"a modern poem"

It would take a month to find a smooth transition from the dated Sinatra film to a hip French movie like Jean-Luc Godard's *Band of Outsiders.* Like a modern poem, it addresses other film makers and the most knowing fans. It is as full of conscious quotations as "The Waste Land": quotations from Hollywood gangster films, *Breathless,* et al. The romantic appeal of the young players lies in their slumbering immersion in what psychologists call "affectlessness." They feel no emotional correspondence to the actions in which they are involved. Their beauty of line is always a straight, sleek one. They do not have character in the usual sense—the defining trait of both men and women is a romantic, taciturn melancholy. They dance, they smoke, and, especially, they *look*—their beautiful faces as fixed as a canvas on the wall. It is all mannerism, rigid and stylized, and if it does not offer emotion it offers, instead, wit. *Band of Outsiders* is, in that way, intensely interesting.

White Voices,

"lavish embarrassments"

I approach the Italian film, *White Voices,* with some perturbation. Has one the strength to analyze the lavish embarrassments of this "comedy" about castration? To begin: a sexy young Roman of the eighteenth century whose family is doing poorly in the chamber-pot (sic) business *pretends* to have himself castrated so that he can make a living as a male soprano. The idea of castration arouses resistance of such a fearful sort that every laugh—if such is expected of us—is ruffled with insecurity. Although castrated males go back and forth across the screen, some happy, others in grief for their loss, we remind ourselves that our hero, at least, is intact. Indeed it is the purpose of this surprising plot to allow him those love scenes in which seductive women, thinking him unmanned, discover the truth with a widening of the eyes and much flashing of passionate white teeth. The hero gets into what used to be called amorous mischief and must choose death or castration. He chooses castration. With the relaxation of sexual restrictions in the films and in literature, the problem is how to keep ahead of the pack. What next, O alchemists?



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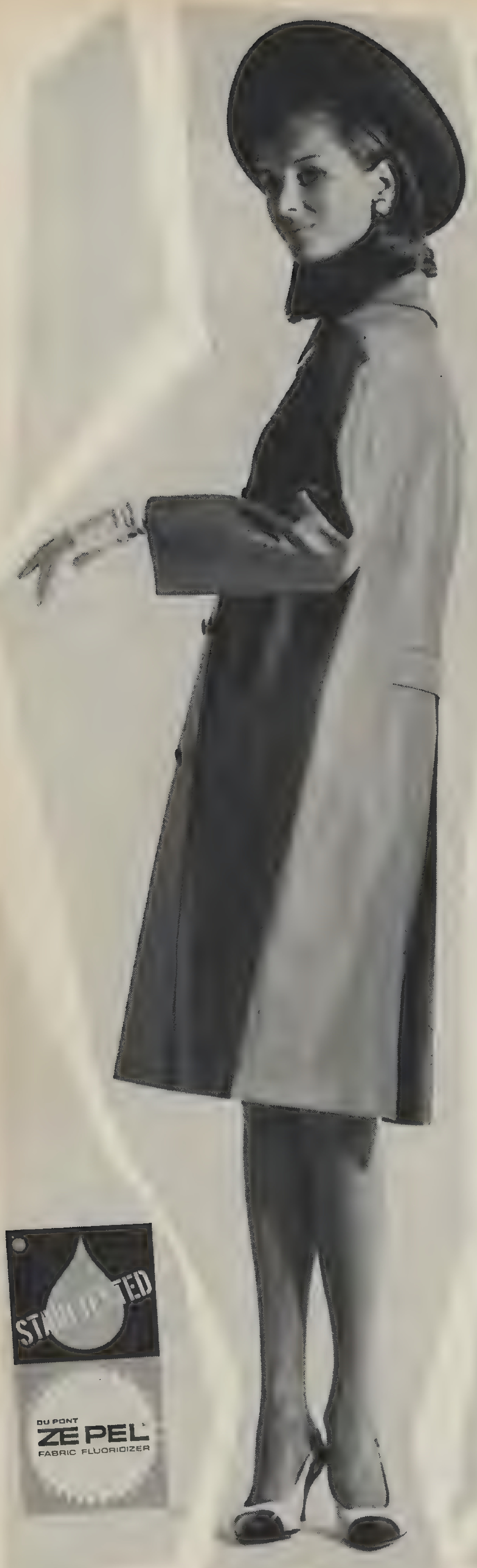

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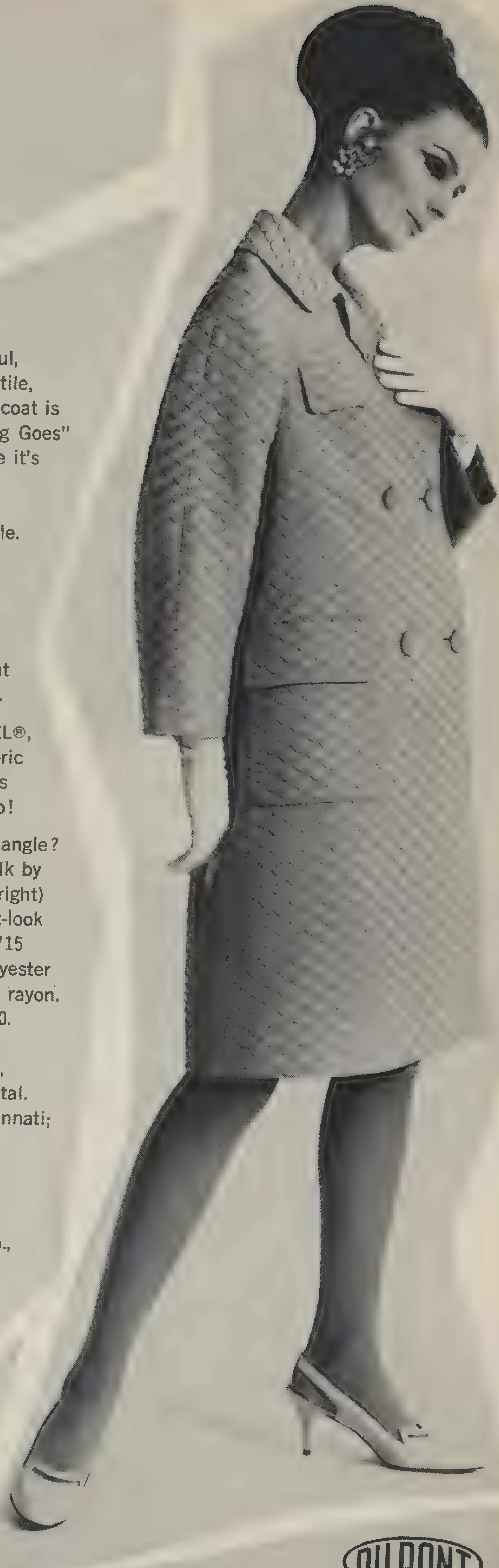
Always beautiful, now so versatile, the silk-look coat is the "Anything Goes" coat, because it's protected by ZEPEL for Stainless Style.

It stays clean. Most spills blot away or spot clean easily, without leaving a ring.

And with ZEPEL®, Du Pont's fabric fluoridizer, it's a raincoat too!

So what's your angle? (left) 100% silk by Skinner. Or (right) scalloped silk-look in Stehli's 85/15 "Dacron"® polyester and "Avron"® rayon. 6-16. About $60. Both by Giorgio Avolio, for David Crystal. Pogue's, Cincinnati; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

MARCH 15, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

THE NORELL KIMONO

In a collection where allure was scattered with the careless largesse of a wind blowing flower petals—this was the great beauty...a silk kimono wrapped to the side, its neckline stiffened and arched out and away from the nape, making the most ravishing length and curve at the back of the neck...the rib cage bandaged high under the bosom in a flat wide obi...every line of the body attenuated, fragile as Japanese porcelains. Norell showed it to the ground for evening...short for late day, as here. White crêpe and black, sleeves tilted up on the elbows like butterfly wings. Dresses at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. More Norells, next pages.

BERT STERN

The new Norells come on like spring. Waists rise. Hems bounce. Light streams through the colours...peach...orange...every yellow...flashes of pure enamel blue. His new suits: like full-blown flowers on the body—the biggest roundest dirndls in fashion...fullness bubbling up over the tummy...foaming around the knees. A feeling of smallness to daycoats...of collars and shoulders tailored closer to the body...of lines slightly lifted at the waist . . . everything precise, delicate. Perfection. The belted Tattersall, directly right—buttoned-on belt slacked around a straight, narrow single-breasted coat with long set-in sleeves...big patch pockets...one of Norell's beautiful biased tube-collars standing a jot off the neck. Every line clean, terse, sharp; wool tight and smooth—and then the delicious surprise of checks in soft, full pastels. Powdered blue, taupe, gold, natural...worn over a double-breasted dress of blue wool jersey... Halston's big romancy hat in whitened-cocoa straw, a waxy camellia on the brim. Dress and coat at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Bramson; I. Magnin. Hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Raglan-tailoring glimpsed in Tattersall, opposite—the smaller, more melting line of shoulder that Norell likes this year on a mandarin-collared topcoat with a double-breasted closing. Powdered Tattersall checks—pink, natural, grey—pink wool jersey dress underneath. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin. Coat shown full-length, page 155.

BERT STERN

NORELL

TATTERSALL:
THE RACIEST
COAT
ROMANTICIZED
BY COLOUR—
LIGHT-FILLED
CHECKS
MANDARIN
COLLARS...
PATCH POCKETS

NEWEST NORELL:
THE DIRNDL
SUIT—
CONCAVE
JACKET-FRONT
LIFTED OVER
A SURGE OF
FULLNESS—
A MARVEL OF
PROPORTIONING

The Norell dirndl, this page and opposite—two views of his most sensational new suit. Terrific surge of softness and bulk, proportioned to give a ravishing, almost *moyen-âge* look to the body—bosom high and rounded...an illusion of length from ribcage to knee, knee to ground. View from the front: all lines lifted...sleeves set in high...jacket carved, concave, held away everywhere over the spring of skirt-fullness. Of double-faced wool in a light, flecked brown... one of Norell's dreamy crêpe blouses—pale blue, double-breasted, sleeveless, and tied at the throat. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Jacket-view from the back: straight, dipped...biased collar placed low, showing a touch of black crêpe blouse. Suit of flecked-grey double-faced wool. At Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN

NORELL'S SMASHING NEW TURNOUT: PERFECT WOOL TOPCOAT... MATCHING SKIRT... SLEEVELESS LINEN UNDER-JACKET

The complete Norell, this page—three superbly tailored pieces turned out with single-minded luxuriousness. Double-breasted topcoat of firm, pale, flecked-grey Shetland...mandarin collar...narrowed raglan sleeves cut closer over the shoulders. Matching skirt—a straight fall of gathers. With an adorable little under-jacket in heavy geranium-red linen...unsleeved...single-breasted. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Dream coat, opposite—shaped, small, no room for improvement. Norell's schoolgirl reefer in pale mushroom-beige Shetland...biased roll of collar laid on low at the base of the neck...long, slim set-in sleeves... single-breasted closing over a double-breasted sleeveless under-jacket of dark-brown linen. Gathered straight-hanging skirt in the wool of the coat. The turnout, at Evelyn Byrnes; Rich's; Dayton's; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN

THE SPLASH THAT ADDS THE DASH

These are the great ad-libs—witty, personal, apt. To choose by instinct, by inspired whim. To wear the way you feel them, the way they speak to you alone. Splashing now: recurring jewels, like a clutch of rings in spectacular rock-formations, all on one hand. . . . Beaded bracelets in vivid colours, inching up both arms. . . . Untwinned earrings—one emerald with one ruby; one white pearl, one black; a single earring that shoots rhinestone sparks across the hair. . . . Bangles in bunches—enamel, bamboo, ivory, pigskin. Ostrich bracelets: the leather in pale colours, the feathers in a cuff of white whoosh. . . . Enamelled Maltese crosses big again, bubbling with cabochon stones, pearls. . . . Goldfingerprints, done as cuff-links, patterned from the fingerprints of their wearers; these by the same designer who made the diamond-studded goldfinger for Honor Blackman. . . . Long sautoir-chains around the neck, with the point of a tassel or pendant. . . . A ribbon around the neck, with jewelled pins attached bumper-to-bumper. . . . Ankle bracelets of bright enamel to wear in sunplaces. . . . Chanel's scarfs, wound around the neck, ends free. . . . The Vivier shoes with a secret heel stashed inside, for a prettier flat-shoe look. . . . The Far-East ideas, in and out of Paris—necklaces splashed with huge chunks of glitter (see photograph opposite) to wear with something simply silky. . . .

all that shines, right—a splash of necklace like a string of luminous lanterns, the cabochon hair with the liveliest kind of polish, the adorable banjo-eyes of a blond gibbon. Necklace by Castlecliff, of black metal glowing with flame-coloured stones; about $100, plus tax. Dress in pink Ban-Lon jersey of Chemstrand nylon; about $25. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Necklace: Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Hair by Erik of Breck.

PENN

double dash of bracelets, right. Upper: a lapis dome ringed in rubies, and surrounded by diamonds, emeralds, sapphires. Lower: a cabochon emerald in a starfish of diamonds. Both set in enamelled gold. By Erwin Pearl for Veneto 57. Kenneth coiffure. Lipstick: Pink Minuet by Dermetics.

all the rings Ringoing at once—a glorious conglomeration of gold, platinum, fiery stones, to splash on every finger. Pre-Beatle fans of this idea: sixteenth-century courtiers who often added another ring on the thumb. These, in a fascinating play of textures, colours, and dimensions, all from Cartier.

SPLASH...

PENN

SPLASH...

New flash at one ear, left—a single tassel of glitter clipped to the ear-top; more glitter swoops up like a star-shower over the hair, ends in a little crescent moon-rise on a comb. By Miriam Haskell, of fake pearls, rhinestones; about $35*. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Fantasy of bows, right, in the hair, all over a *collier* of obviously bogus and beautiful jewels. Necklace by Cadoro; about $75* at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair: Kenneth.

*PLUS TAX

PENN

armloads of beads, left, in thick bright clusters with big clasps of enamel and stones—a gay new extravagance in bracelets. All by K. J. L. Green bracelet with turtle clasp, about $25*. All others, about $30*. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. Printed Ban-Lon dress by Wilroy, of Chemstrand nylon; about $25 at Lord & Taylor. Star quality in rhinestones on a bangle, above, surrounded by two more bracelets of twisted beads. By Hattie Carnegie; about $30* each at Altman's; De Jong's. Hip strip of sparkle, right, the stone-studded belt worn low—important now on a straight stark dress. This, rhinestones mounted on black satin. By Ben-King; about $36 at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Dress: black wool jersey; about $70 at Jax.

*PLUS TAX

SPLASH...

PENN

Postman's bag, this page, of tan leather with a shoulder strap, outside pocket, room for freight or a small passenger. By Jana; about $19* at Macy's Little Shop; Frost Bros. Gloves of Analon—nylon with a kidskin look, by Hansen; about $4 at Bloomingdale's; Jelleff's. Bracelets by Monet; about $10* each. Dress by Emilio Pucci. Both, at Lord & Taylor. Shirt-pocket pouch of beige cabretta leather, opposite, flapped and pleated, buttoned around a narrow tape to tie low on the hip, or over the shoulder. By Calderon; about $11* at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Beige cotton gloves by Fuchs; about $6 at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Big wristwatch by Sheffield; about $30* at Best & Co.; Rich's. Grey wool flannel dress by Mollie Parnis; about $160. At De Pinna.

*PLUS TAX

PENN

SPLASH...

THE GREAT CRAFTSMEN OF PARIS

BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

A city is a woman, hence it is a womb. This woman, this womb, takes life from and gives life to those who are in love with her. All the adjectives in the dictionary would not be enough to describe the lovers of a great city, from the rich *rentier* who comes every year before the spring to adore the flowering of the Judas tree in the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés to the Bostella dancer who loses his heart nightly to the ceiling of the *boîte de Régine:* a dark, swirling sky. Paris is the woman who has the most lovers enslaved to her. No, they do not make open declarations to her. For love of her, they remain in the shadow, seeking ways to embellish her, to glorify her, to clothe her in light. These lovers are her craftsmen. Like mathematicians who search, find, press on further and further, they climb to that final rung where patience, effort, hard work become inspiration. In short, the *chic* of Paris. I have met these modest, famous craftsmen of Paris in their true homes, among their treasures. They have offered me the sumptuous Christmases I did not have when I was a child, they have given me their time. As people do who work for love and in secret. They showed what they did, unaffectedly, without any fuss, explaining it in a low voice, with shining eyes. Everywhere, the same passion for their craft, the same humility. . . .

The shoemaker, Roger Vivier, one knee on the carpet of his strikingly sober and orderly shop—it reminds me of a comfortable monk's cell—is surrounded by his shoes. How much they need him. . . . They are his chickens who have grown up and can not leave him. The shoe he places in my hand illuminates and transfigures me. Whatever is this bouquet of tears, this cluster of strips of mica that has a

(Continued on next page)

VIOLETTE LEDUC, whose autobiography, *La Bâtarde,* has been the literary skyrocket in France this winter, has an intense, unconventional, passionate creative power that has only begun to stamp the public mind. (Over 100,000 copies of *La Bâtarde* have been sold in France; it will be published in English this autumn.) But for almost twenty years, Violette Leduc's novels have been admired by the lions of France: Camus, Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Jouhandeau, Genet. She sees, now, literary people. About twenty years ago, as a fashion journalist, she encountered the French couture and fell in love with the skills and stuffs of fashion. Especially for Vogue she returned last month to the workrooms of some of the most gifted and demanding craftsmen in France to write this sensuous, poetic, and exact report. Grey-haired, with a good skin and a face she has described as "unpardonable," Violette Leduc lives six flights up in a Left-Bank apartment in which her kitchen table is her writing desk. Wearing a rough sweater, her long hair loose, she is attractive, a presence. She is also, with her unarmoured eyes, touching. Her senses are as tender as Jimmy Valentine's fingertips, her love of beauty as uncensored as a child's. Her message has a true ring like a delicate piece of glass in which the reverberations of ordinary noise produce a singing tone.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

duller glitter than frost, fixed behind the shoe above the heel? Reserved, slight, self-effacing, Roger Vivier answers me, as he whispers something else: it is Cinderella's chandelier, the night of the ball before it is lit up for her, when her hands were rough and chapped in the dirty water. Premonitions of an artist.

Roger Vivier thinks beyond the leg and the foot. Spring, in his collection, is Greek; the sandal is called "The Cycladean sandal." But it is not the flora of the Cyclades which decorate the green faille, the ribbons that crisscross up to the knee. It is the flowers of our own apple trees. It is impossible not to conjure up the calves of the messengers in ancient tragedies. Grace making game of fate. Skirts are growing shorter and shorter at the couturiers'. There will be days when the breeze will nip and the hail lash. Roger Vivier has not forgotten those days. A chestnut ballerina slipper, a matching fine woollen stocking, a little fur muff at the top of this stocking wrapping up the knee, here are three things in one and a reinforcement against squalls and showers. Roger Vivier's ballerinas are sky-blue, pink, or mauve; the one-centimetre heel is invisible. Generous cutouts make these Botticellian colours still lighter.

Roger Vivier is not afraid to use blunt instruments when he wants to imprison a foot in the finger of a glove and make it comfortable. This finished shoe he tries on you is only the pattern of the actual shoe you will wear. The shoemaker, without hurting you, does not hesitate to slice here, there, everywhere, with a knife, to send flying in shreds what is too large or too small. Bootees in bronze and copper chenille, heels covered in strass, in diamonds, in spangles, in undersea flowers, hurricane heel, comma heel, shoes embroidered on a foundation of transparent horsehair, worked with your precious tears, Cinderella. . . . How Roger Vivier makes up to you for having been humiliated! It is always you whom he shoes, whom he will long continue to shoe in glowworms, shooting stars, gossamer for the famous night when you will abandon pots and pans. . . .

Both dressed alike in black sweaters and black pants were the two who told me they were the lifeblood of dressmaking. Madame Rébé, with her stiff grey hair falling to her shoulders à la Françoise Hardy, is more eccentric than her husband; Madame Rébé has the luminous eyes of reason and of the future. She is somewhat pessimistic. Long, embroidered dresses for evening, according to her, have no future. Everything is becoming standardized; even bead embroidery and paillette embroidery will be sold by the yard. . . . Madame Rébé talks like this without becoming discouraged or weakening. She sees clear and continues to create sprays of flowers and leaves, bonnets, coifs, baskets of lilies, ostrich-feather manes for brides' napes or veils.

Monsieur Rébé, with his student's white collar over his pullover, is more idealistic. He was born an embroiderer as Scheherezade was born an embroideress. There is no end to his marvels. Monsieur Rébé, two months before the new collections were born, went like one of the Magi to present his designs, his colour schemes, his dyed sequins, his thousand-and-one nights embroidered on net, to Dior and Balenciaga. Givers age less quickly than others. At sixty-six, Monsieur Rébé remains the great embroiderer of Paris. This man, who admits frankly that he would be nothing without the old women who stitch in his workrooms, is a frenzy of controlled imagination. He brings a hundred and fifty, two hundred samples out of a cardboard box. . . . Not one resembles another.

There are beings so gifted that their imagination blazes with ideas as the night sky in July blazes with stars. Close by these arrogantly sparkling paillettes, spangles, and beads, a step away from this superb glitter of stones set in strass, a modest creature is embroidering in public. She is a child, and her face is like a bee hovering over the taut strips of net, over the loom that dates back to Louis XIV. The young girl wears a pink woollen jacket, which emphasizes her modesty. Monsieur Rébé would be nothing without her, he said this himself, I remember.

This diligent creature appears to have lost one arm—it has disappeared under the loom to support the net. I go closer and speak to this child in a low voice because I am living on her work while I watch how she embroiders. Her needle, quick as an electric drill, pricks all kinds of beads out of a round cushion divided into compartments. "It's a pie," says the girl, who is still at the age of playing games. *I* am thinking dreamily of the margin of Mélisande's well. . . .

How could I imagine a child more concentrated, more intent on her task of embroidering silk marguerites, tender green hearts, flower beds of white beads? It is her youth, and it is her future, that she is adorning according to her desires. I am grieved, she stoops her head down too low. But after all we, too, stoop our heads low to see our gardens in flower, to watch the half-open heart of a rose unfold and unfurl. It is in nature itself that Monsieur Rébé has found fairy fingers for his looms and workrooms. I was forgetting: another little girl came in from time to time and poured a provision of beads into "the pie." The infinitely little, the infinitely great, when the fireman shovels on coal for the engine driver, the immense fellowship between those who work without thinking of themselves.

Monsieur Rébé has lent me several samples of embroidery. They are on my table. The daylight is waning, I am writing by the glimmer of their metallic blue sheen. The daylight will vanish, and I shall see better what they are, these coppery spangles on the blond tulle: cottony clouds—those little clouds that are already there when we get up in summer—tiny gear wheels from a watch, a juggler's spinning hoops, smoked topazes, a whole city of lights for a woman's bosom. Seaweed, coral, moss, cascades of blue beads, drops of dew resist the winter night that will soon drown my room. Over my Larousse dictionary flows a lavender-blue stream and a river of sleeping flowers, in a world where spring slumbers with not a petal fallen. It was so restful that I laid my cheek on it. And cool.

A page with the face of a mulatto, with a diadem of cinnamon-coloured glove fingers for hair, welcomes me into the precincts of Roger Faré, the glovemaker, without looking at me. This page, clad in skins as soft as adagios, presents a pair of russet gloves on a velvet cushion. He casts a spell on me, this coffee-coloured angel. Every time I turn my head towards the page, I forget where I am. I slip into a trance, I let myself be carried away into the world of silence; all I can see is the hot chestnuts they used to sell at the street-corners of my childhood. (Continued, p. 152)

FROM THE GREAT SHOE-CRAFTSMAN, ROGER VIVIER

Exquisite covering for a foot—moulded turquoise kidskin with a clean supple line. The concealed surprise: superb inner construction that holds the curve of the instep and lifts the heel a single centimetre. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

GUY BOURDIN

PARIS
COURREGES IN ACTION

The Rugby half, *opposite*: André Courrèges in the spirit of his own magnificent young designs—the Sun... [illegible] The newest lively ones, beginning with the [illegible] *far left*: Lollipop trousers in yellow and white checks with a small straight top or vest over a chrome-yellow blouse. Everything welted. White [illegible] bound up [illegible] *left*, [illegible] speaking line of the new Y-seamed pants ... the big deep armholes on the square-necked top. Worn with round white tennis-ball sun-goggles; Mary Janes of white patent leather slit across the toe. Checkerboard ensemble, *near right*, in pink and white [illegible] jacket. Behind [illegible] pants with braces [illegible] white glazed cotton [illegible] Mary Janes of pink paillettes. [illegible] costume, *centre right*. [illegible] jacket, like a perfect little Courrèges coat, with a white collar snapped over a wide square neckline, white cuffs, white binding [illegible] the white [illegible] pants [illegible], ruffled, dipped at the back. [illegible] Courrèges [illegible] proportion for evening, *directly right*. A T-shirt of paillettes in little green and white, spangling the message—square neck, huge armholes, like a man's undershirt; short, wide skirt. White paillette binding, white paillette boots. White kid gloves here, there, everywhere at Courrèges.

PARIS THE WOW PROPORTIONS

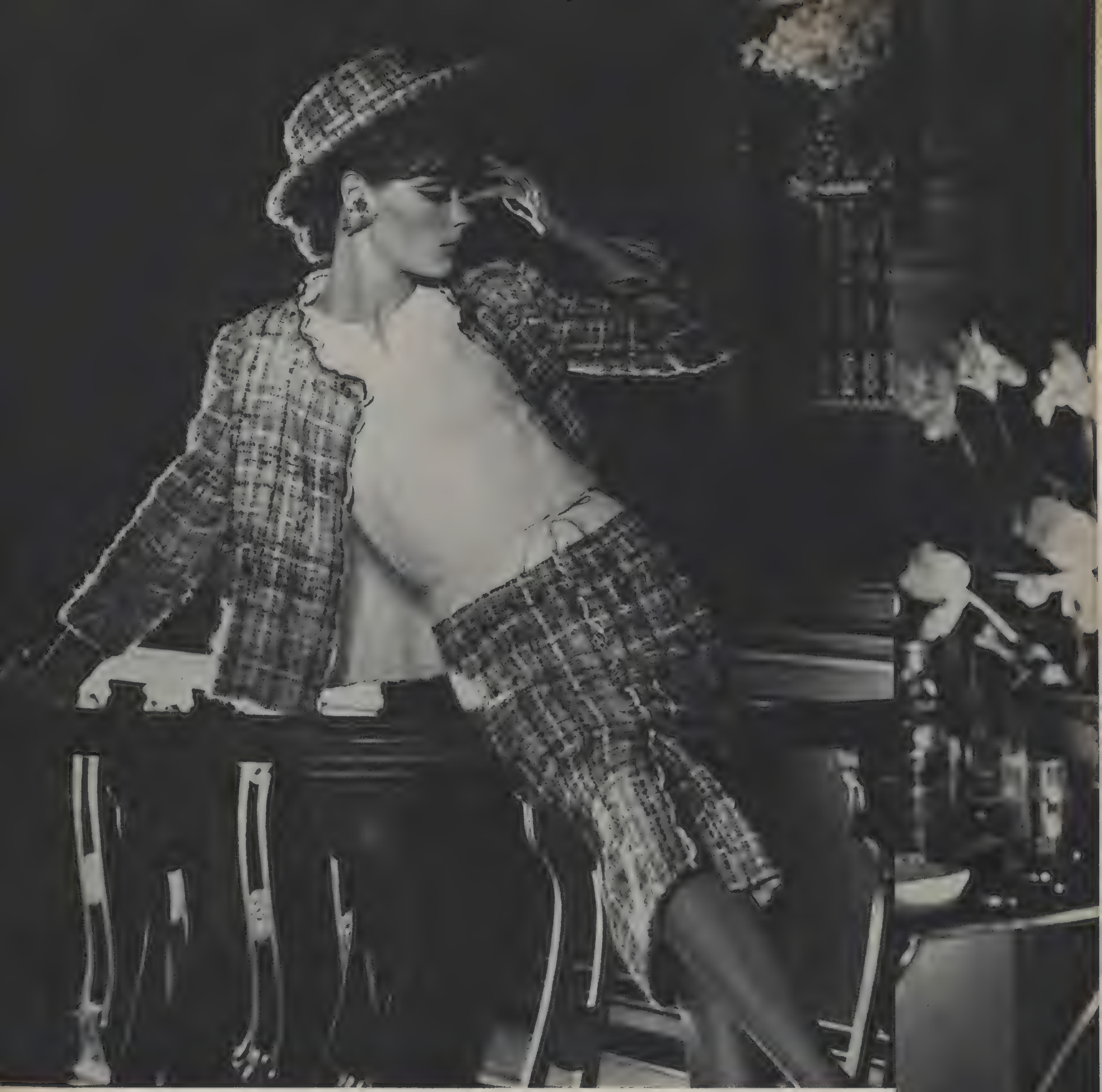
News at Courrèges — the dress proportion: It starts at the shoulder. Next place, a little below the hipbone. Next place, short hemline. End of dress. This one, white bias-bound in yellow, under a yellow-and-white Tattersall vest with bias binding, a back belt. At Macy's. Boot news on both pages here: slits straight across the front. Bindings in the new Courrèges manner, opposite — on the long white wool jacket with low-cut armholes, forming two inner stripes on the narrow cuffed pants. With this, a T-shirt and scarf, striped in navy blue and white. And always, the little white kidskin gloves.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS
CHANEL TO THE LIFE

Mademoiselle Chanel, right, projecting her own rigorous magic—the vitality, the nonchalance, the insistence on ego that has made her style the world's. This spring she received her friends in the Rue Cambon wearing magnificent sables wrapped high and close around the throat . . . a new emphasis reflected in her collection, in the soft bias scarfs attached to suit blouses, often wound close to the neck above the jacket collars. . . . As always: the perfect tailoring, the narrow elegant sleeves, armholes cut higher than ever, skirts moving at an effortless clip. . . . And the impact of La Grande Mademoiselle, Chanel wearing Chanel, vivid proof of her own aphorism, "Nature gives you your face at twenty, life models your face at thirty, but it's up to you to deserve your face at fifty. . . ." *Far right:* Navy-blue wool suit . . . navy-and-white silk blouse with one of the new bias scarfs looped to the side . . . the same fresh silk used for cuffs, pocket flaps; lining both jacket and skirt. Worn with Chanel pearls, a Chanel boater of navy-blue straw. Suit imported to America by Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure by Desfossé.

PARIS INTERNATIONALE PRESSE



PARIS
A NEW FLIP OF COLLAR FOR THE FAMOUS SUITS

Detail from Chanel, spring '65: a new little flipped-up collar for suit-jackets. *Above:* Tweeds in deliciously Chanel colours—fuchsia, violet, and white, looped at the edges with white chenille. A perfect little suit with the new turned up collar . . . jacket faced with the gauzy white silk of the blouse . . . skirt quilt-stitched to hold its easy close-hipped shape . . . at the knee, a slit pleat that shows a flicker of white silk facing. Worn with a tweed boater, earrings of gilt oak leaves, one plump pearl. Suit imported and copied by Davidow for Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Plaid on the straight . . . on the bias . . . claret, brown, and white tweed with claret-coloured silk for the cuffs, facings, pocket edges, and the unsleeved bodice trimly attached to the skirt . . . a bias skirt, four gores, slits at the side. Suit imported by Bonwit Teller. Copies by Davidow at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffures by Desfossé. Photographed in the Paris apartment of Comtesse Jean de Rochambeau.

HENRY CLARKE

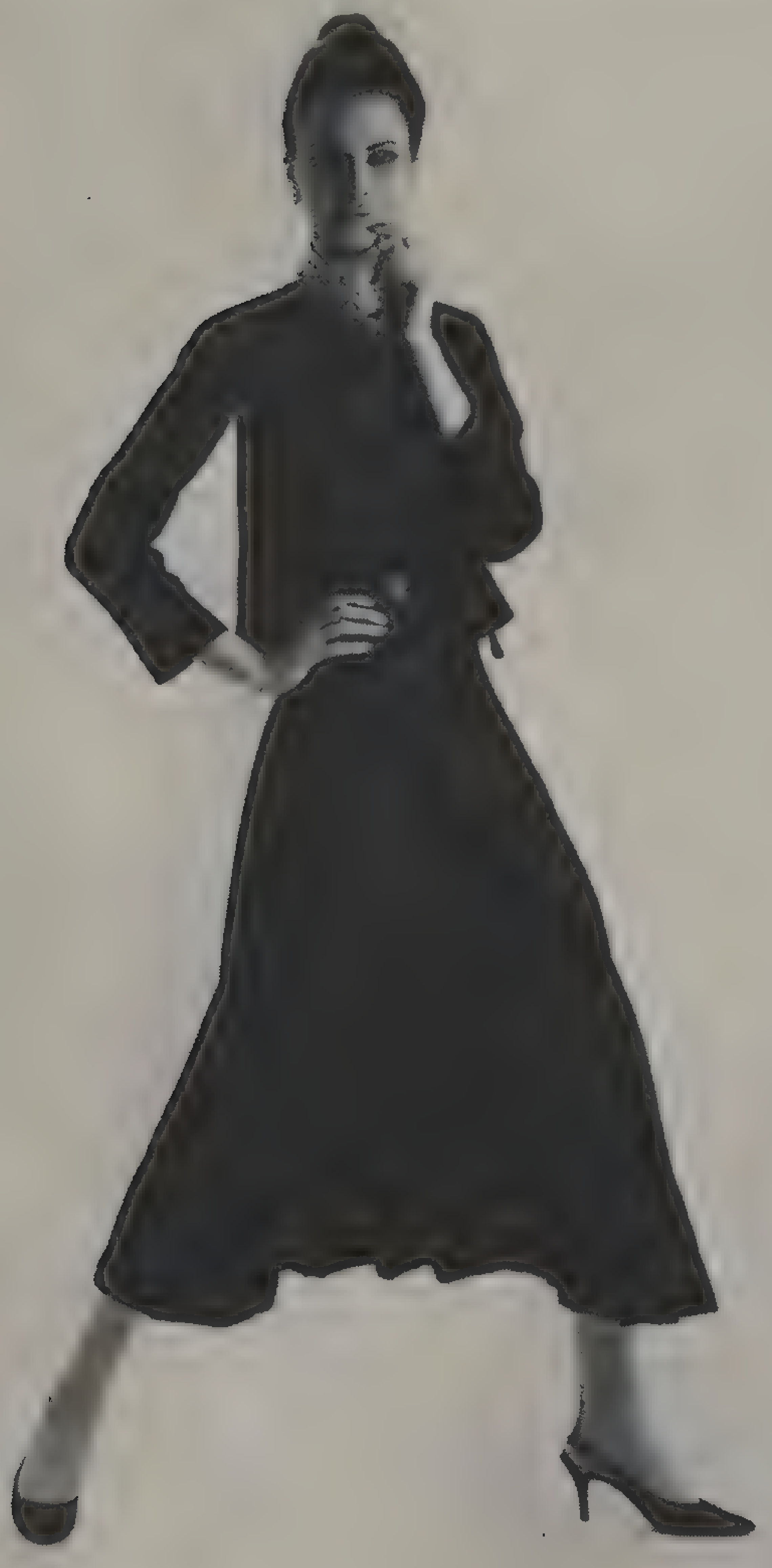
Bias in narrow pieces at Cardin, left, a coat that's news, perfection, the youngest thing in the world. All the bias folded together at the top with cartridge pleats across the shoulders, rolled collar; the pockets, straight strips. At the hem, the low swing of a flare. Of pale-beige Gérondeau wool. The coat with the whirl of skirt, from Simonetta, right, moving in the full folds of a bias circle from a softly fitted little top stroked with prim bands at the neck and pockets. The shoulders are high and rounded; two big black buttons. Of camel-coloured wool by Forneris. Both pages: Kislav gloves.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS
COATS WITH THE SHAPE AND SWING OF BIAS

PARIS FLOUNCES, WHITE BEADS AND MINK. NEW GYPSY LENGTH

Dior—the special charms: restless flounces of lace, left, hemming the skirt and jacket of a black organza suit, with long, tight, monkey-jacket sleeves. Marescot lace. I. Magnin. Beaded white flowers, right, on an enchanting organza dress and jacket with high tight armholes, white mink bands. Little white jewelled hat. By Dior; embroidery by Mérine. At I. Magnin. Shoes by Dior. Coiffure by Alexandre. New at Dior—the gypsy length, below, moving in a flow of pleats that fall to just above the ankle. Over the sleeveless dress with shiny silk belt, a curved little cardigan with buttons and loops; all, of navy-blue crêpe, and very tailored. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Dior shoes. Alexandre coiffure.



WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS LITTLE BLACK MISTS SWINGING IN RUFFLES

WILLIAM KLEIN

Baby-face provocateur from Simonetta, opposite. All innocence—a black organza trapeze bolting out straight from the shoulder like a child's sundress ...while flounces of tiny pleats scamper deliciously down the front, over the knee. Of Staron silk organza. Worn with little black suède gloves from Roger Faré. On both pages: Gripoix earrings; hair looped for evening by Carita. Flounces of lace stirring at Castillo, this page. Over a black lace sheath, a black lace cage running deep into ruffles—a cascade from the top, torrents around the hem...all as easily stirred as a flamenco fan. Dognin lace. Kislav gloves.

Asymmetric bias: Cardin's black lyric of pleats, this page—crêpe de chine and a flutter of satin scarf caught on one shoulder with bows of satin and brilliants ...streaming like soft silk banners to a band of black satin at the hem. In fabric by Buche. On both pages: Alexandre's swirled and swaying evening coiffures. Transparent bias: Castillo's perpetual motion, opposite—miles of buoyant black Cigaline flying over the body in a rush of bias. The top—a shadow of wings over the skin—held at the waist by a satin bow. Of Bucol nylon. Earrings: K. J. L.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS BIAS DRESSES STIRRING IN BLACK

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Ten years of South Vietnam, the tangle of politics, the straight line of bravery. . . . The British Labour Party and this comment from Joseph Godber: "To any objective observer the leader who really failed his party [in the General Election] was Harold Wilson, who so nearly snatched defeat from the jaws of certain victory." . . . Richard Burton, in a satisfied rich brown voice, talking his way through the record of the song "A Married Man," from the new musical *Baker Street.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Buddy Hackett's mentally slapstick monologues, the funniest ever, delivered to audiences *after* the curtain falls on the musical *I Had A Ball.* . . . The startling chrome-plated and black epoxy sculptures by Trova, recently at New York's Pace Gallery—some of the figures imaginative gadgetry, fresh, curious.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The way Jean-Paul Sartre continues to make news in Paris where his partial autobiography, *Les Mots,* has been a bourgeois success—more than 200,000 copies sold, full translation into Russian, plus some 8,000 students at a single Sartre lecture. . . . The lovable, complicated nonsense of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E," a television program that makes the spy movies seem exercises in logic.

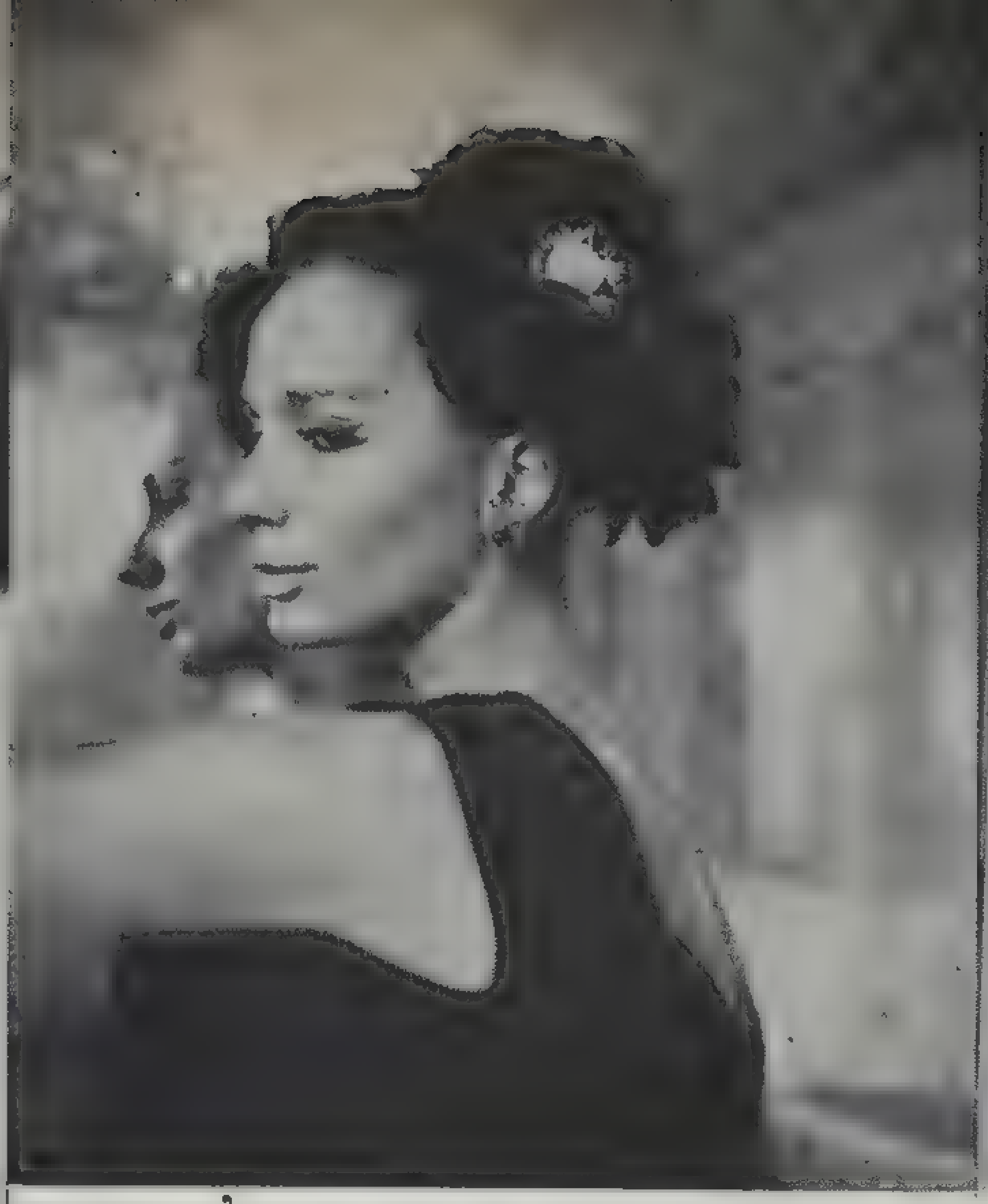
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN LONDON . . . The New Apron Strings, a gambling club where dukes, film stars, and barrow boys gather in a "wotcher mate" first-name atmosphere that has become a late night cry for many people. . . . The advance copies of the new Penelope Gilliatt novel, *One By One,* frightening, funny, delectable, written in a cool, taut, tough style that has a kind of strangled femininity.

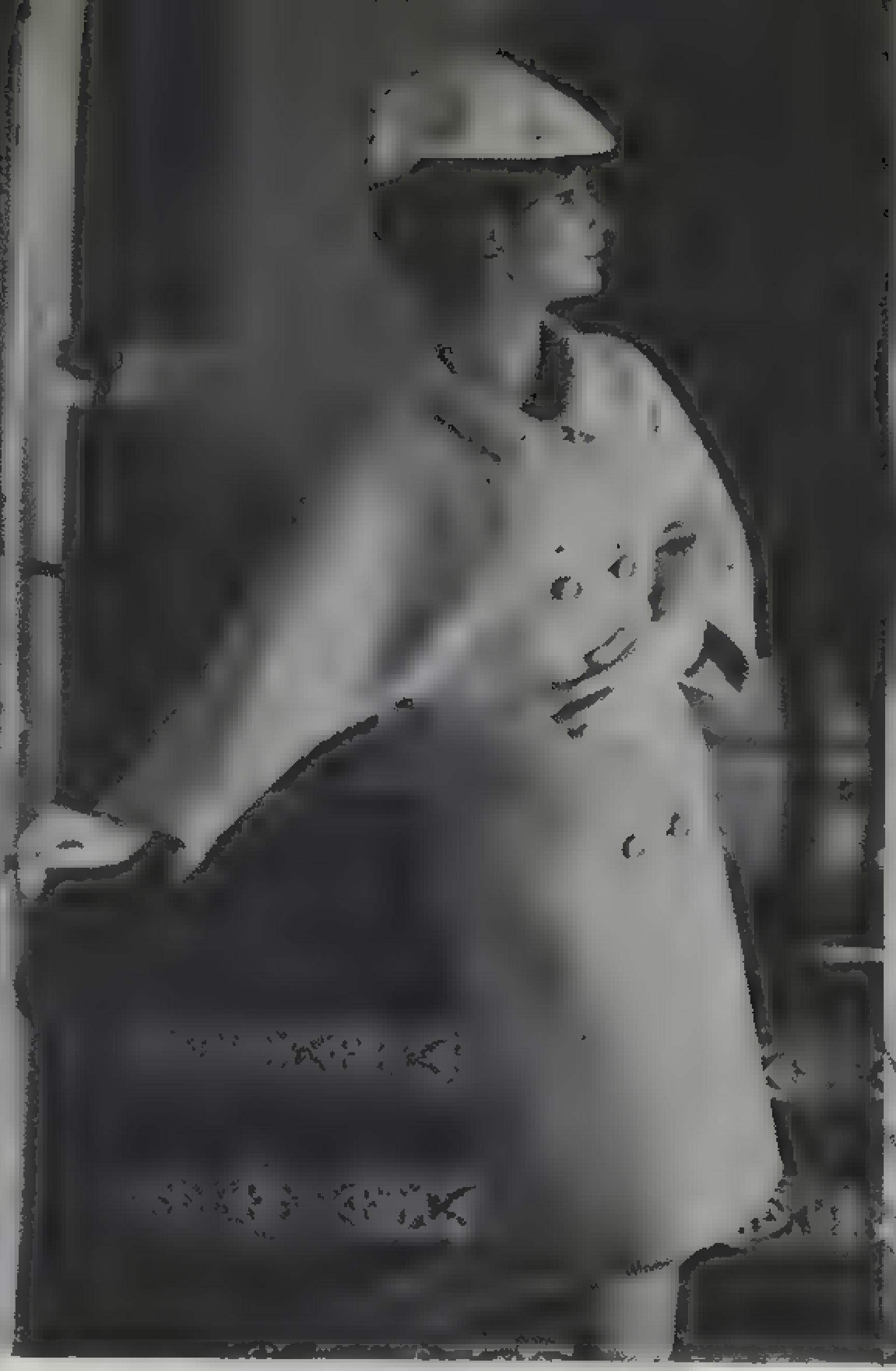
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The movie *The Sound of Music,* all ravishing airlift swoops over the Austrian Alps and a final effect of deluxe edition nursery rhymes. . . . The skillful, fascinating paintings by the American R. B. Kitaj, whose work looks like a cross of Surrealist comic strips with Toulouse-Lautrec; Kitaj likes such non-explanatory titles as "An Urban Old Man, Who Never Looked at the Sea, Except Perhaps Once."

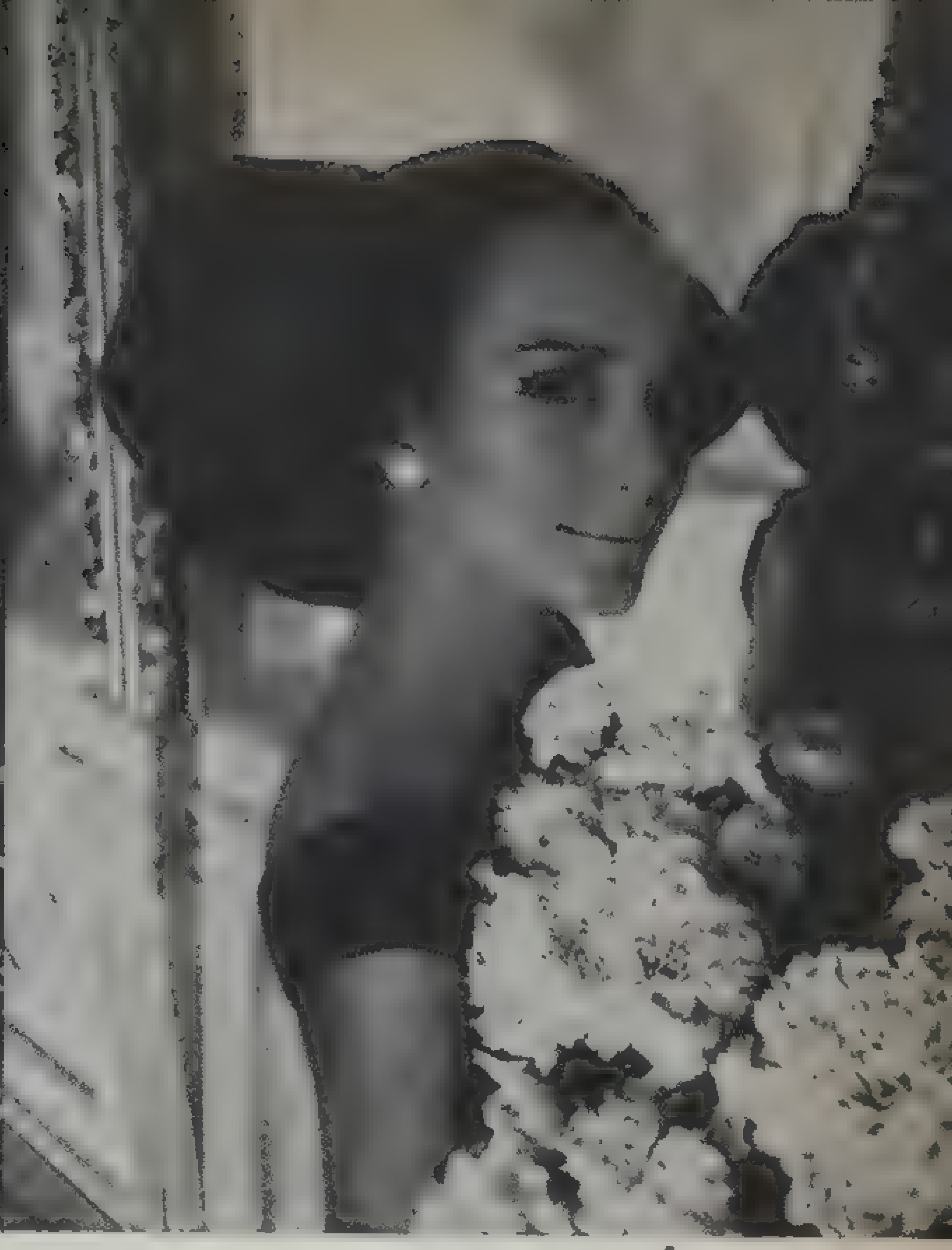
THE HON. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE, WITH MRS. DUKE

Angier Biddle Duke, recently appointed Ambassador to Spain by President Johnson, is a man who never seems in a hurry, even when he is. Mrs. Duke has the kind of good looks that light up a room. Together (*right*) they are one of the most effective couples in diplomacy; they open up windows, pull off dust covers wherever they go. In four years, as Chief of Protocol under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Mr. Duke was responsible for one hundred and eighteen state visits, twice as many as in the previous administration, handling most notably the problems of the new nations, with a tact as precise as radar. (Before then he had been Ambassador to El Salvador, and special assistant to Ambassador Stanton Griffis in Madrid.) Mrs. Duke, as Chairman of the Blair House Fine Arts Committee staged the complicated and superb restoration of the President's guest house in Washington. To their new post, the Dukes bring a familiar name (Mr. Duke's uncle, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, was Ambassador to Spain) and a personality that suits Spain. They lead, with their children, an intense family life; are serious about work; gay about life, ready to dance all night. Madrid's hours are theirs: late. In Spain, Mr. Duke looks forward to a slower pace than in Washington: "I expect to have time for reflecting and studying and writing." Mrs. Duke questions this: "I'll give him ten minutes! He's only happy in a perpetual whirl." Crinkling her forehead with amusement, she speaks huskily like a movie star. He speaks thoughtfully like a professor. Both Dukes spark. As the Spanish say, *tienen vida.* They have spirit.

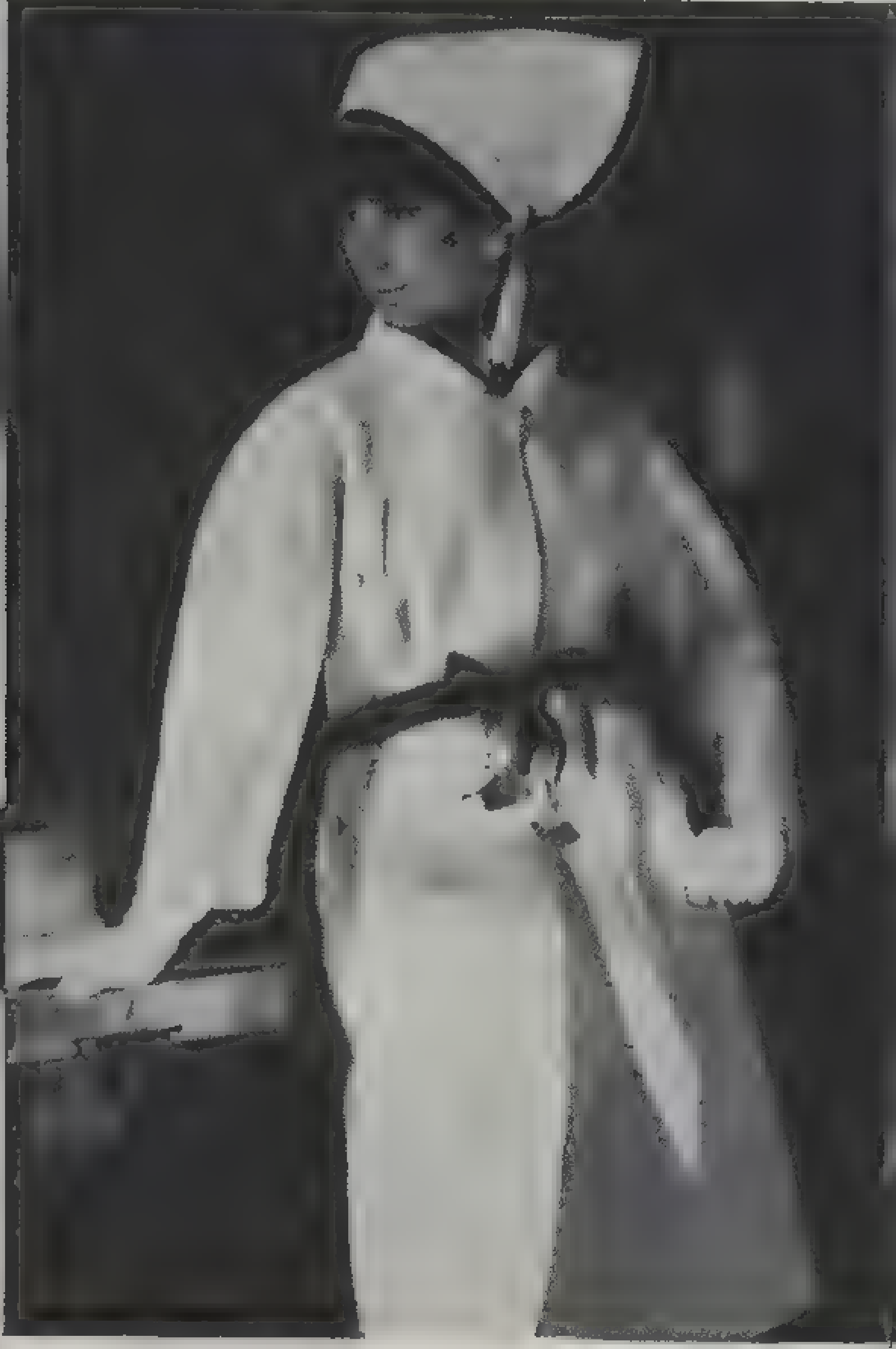
CECIL BEATON

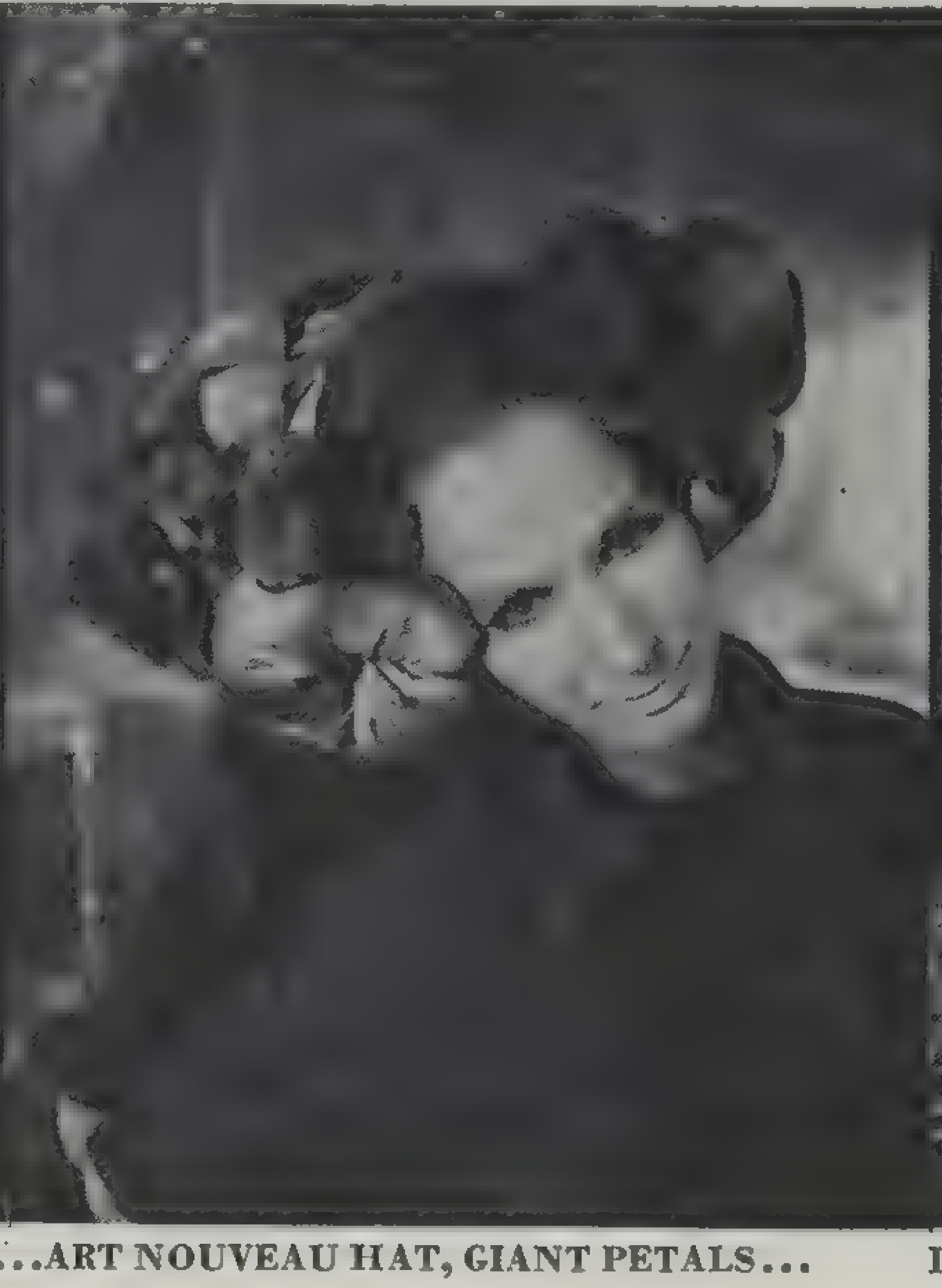


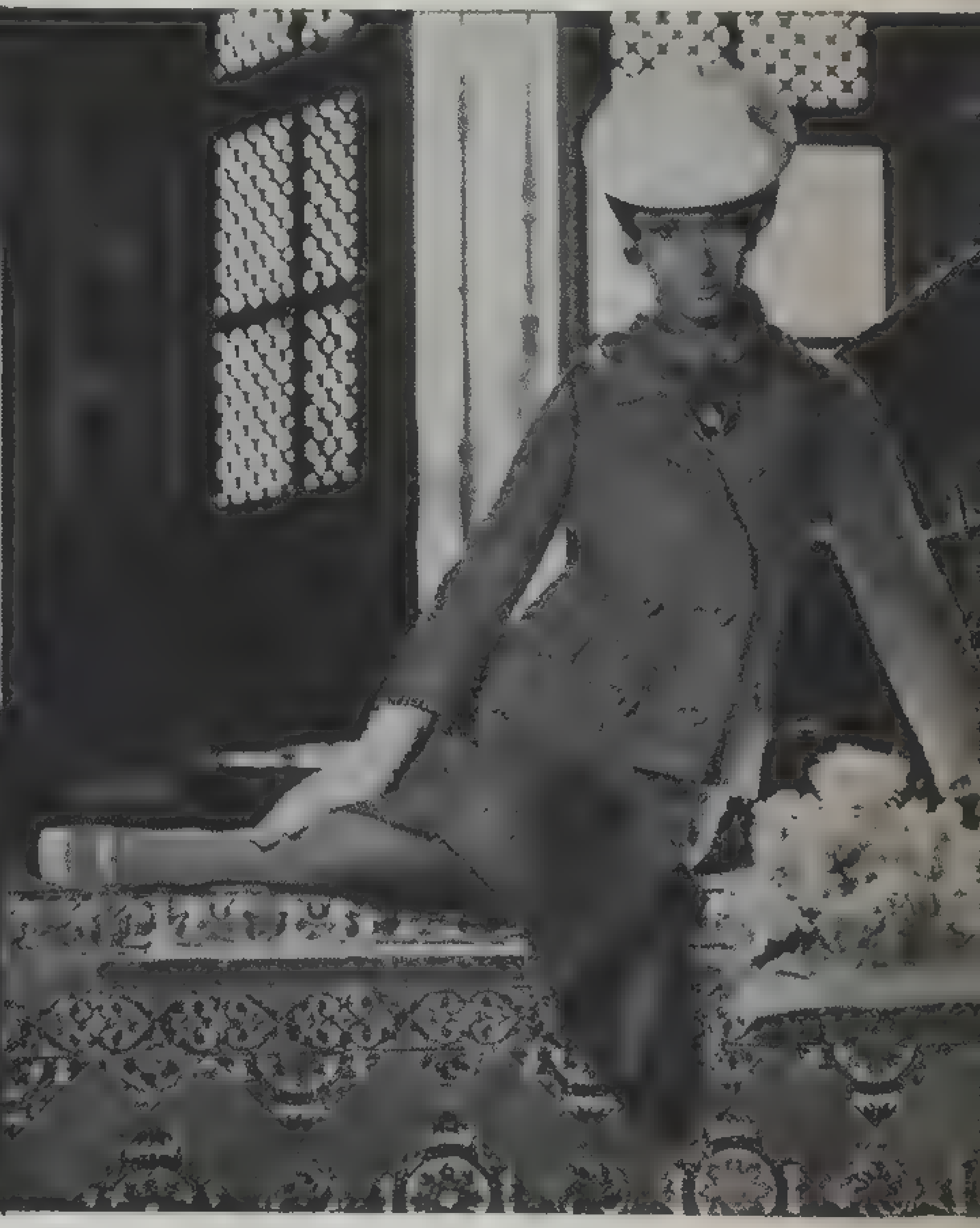




PERTEGAZ' BLACK SUNFLOWER HAT... DEEP-SLEEVE COAT, BANANA WOOL...NAVY-BLUE STRAW GUARDSMAN'S HAT...







WHITE BLANKET COAT, MOCHA BELT...ART NOUVEAU HAT, GIANT PETALS... LONG-JACKET SUIT, BOX PLEATS

SPAIN

The romance and bravura, the elegance and allure of Spanish fashion, of Spain's *alta costura*—now Arrived, admired, adored. Spain is the hot spot on the fashion map. As one fashion-authority put it, "It's here—they've got style, they've got everything." . . . What we've got here: six pages of new successes from the Spanish Collections. *Facing page:* Glittering little jet-embroidered black tulle bolero, from the Barcelona house of Asuncion Bastida. *This page:* All from the Pertegaz collection. His clothes—charming, urbane, wearable everywhere, as much at home in Paris or New York as in Madrid—always with a strongly Spanish flavour, a tang. *Top row, left:* Hat of black organdie sunflowers with yellow centres, green leaves, arching up to expose the neck like the stiff black bicornes worn by the Guardia Civil. *Centre:* Deep-sleeved coat of banana wool gabardine, unlined, marvellously constructed; curved seaming in front, a half-belt in back. White kidskin cap. *Right:* Guardsman's hat of navy-blue knitted straw; crossed bandeaux on top. *Lower row, left:* Delicious white blanket-wool coat, unlined, with welt seaming, a tiny rolled collar; a tape of soft mocha-brown suède. Fringed white kidskin kerchief. *Centre:* Like the headdresses painted by Alphonse Mucha in his magnificent Art Nouveau theatrical posters for Sarah Bernhardt—a coif of giant organdie petals and leaves in beige-to-coffee shades, arching over the head. Dress and cape of printed organza cloqué, in brown, russet. *Right:* Long-jacket suit with a young, box-pleated skirt, in flecked brown-and-white wool. Printed silk scarf; kidskin cap. All by Pertegaz, at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. White blanket-wool coat, also at Jordan Marsh, Florida. *Both pages:* Coiffures by Isaac Blanco. Jewellery, Elvira Lucena. Photographed in El Hospital Tavera, in Toledo.

EMBROIDERED BOLERO, JET ON
TULLE, BY ASUNCION BASTIDA

HENRY CLARKE

EVENING BOLEROS—WRAPPED, DIPPED: GOLD-EMBROIDERED

PERTEGAZ, this page: Romantic evening dress like a Velásquez court beauty's—in dark, lees-of-wine red satin faille. The bolero—high in front, low in back—wraps the waist, ties in a bow; the skirt dips in back below a curving yoke. Unseen here, a narrow, strapless bodice. Dress, at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Jewellery: Elvira Lucena. **PEDRO RODRÍGUEZ**, facing page: One of his magnificent embroidered dresses . a long sweep of white ottoman faille with a strapped décolletage; a matador's short bolero—both, richly embroidered in gold. At Jordan Marsh, Florida. Coiffures, both pages: Isaac Blanco. Scene: El Hospital Tavera.

SPAIN

HENRY CLARKE

HENRY CLARKE

SPAIN

BLACK LACE RUFFLES TO THE WAIST, EMBROIDERED BLACK LACE TO THE FLOOR

ELIO BERHANYER, facing page: Tiers of black lace ruffles, in the flamenco spirit, for the bodice of a high-waisted evening dress—the skirt, a slender column of white silk velvet. A final, ravishing touch—the great triangular stole, entirely of black lace ruffles. PEDRO RODRÍGUEZ, this page: His enchanting evening coat—black lace to the floor, embroidered in glittering jet beads, black paillettes. Collarless, narrow as a tube to the knee—where it whooshes out in two deep, stiff flounces. Rodriguez jet earrings. Both pages: Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Coiffures by Isaac Blanco. The setting: Santa Maria La Blanca, Toledo.

WHO'S O-O-OH IN AMERICA

BY HERBERT J. GANS

Nations develop the images they hold of other nations in order to satisfy social and emotional needs that can not be met at home. For example, still-Puritan America, wishing for an uninhibited sex life, has created for itself an image of boundless free love in Scandinavia and France, and although it requires Hollywood starlets to keep their bosoms covered on home screens, queues up to see Brigitte Bardot *au naturel.* Similarly, respectable Europe yearns for a bit of violence, creates an image of gangster-ridden America and satisfies it by flocking to Hollywood Westerns and private-eye films. Foreign images are thus domestic fantasies, composed of fictions and distorted facts from abroad.

Foreign images usually resist change, but the American image of Britain has been altering drastically in recent years. Traditionally, Britain has served to satisfy America's need for an aristocratic ideal of public service and royal ceremony. A country like ours that has departed from the English tradition of an elite-run democracy, and governs itself by an unstable mixture of populism and pressure groups, pragmatism and cynicism, idealistic rhetoric and opportunistic leadership finds it useful to imagine the maintenance of the tradition elsewhere. Out of this need, among others, has come an image of Britain in which a body of Eton- and Oxbridge-trained public servants, selflessly dedicated, devoid of class interests or personal ambition, run the country in a democratic fashion—with the help of unarmed bobbies and the panoply of an impotent but beloved monarchy.

At the centre of this image has been the British gentleman, well-bred, sophisticated, reserved, public spirited, highly individualistic, and expressing the wisdom of tradition through his accent. If America's historic image of Britain could be summarized in a single symbol, it would be that accent. English actors have long been used in America to connote, on stage, an atmosphere of thoughtful prestige, and in recent years English secretaries have been hired by American executives to do the same for New York offices. Even the tritest comment is received with awe when it is spoken in the Queen's English. The traditional image has also left a little room for eccentricity, both the sexual variety and the exaggerated individualism of an Alec Guinness or a Margaret Rutherford.

In the past two or three years, however, that old image has been overlaid with a new one, in which Englishmen appear as potent sexual idols, armed with unusual energy and vitality, and given to public declarations of skepticism and satire. The major sources of the new sexual image have been Richard Burton, Albert Finney, Ian Fleming's James Bond, and the Beatles. The latter have kicked up a strong and well-publicized storm among America's young teens by being attractive and obviously male young men who look just effeminate enough to arouse ecstasy in prepubescent maidens not quite ready to confront the opposite sex. Conversely, Finney and Burton have had a more orthodox impact on their older sisters—and on their mothers as well.

These performers have also shattered the old image of British reserve, for all of them have given evidence of considerable vitality; Richard Burton by publicity that depicts hard drinking and a notable love affair; the others by spirited performances in energetic stage or screen rôles. They have also had some assistance from the indefatigable Peter Sellers, who for a while opened in a new film almost every fortnight, and then topped it off by marrying one of those Scandinavian girls. If his recent heart attack suggested that perhaps the British were not quite accustomed to their new vitality, his rapid recovery and his plans for innumerable new films quickly stilled such doubts.

At the same time, these performers have served as symbols of the new British irreverence. The old British gentleman may have had his moments of cynicism, but he never questioned the virtues of the Establishment, while the new performers—in films like *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Room at the Top,* and some of the Boulting Brothers' comedies—never stop questioning. James Bond did his bit by making it clear that without his intervention, Britain would now be a Russian or Chinese colony, after which the Beatles and their imitators gave the topic a working-class twist by their rebellious dress and manner, and their comments about the deficiencies of middle- and upper-class English ways.

Vitality and skepticism have also been demonstrated at considerably higher social and intellectual levels by the success of two British satirical revues, *Beyond the Fringe* and *The Establishment,* and by the personal success of Jonathan Miller, who seems to have appeared as often in magazines and television programs as Peter Sellers has in films. Miller's energy, his breezy writing style, his willingness to shock, and his ability to persuade sophisticated New Yorkers that a performer can double as an intellectual—not to mention writer, political satirist, film and television critic, director, and promoter, even while keeping up with his medicine—helped to propagate the new British image. Above all,

(Continued on page 151)

THE SEVEN O'CLOCK SUIT IN BOUGAINVILLAEA-PINK CHIFFON

One of the most luxurious ways to look for dinner or the theatre from this moment on—the tailor's suit, meltingly pretty in brilliant bougainvillaea-pink chiffon over two layers of silk, bound in chiffon. Shaped jacket buttoned in beads, with narrow bead-buttoned sleeves and its own little slip of dress—sleeveless, low-waisted, belted. By Ben Zuckerman. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Earrings—heavy cascades of glitter to the shoulder—by Apex Art: Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure by Pierre of the House of Revlon.

PENN

BEAUTY BULLETIN

INTERNATIONAL CABLE . . . BEAUTY NEWS FROM ALL VOGUE COUNTRIES

Nothing gets around the way beauty innovations do—whether they're good, bad, or indifferent. Example of good was the two-years-ago innovation of setting hair with cellophane tape, which Alexandre, in his Paris salon, called "Le Scotch." (He may in fact go down in history as The Great Dispenser.) At the self-same moment in London, in the middle of his famous architectural haircut, Vidal Sassoon was politely calling for "the Tape, mate." And in the same general time-span, U.S.A. hairdressers, mindful of the delicate nature of registered trade names, were setting guiches, fringes, and nape-curls with what they cautiously referred to as "Scotch Magic Mending Tape . . . please," and in the process discovered Magic's further attribute: it leaves no clip bumps on dyed or streaked hair. Eighteen percent of the women in America now set their hair this way. As do women around the world. . . .

Example of a bad innovation, but one that's bound to get around nonetheless when word gets out, is the Australian surfers' use of Ajax, the foaming cleanser, to bleach their hair near-white. Mad? Mad. Unless the whole thing was plotted by a Machiavellian wig mogul. For him next year could be gorgeous. . . .

Example of an indifferent beauty innovation—or rather one that in itself is neither good nor bad, but depends, for its merit, entirely upon the personnel involved—is the world-wide craze for ironing hair with a flat steam iron. All we can say, Your Honour, is: when Vogue shot the first hair-ironing photograph, it was a spontaneous documentary of a bona-fide Vogue-studio scene. A girl needed to have her hair smoothed in a hurry. Later, when we published the photograph to dramatize the liking for smooth hair, it never crossed our minds the idea would take over the ironing boards of several nations. It has, alas. Even though ours was, as far as we know, the only picture of hair-ironing ever published, teenagers everywhere have taken to ironing their hair, buddy-system. And the steam alone scares us to death. . . .

Thus, with a few mild trepidations, we report the latest international beauty flyers. Collected by a system which is Vogue's unique privilege, our report has made use of the staffs of all seven Vogues published around the world. French Vogue; British Vogue; Australian, New Zealand, South African Vogues; the Italian Vogue called Novita; as well as American Vogue, which also maintains a ribbon of correspondents in various other posts and outposts of the world. . . . Quacking away into the night, sometimes ringing a small, insistent bell to draw attention to itself, our Telex (a sort of teletype-cable mechanism, nourished—think of it—on electricity and paper) has gathered and spun off

(Continued on next page)

NOUVEAUX EYES. See the gaze across the way? Dimension is what these eyes have. Midnight-Blue cake eyeliner sets the pattern; a French Blue eye-shadow stick filled this in. "This way eyes deepen; whites of the eyes whiten." The thought, action, and wherewithal, from Max Factor, who lent us, for this photographic sitting, its makeup specialist, Gil. (Natural Honey struck Gil as the right lipstick to elect.) Double-ruffled cuffs on chiffon palazzo pyjamas by Galitzine. The several bracelets here, Cartier. The coiffure by Marc Sinclaire.

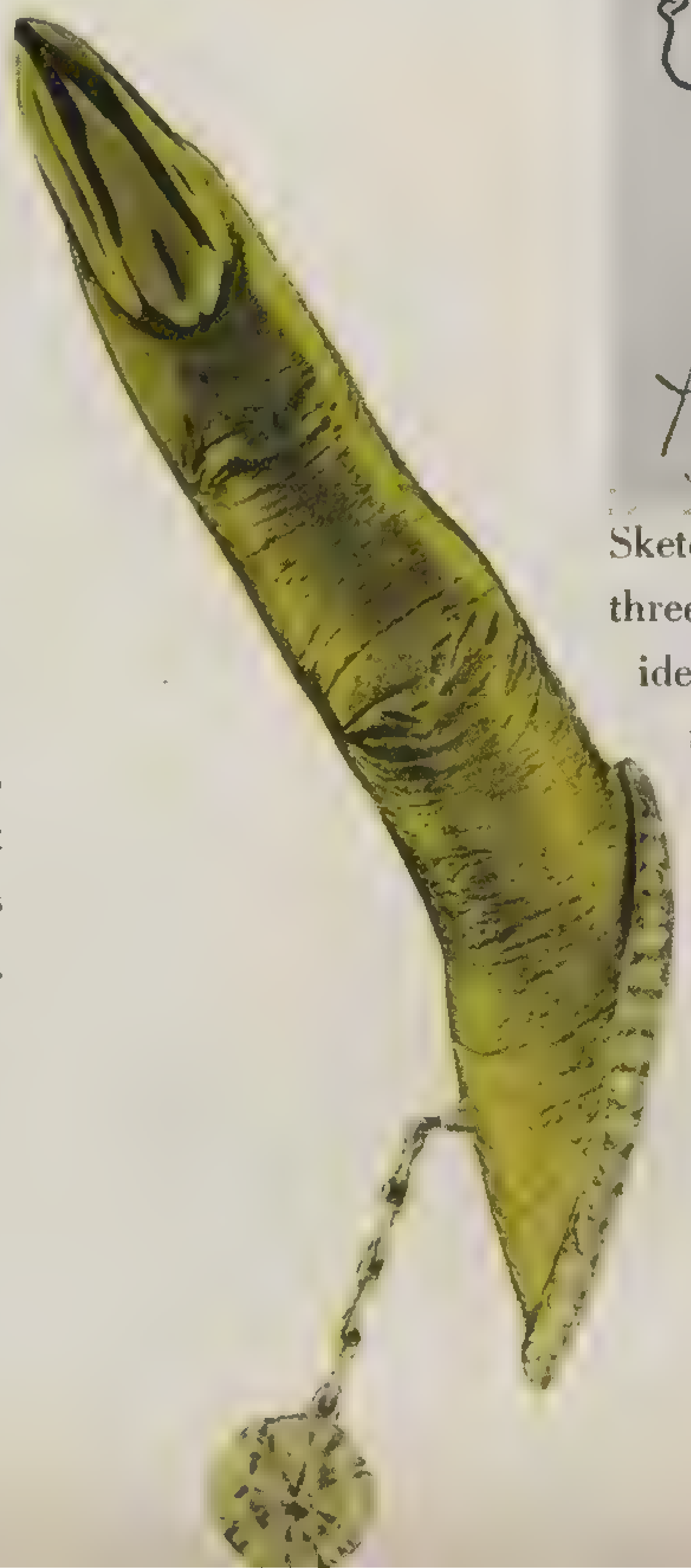
Mouche at edge of lower lip... navy-greyer eyes... lips brightening... hair curled—except when it's not. Wild-eyed sunglasses, goggled hats, heels wearing rouge.... All these and more new beauty rages, picked up, discussed, sorted out by the international Vogues....

BERT STERN

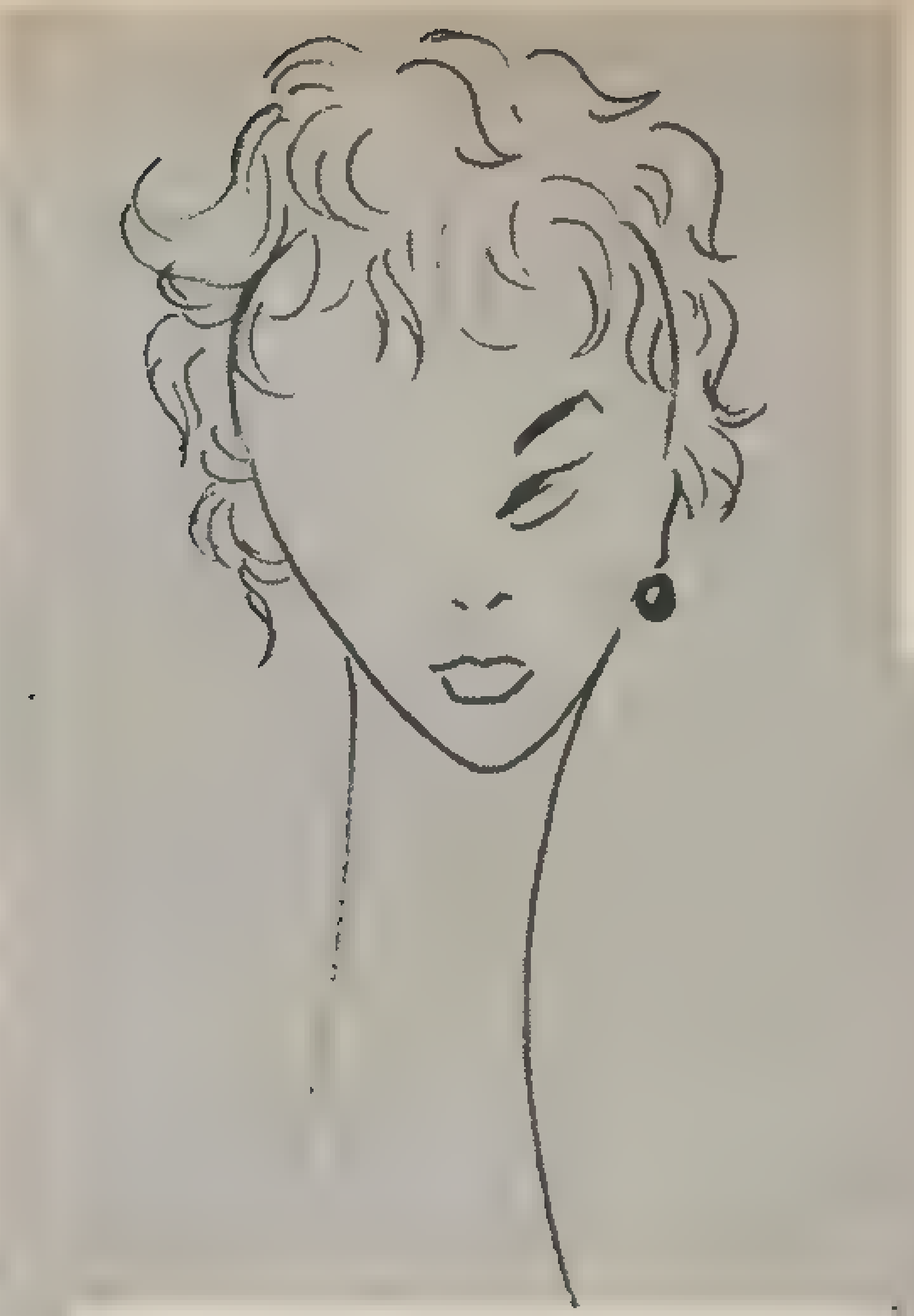
BEAUTY BULLETIN

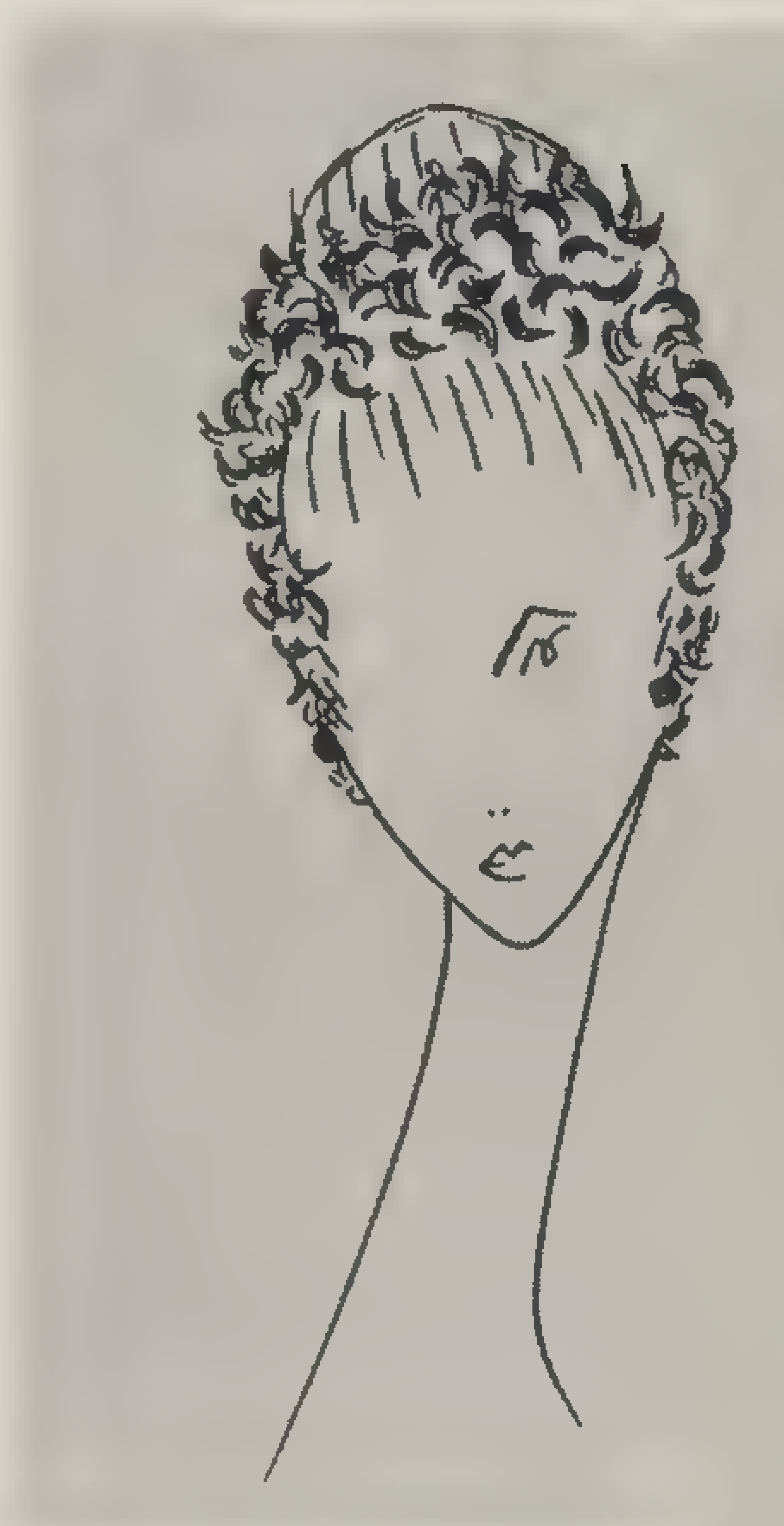
(Continued from preceding page) the following. The terseness of language reproduced here is typical of the Cable-ese tongue, the basic grammar rule for which is: "Brevity is the soul of economy. And don't forget it." . . . Wildfire curls reported every major city. Results range from superb to iffy to awful. Best-liked Paris version, small curled head like Greek boy. Best Roman version, like Ingrid Bergman's in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Best Madrid version, curly-haired postiche against soignée cut; Madrid also likes trim little curly-haired wigs. Wrong anywhere, tantrum of messy curls. Also wrong, curls stiff as those in photograph family dowager. . . . Not out by long shot, handsome clean little haircut. Especially when organized with figure-eight chignon. . . . Sideburns, double and quadruple guiches, strong in Rome, New York, Madrid. Latter also reports flat love-curls on forehead. . . . Long hair, long way from finis in fashion. Still great when bundled neat close way or streaming down per Cuernavaca circuit. . . . All young Paris has Françoise Hardy hair, thick, touch longer than American-girl long hair; sometimes now brushed back, divided in middle. . . . Rouged heels charming socks off everyone. Foot beautifiers new craving. . . . Mouche placed like Virna Lisi's at edge of lower lip, latest craze Italy. . . . Lips brighter everywhere, exception Australia. Beiged lipstick at peak there. For summer: sunned skin, tanned mouth, beige hair, one-piece look. . . . Glow and cleanliness still basic international makeup. London calling this Le Style Anglais. Anglaises strong for iridescent lips, iridescent eyelids; staying with greiged-brown eye shadow; still stuck on fake eyelashes they pioneered. . . . Darker eye-sockets liked New York; navy-grey eye shadow smudged by thumb. White-above-eye still fixture but moving up, thinning; some women putting fine brushstroke white directly under eyebrow. . . . Eyebrows themselves thinning most cities; exception, London, Rome. . . . Technique reported used by Anouk Aimée: spray eyebrow-brush with lacquer, *first*. . . . Crash diets raging again. Muscle-toning machines electrifying London. . . . Madrid switching to tea from coffee, theory this better for figure. . . . Paris doing one-day diet each week; bed-rest one full day, no food. . . . Acupuncturist-masseuse new beauty Ringo of Paris; his special balms catching on. . . . Sauna baths in- (Continued on page 157)

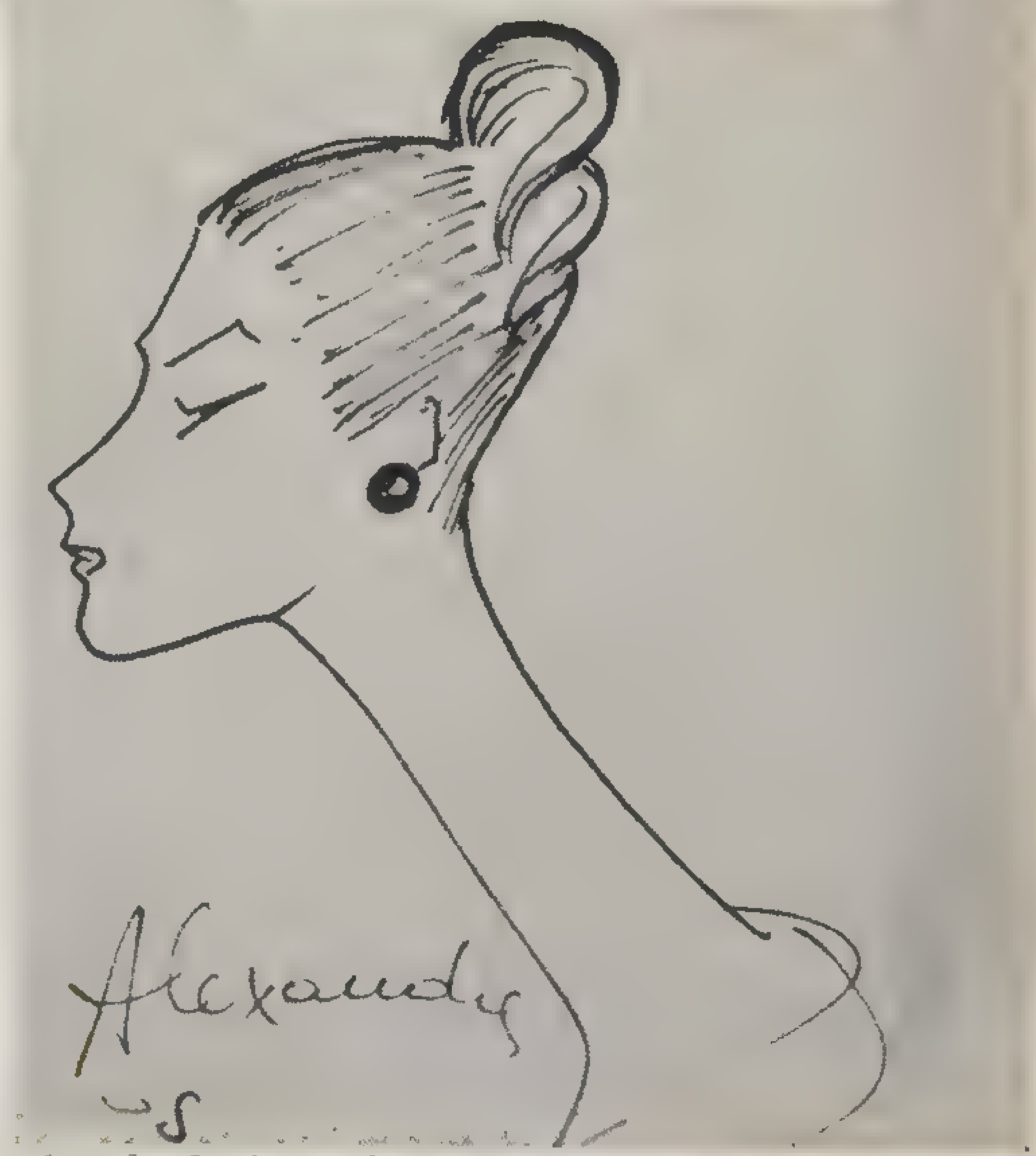
SIDEBURNS: THE MOST. At left, wig cut to state a line liked by Carita, Paris. Short, soigné, sides angled to look like extra-luxuriant sideburns.



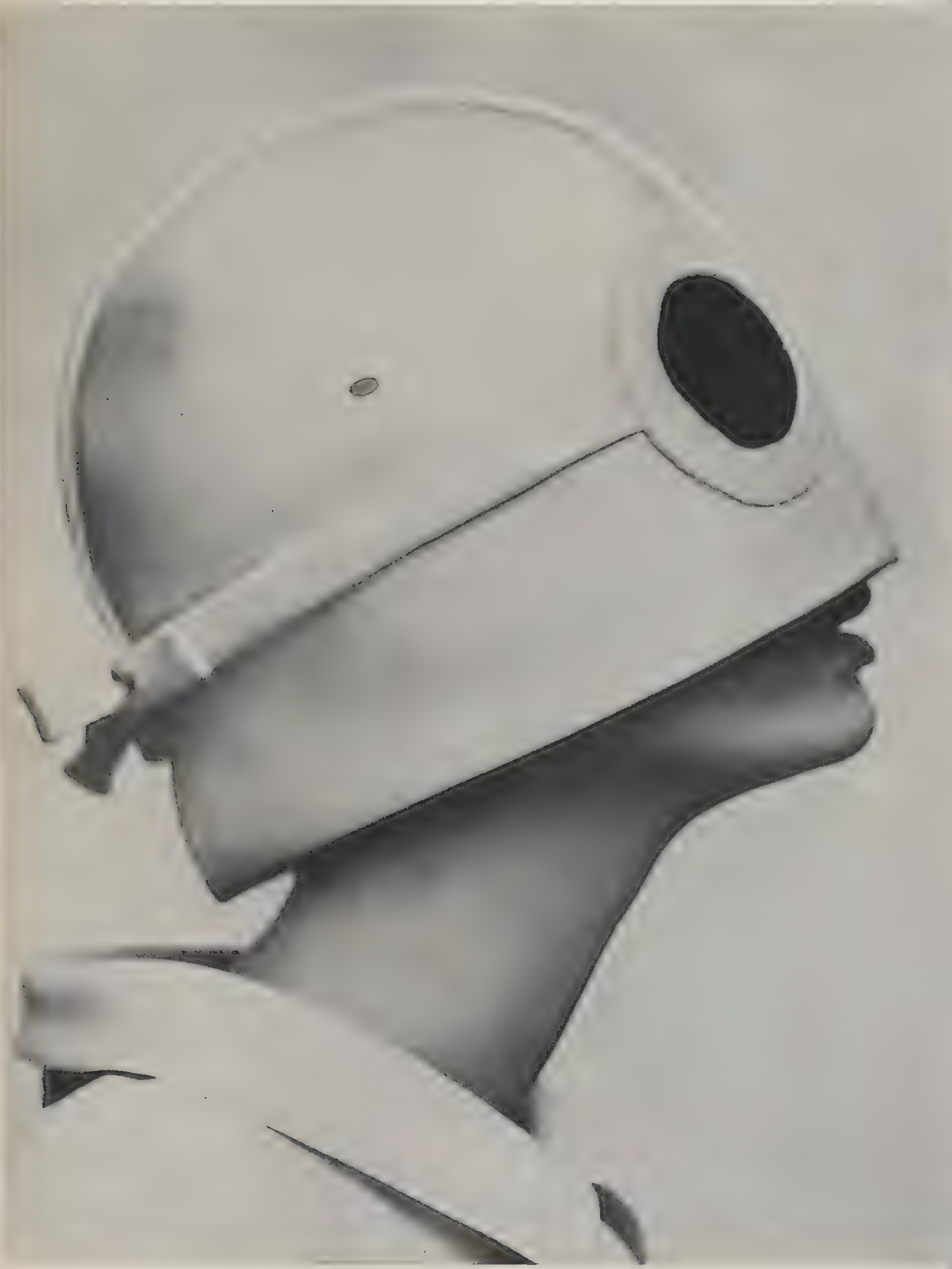
GOLD FINGER. A sort of overall ring, the complete finger sheath in gold, devised by Charles de Temple to beat a drum for the film, *Goldfinger*—its Paris première was February 18. Wild? $27,800 worth of wild karats.







Sketched above by Alexandre, three of the several dozen head ideas he did for the Paris couture showings. Small, no?



Goggle hat by Antonelli; white linen plus glass: a stopper in the latest Italian boutique shows. At Jordan Marsh, Florida.

ELECTRICAL CHARGES ON VOGUE'S INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY WAVE LENGTH

Japaneserie: it's everywhere. Here, most authentically. Dress by Hanae Mori, Tokyo couturière. Evelyn Byrnes. Hair, Robert Verdi.

THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT

Take an hour from one to twelve. A weather from breezy to snow. Situations from lunch to theatre and party-after, to a plane anywhere. Put them all together and what do you wear? These. The Anything-Goes Coats that start here, cover everything, and look intrepid and wonderful while they're at it. They're narrow, built for action, walk at all fashion-levels, cope with all elements. The secret: their fabrics—serenely and subtly fortified with things like marvellous new water-repellent finishes, laminations, linings, that keep the shape—and the fashion. With these coats, anything goes—and the going is great. Also with them, the bright idea of tied scarf-hats. Violet vinyl, left, a coat with this typically anything-goes talent: sturdiness disguised by a beautiful colour, a spectacular effect. Double-breasted with a pointed collar, flap pockets, a belt not shown here. By Modelia, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about $70 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. K.J.L. earrings. Lanolav gloves. Hat: Adolfo. Smock-coat, yoked, right, of bright green silk treated with Zepel that holds off water, spots, other hazards. Big pockets, straight little collar, pearly buttons, a lining of pink dotted silk. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; about $245 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; L.S. Ayres. Hansen gloves. Tied turban by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT

Anything goes and comes, left, the front and back of a fine young coat-shape in an unsinkable fabric—in this case, pale sky-blue cotton satin. The front is smooth and small with a slope of width to the skirt, trim high armholes, a ring collar; at the back, a buttoned-on belt. Coat by Seymour Fox, of Hurel-TSM fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. The wrapped hat by Adolfo, made from an Emilio Pucci scarf. The straightest suède, right, in pale powder-beige, soft and supple as a silk shift, and as wonderful to wear on all the anything-goes days of a year. For this, a pointed collar, belted sleeves, a fly front. From Foxhunt by Huntwood International; about $95. Marvella jewellery. All at Lord & Taylor. Coat, also at Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Viola Weinberger gloves: Bergdorf Goodman. Hat by Halston, from an Emilio Pucci scarf; to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT

Good weather for duck, opposite, that's pink, water-shedding, and laminated to Curon to keep the good three-quarter shape. The belts, ducking under pocket-flaps—added on all three coats here. Coat by Mainstreet, of cotton duck by Avondale; about $30. Ben-King belt. Grandoe gloves. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Scarf-turban by Mr. John. Brush-strokes of grey and white, left, on a coat full of chemical wonders—made of nylon, the texture pressed in by Chem-Stitch, and laminated to foam for extra substance and shape (what weather would dare to trouble it?). By Sherbrooke, of Du Pont nylon (Travis fabric); about $40 at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne. White leather belt by Ben-King. Adolfo turban. Shell design, pressed in, right, and wearing Zepel protection from water and spots—an Anything-Goes Coat of sand-coloured Dacron and Avron. By David Crystal, of Stehli fabric; about $60 at Best & Co.; Harold's; I. Magnin. Ben-King belt. Emme hat, from a Eugenie Buchner scarf.

BERT STERN

THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT

BERT STERN

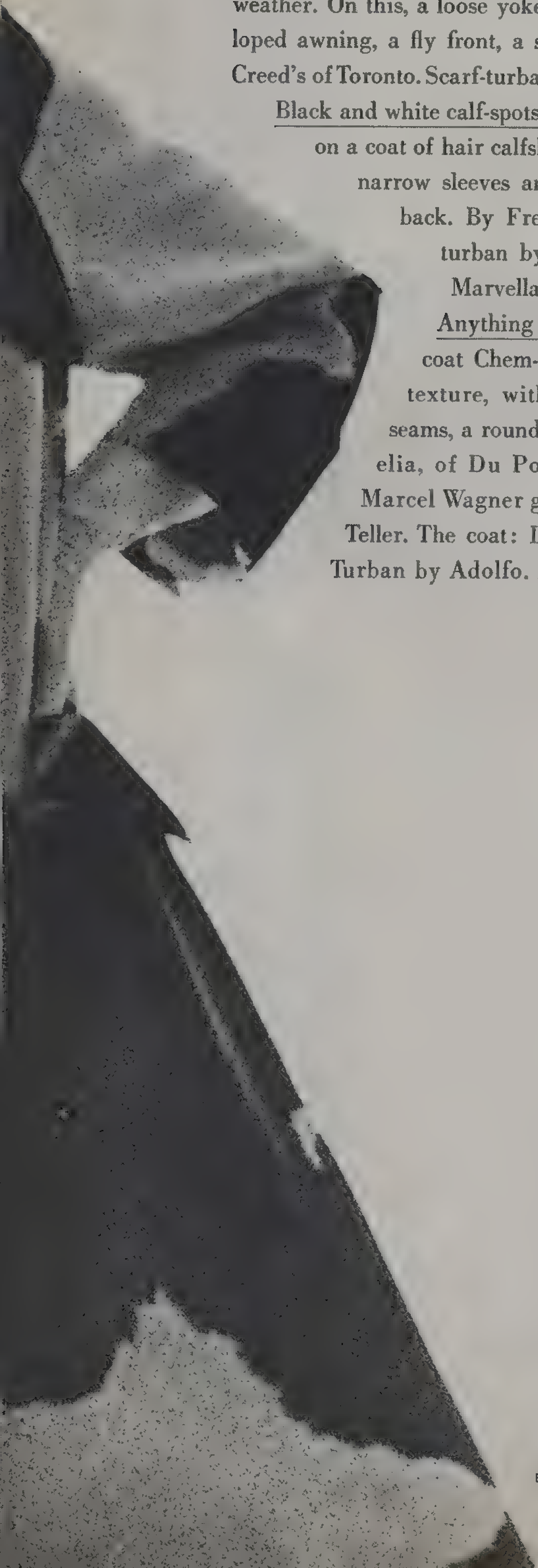
Double-faced cashmere, opposite, that reverses from blond to blond-and-white checks—a coat with a water-repellent surface, a deep side-wrap, one button at the shoulder; we added the skinny belt. By Country Tweeds; about $180 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Ben-King belt. Marvella earrings. Turban by Adolfo, from an Emilio Pucci scarf. Tan poplin, left, possibly the original anything-goes fabric—here with a touch of spy-styling, black buttons, flap pockets. By Originala, with Scotchgard repeller; $200 at Altman's. Rainhat by Adolfo; underneath, an Emilio Pucci scarf. Striped silk, right, of navy blue and red with a water-repellent finish, laminated to Curon for hidden strength and shape-keeping. A yoke at the front, slit pockets, a belt. By Mainstreet, of Onondaga fabric; about $65 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Halston turban, from a Eugenie Buchner scarf; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Puffed and shiny checks, lower left, a double-breasted coachman-shape of water-repellent black silk-and-rayon, glossy and quilted in checks to a filler of soft fluffy wool. By Originala, of Hurel-TSM fabric; at Lord & Taylor. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Beauty and weather-brains, lower right, a wonderful coat for anything going—beige silk-and-wool with a water-repellent finish, a yoke, gilt buttons. Added: the narrow belt. Coat by Lawrence of London; $145 at Bergdorf Goodman. Ben-King belt. Hat by Halston, from an Emilio Pucci scarf; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. On both pages: Kislav gloves; at Best & Co.

THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT

Two Anything-Goes Coats in fur, on the opposite page, both of short-haired fur calfskin—flat, glossy, supple as fabric, and sheltered by the added A-G factor of water-repellent finishes. White fur calfskin, far left, a sleek and marvellous coat that looks fragile but repels unwelcome advances of water and weather. On this, a loose yoke across the back like a little scalloped awning, a fly front, a sash belt. Coat by Ben Kahn; at Creed's of Toronto. Scarf-turban by Paulette: Saks Fifth Avenue.

Black and white calf-spots, left, big and bold and wonderful on a coat of hair calfskin with unseen water-repellency, narrow sleeves and shoulders, a low pleat at the back. By Fredrica; at I. Magnin. Scarf-tied turban by Paulette at Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella earrings. Marcel Wagner gloves.

Anything goes in nylon, right, a white coat Chem-Stitched into a herringbone texture, with double buttons, curved seams, a round unjoined collar. By Modelia, of Du Pont nylon; about $65. Marcel Wagner gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. The coat: Dayton's; I. Magnin. Turban by Adolfo. Marvella earrings.



BERT STERN

JULIE ANDREWS

BY GLORIA STEINEM

The secret of Julie Andrews' success is very simple: she just manages to be regal and gauche, witty and non compos mentis, dewy-eyed ingénue and old theatrical pro, sweet-tempered and acerbic, level-headed and wacky, monumentally sexy and quite ladylike all at the same time.

Consider, for instance, her recent impact on the glazed habitués of a New York discothèque.

She entered wearing a plain white shirtwaist and dark skirt, quite a contrast to the pavé jewels and drooping necklines around her. "How sweet!" said one woman. "Who's Miss Goody Goody Two Shoes?" said another. She danced a few sinuous frugs, her face a picture of girlish concentration on getting-it-right and the rest of her getting it very right indeed. By now, it was clear that five feet seven inches of sensational figure was encased in that schoolgirl outfit, and her translucent English skin was glowing with excitement. "I don't think she has any makeup on at *all*," said one woman. One of the men watching her dance asked who she was. "That's Julie Andrews?" he exclaimed. "But here she's quite sexy and on stage she seemed so . . . so cool."

As the music switched to three-quarter time, Miss Andrews led her partner and two other couples in a blank-faced, outrageous burlesque of an English hesitation waltz. There was appreciative laughter all around. Miss Andrews fixed the laughers with the aloof stare of a dowager and an imaginery lorgnette. More laughter. "Who," asked a gossip columnist, "is that man she's with?" "Her husband," his neighbour replied. She left the floor with her friends, executing a small vaudeville exit step as she went. The man who found her sexy stopped her to say hello and to exclaim over her successes in Hollywood; Miss Andrews listened with delight. "Obviously," said the man's wife sotto voce to the columnist, "all that ladylike business is a pose. She's just another starlet." The man introduced his wife. "Oh," said Miss Andrews enthusiastically, "what a perfectly marvellous dress!" Looking down at her own shirtwaist, she added that she felt rather silly dressed like this, but she and her husband had decided to come only at the last moment. She straightened her skirt and looked uncertain. "Never mind," said the wife, now completely won over, "you look beautiful."

The evening proceeded. Miss Andrews drank brandy and soda sparingly ("I always think brandy is so much healthier than gin, don't you?") and danced a lot. In between, she played a favourite game with her friends: one person pantomimes a famous cinematic moment and the others must guess what movie it's from. First she was Joan Crawford in *Sudden Fear*, then Sydney Greenstreet in *The Maltese Falcon*, and was equally convincing as both. The rest of the group—including expert movie buffs Stephen Sondheim and Mike Nichols, as well as her husband, designer Tony Walton—howled with delight. People at surrounding tables caught the spirit and smiled too. Mr. Sondheim did Gary Cooper in *The Fountainhead*, and Miss Andrews guessed it. ("You know," said the wife, "she's one of the few beautiful women who looks *friendly*.")

Now, even the dour columnist smiled. He continued to smile as he watched her get up to leave and cover the cotton shirtwaist with a full-length pastel mink. "She's the kind of girl," he said, groping for the last word, "that you could take home to Mother. Providing, of course, that you could trust Dad."

Miss Andrews, had she heard, would have been delighted that anyone was worried about trusting Dad. One year as the marzipan heroine of *The Boy Friend*, three years as *My Fair Lady*, and one more as Queen Guinevere in *Camelot* left her feeling hopelessly typecast as a lady, and a singing lady at that. ("My problem," she explained gloomily, "is that everybody thinks I'm a square.") A television show called "Julie and Carol at Carnegie Hall" gave her some relief: she still sang, but she clowned as well. "Carol Burnett is one of my closest friends," she said. "With her, I can talk dirty and act wacky and not be a lady at all." Her rôle in the movie of *Mary Poppins*—as the magical nanny who is "practically perfect in every way"—won her an Academy Award nomination and the status of a Hollywood star, but still she sang and still she was terrifyingly, if idiosyncratically, well-bred.

"Please don't think," she explained, "that I'm not proud of those rôles and very grateful for them. I love the musical theatre and don't want to drop it. I adored doing *Mary Poppins;* it opened a whole new world for me and I'd like to do a film (Continued on page 154)

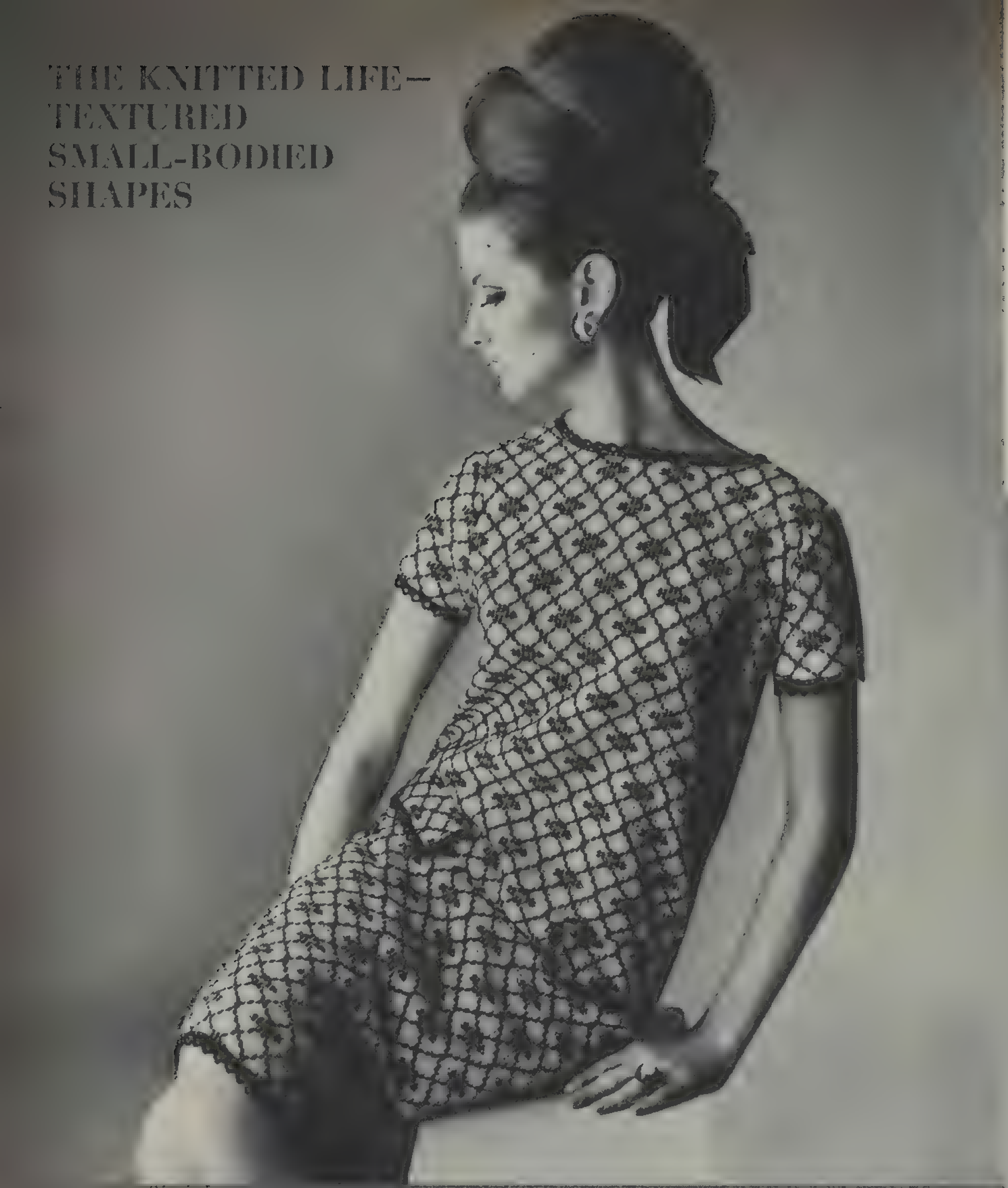
BERT STERN

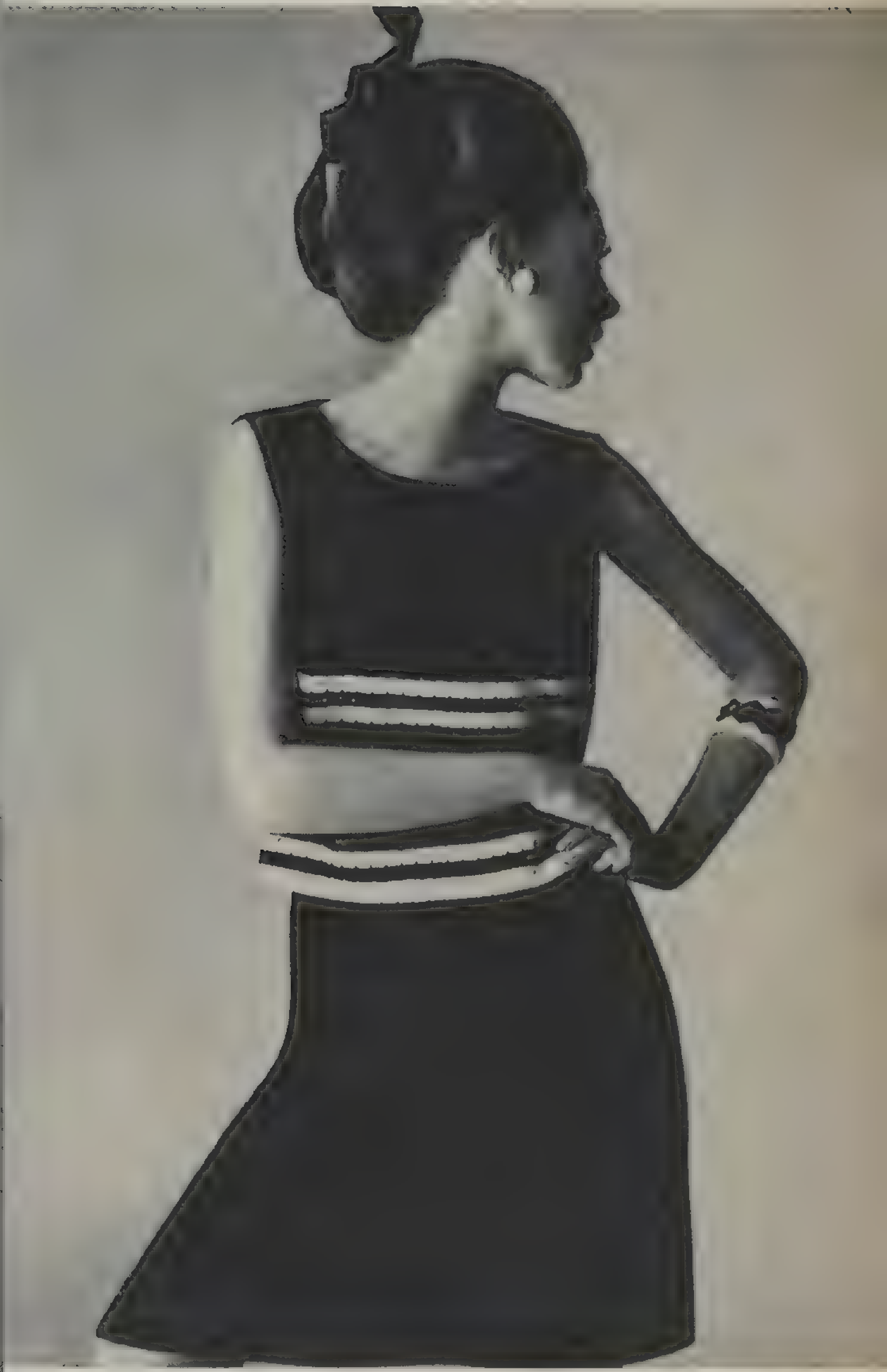
THE EASY LIFE—KNITTED WITH DASH

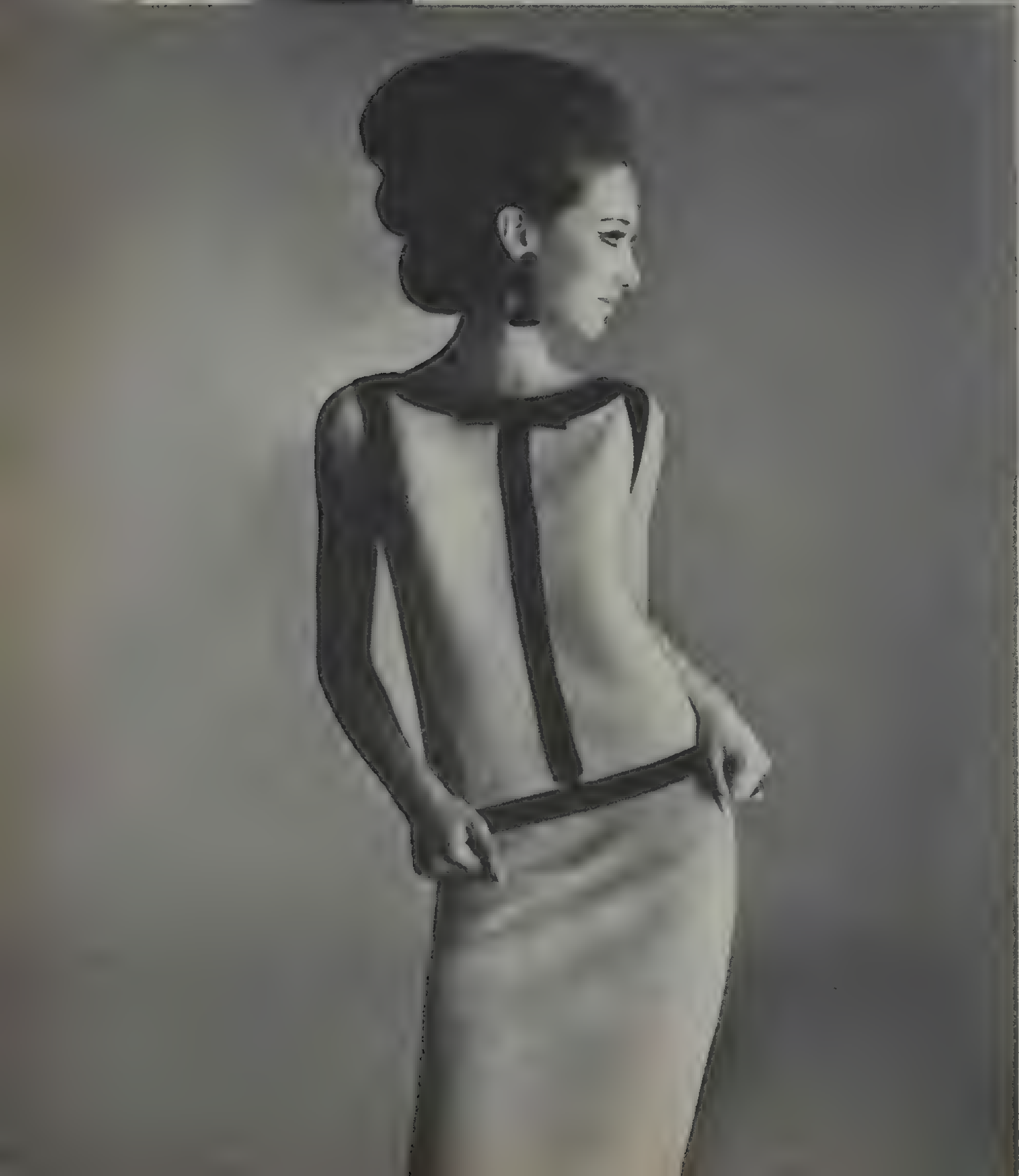
Beginning here, four pages of knitted dresses with the wonderful small-bodied shape that makes this era's neatest young dress-proportion ... the ease and snap that's irresistible in fashion from this moment on. Double-breasted blouson dress, left, knitted in black. The bodice is as precise as a tiny sleeveless jacket, held at the waist by a narrow rouleau. By Kimberly. Of Dacron. About $55. Lord & Taylor; Chas. A. Stevens; Z.C.M.I.; I. Magnin. Trifari earrings: Altman's. Coiffure: Sebou of House of Revlon. Knitted: two-piece black camisole dress, right, with a daytime dash that moves right into later-day life. Squared-off high as a pinafore in front, the gentle blouson settled low on a short straight skirt. By Nantucket Knitters. Of Dacron. About $60. K. J. L. earrings. Both: Altman's. Dress also at Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Neusteters. Coiffure by Pierre of the House of Revlon.

PENN

THE KNITTED LIFE—TEXTURED SMALL-BODIED SHAPES







The skivvy dress, opposite, straight waffle-knitted black wool with a small smashing this-minute shape—round neck, little chopped sleeves. By Damon. About $65. K.J.L. jewellery. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. The pullover dress, above, black streaked with white; the wider skirt flicked out well above the knees. By Caledonia Knits. Knitted textured Tycora yarn of Creslan. About $70. At Best & Co.; The Addis Co.; Jelleff's; De Jong's. Jewellery by K.J.L., at Altman's. Coiffure: Sebou of House of Revlon. Wire-fence knitting, upper left, in black and white. Small skivvy shape with short sleeves, low pocket flaps. Ricano by Howard Lawrence. Of Orlon. About $40. K.J.L. earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Black bands on white, left—the crispest knitted dress in two sleek pieces. By Cabot. Of Herdmans linen and Arnel. About $45. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Himelhoch's. K.J.L. earrings: Altman's. Coiffure: Pierre of House of Revlon.

PENN

THE DIRNDL SKIRT— SHAPE OF SPRING

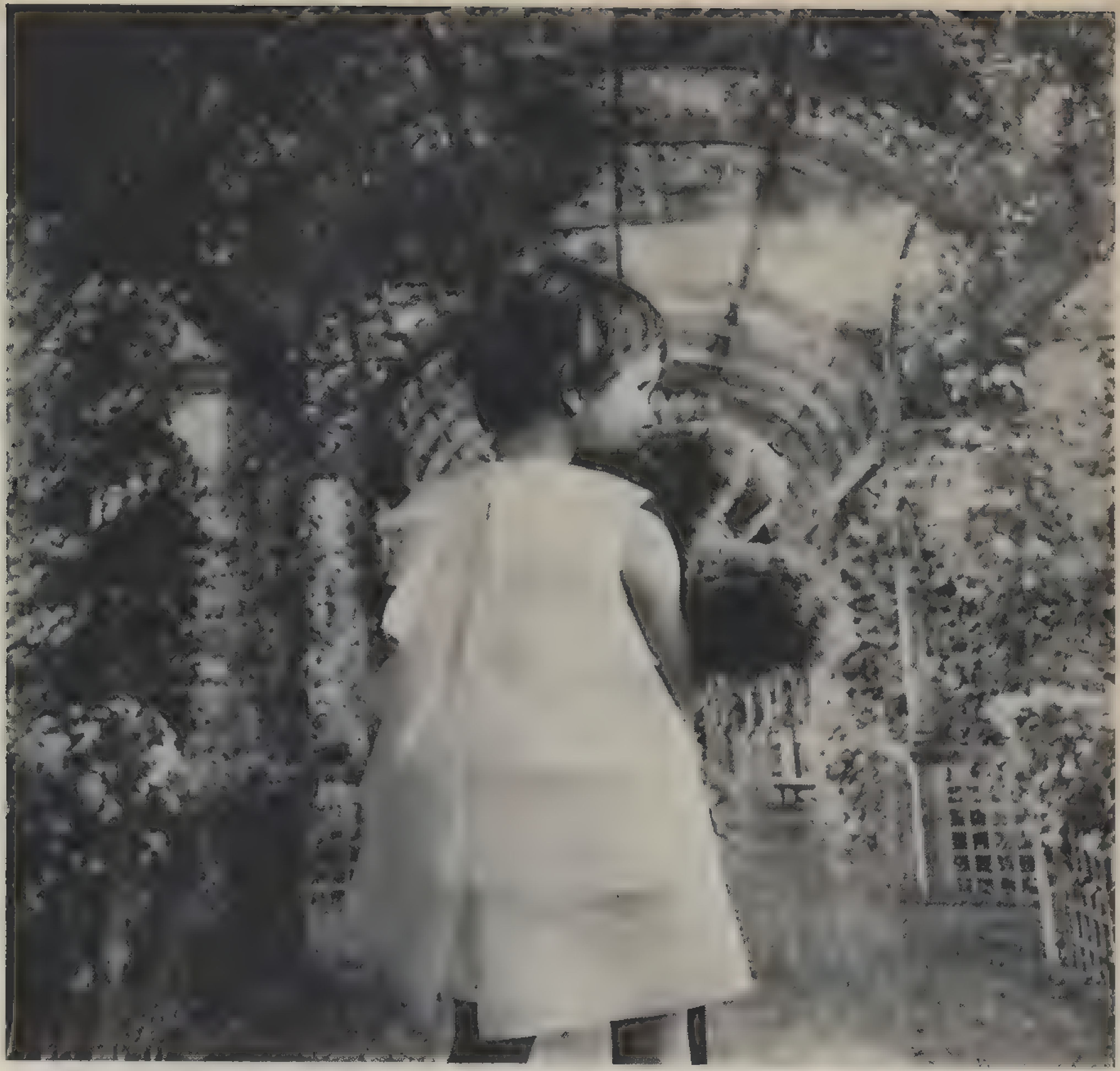
Two looks, here, at the gentle flattery of the dirndl skirt—full, softly gathered—in fabrics that feel cool in the hand, look wonderful from right now straight through the summer. Tattersall dirndl suit, left—linen tweed in beige, brown, and black. Small double-breasted jacket, sleeves to the wristbone; the skirt gathered on a narrow yoke. Vogue Paris Original Model 1429. By Dior. Of Moygashel linen. At Altman's. Hat by Lilly Daché. The dolman-sleeved dirndl, right—honey-coloured raw silk, the bias-cut top sleeked close to the body, the waist lifted slightly in front, dipped in back and tape-tied. Vogue Pattern 6534. Fabric by Landau. At Altman's. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Marvella. Gloves by Viola Weinberger. Ben-King belt. All are at Altman's. Other views, yardages, page 157.

VOGUE PATTERN 1429

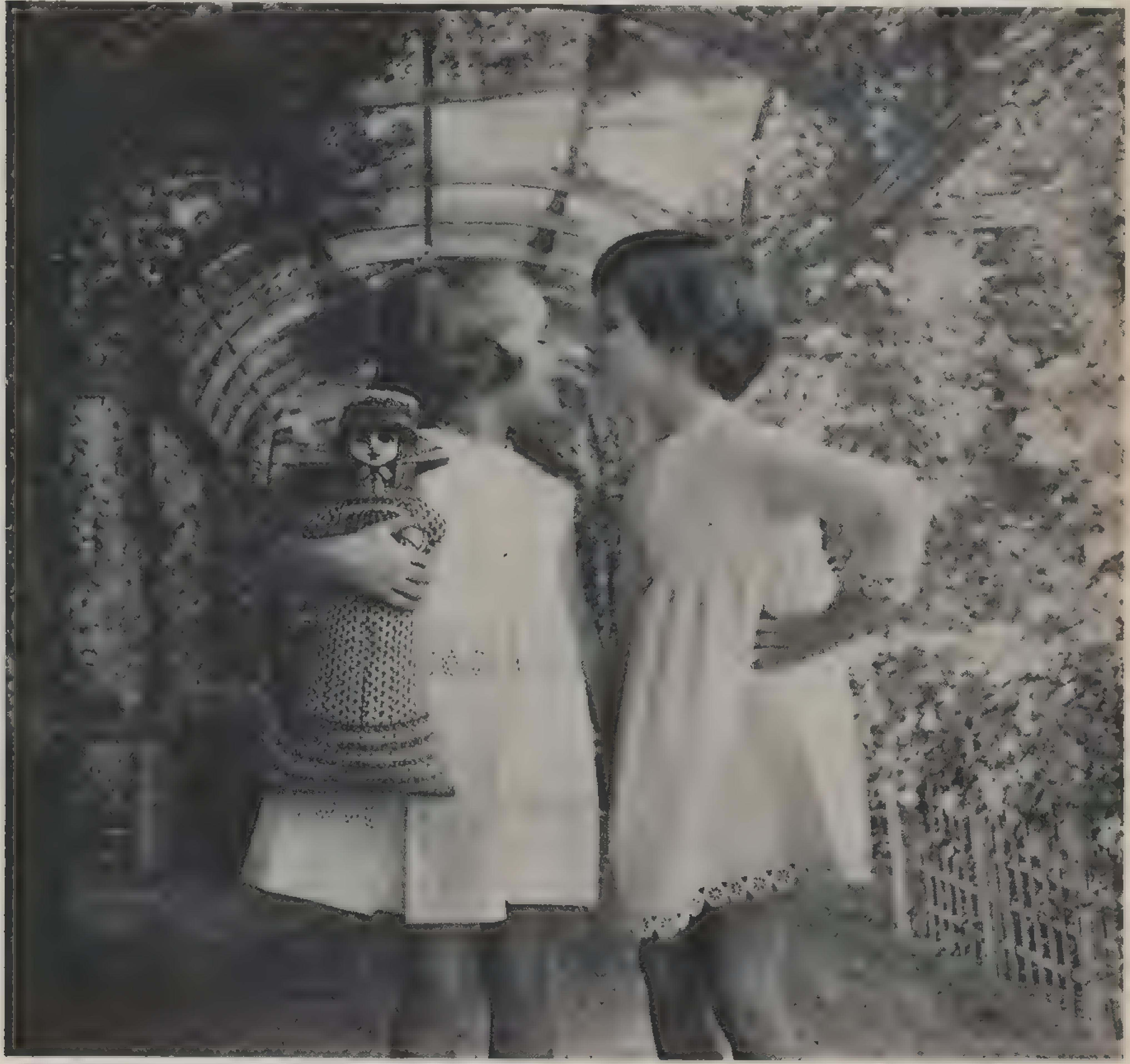
PENATI

VOGUE PATTERN 6534

Spring dresses for the small smart spender



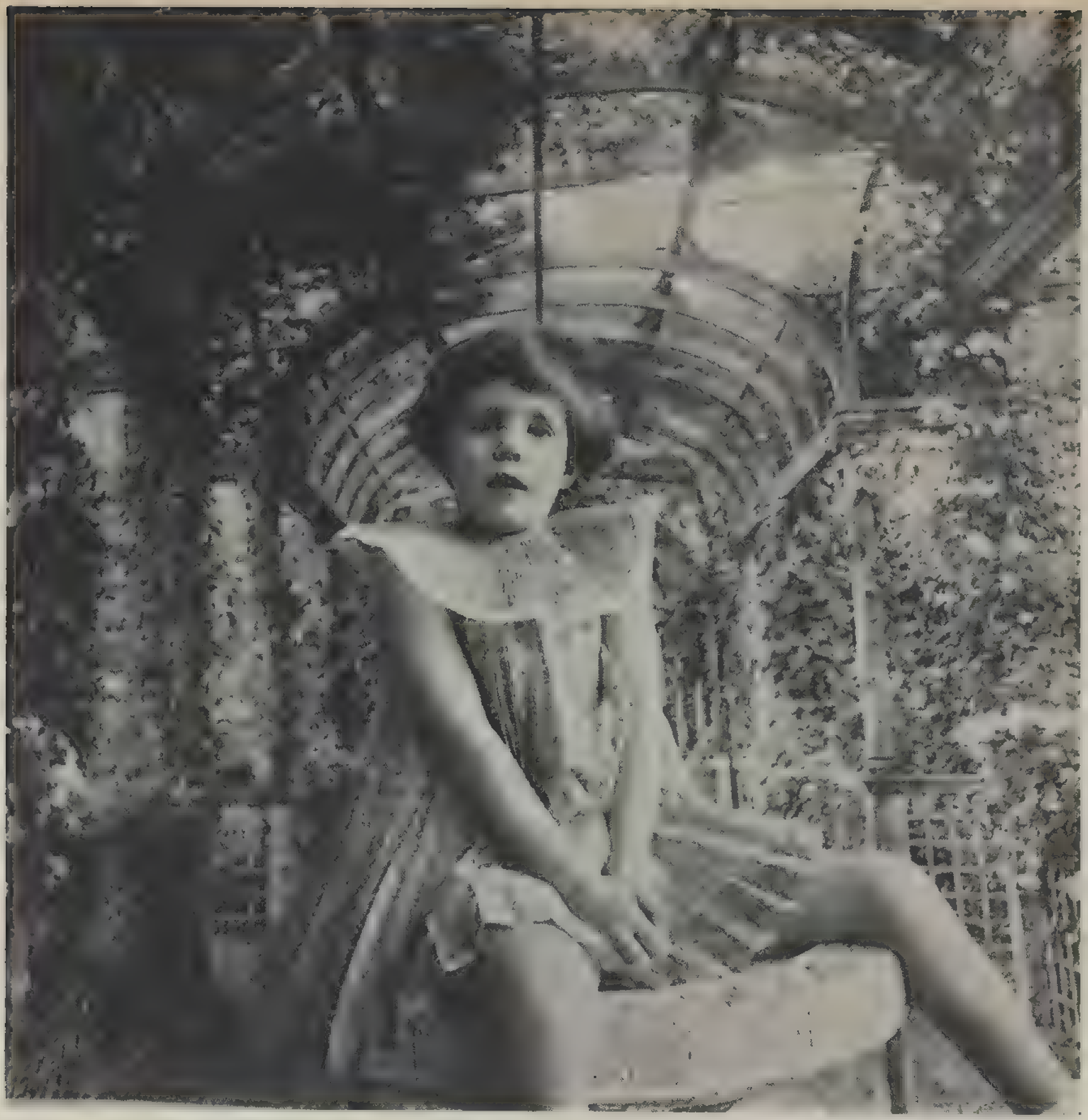
An enchanting five-year-old, Alexandra Auchincloss, *above*—and friend—in floaty tiers of white organdie tied at the nape of the neck. Sizes 3-6X. $35. By and at Jax.



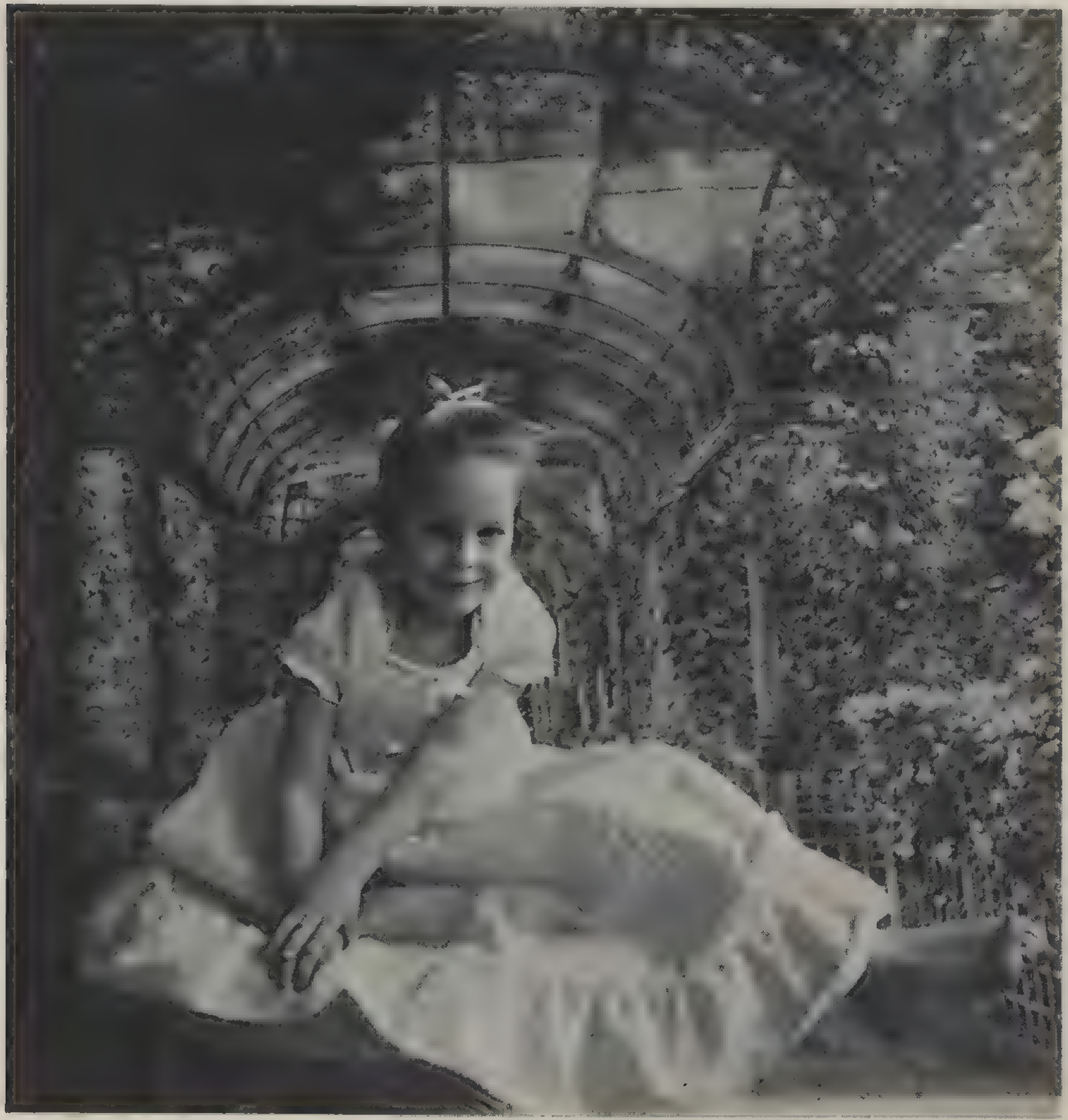
Serena Reed, *above left*, in embroidered white cotton piqué; Alexandra in white, edged in embroidery. Left, by Sunny Lee. 3-6X. About $13. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Right, of Enka rayon (Folker fabric). 3-6X. $13. Dress by Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue.

Serena Reed, *left*, wearing a high-waisted dress of crisp yellow flounces. A charming way for a four-year-old to go to a party. By Cinderella, of Dacron and cotton (Reeves fabric). 3-6X. About $8. Best & Co.; The Addis Co.; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.

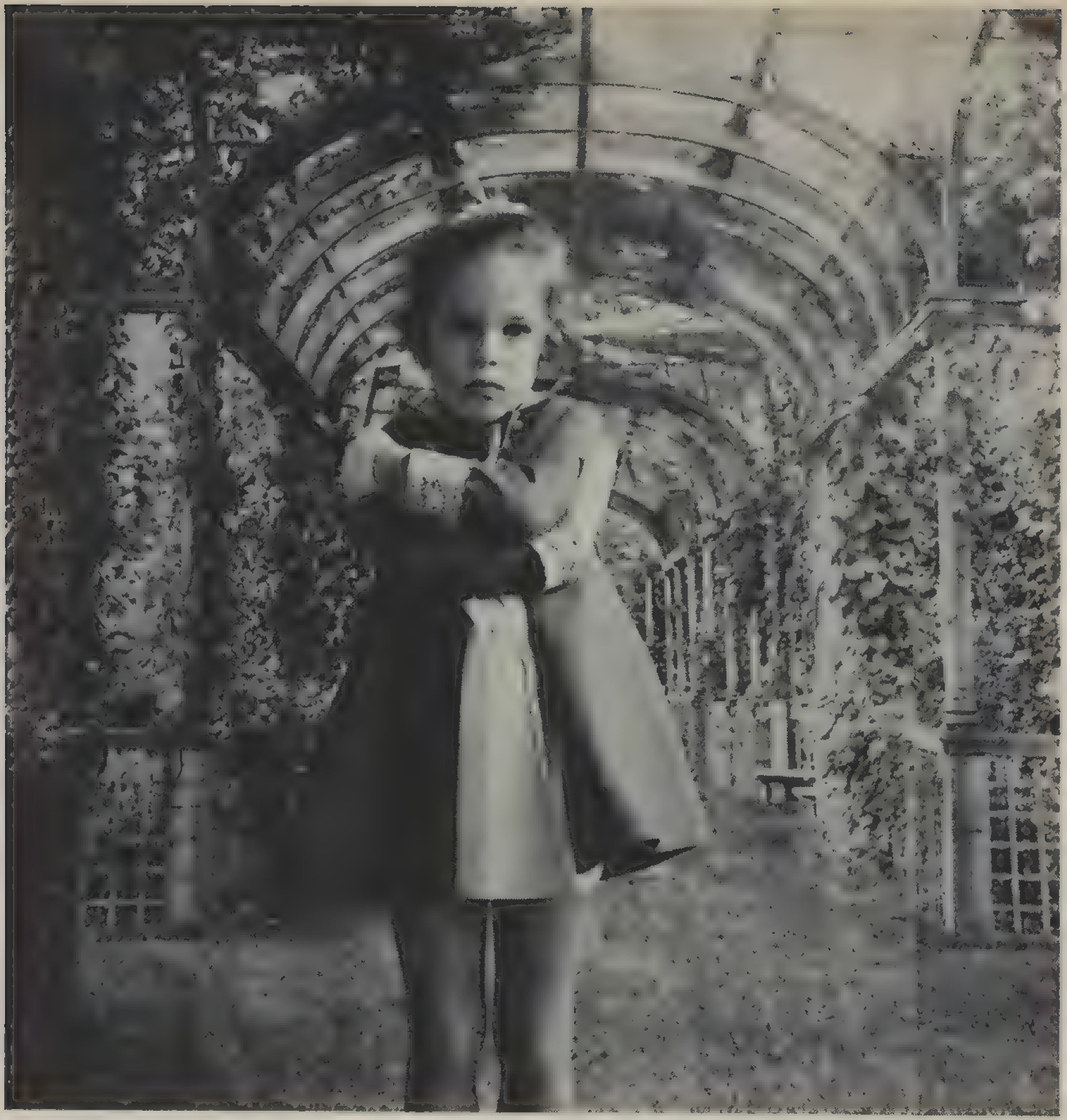
Spring dresses for the small smart spender



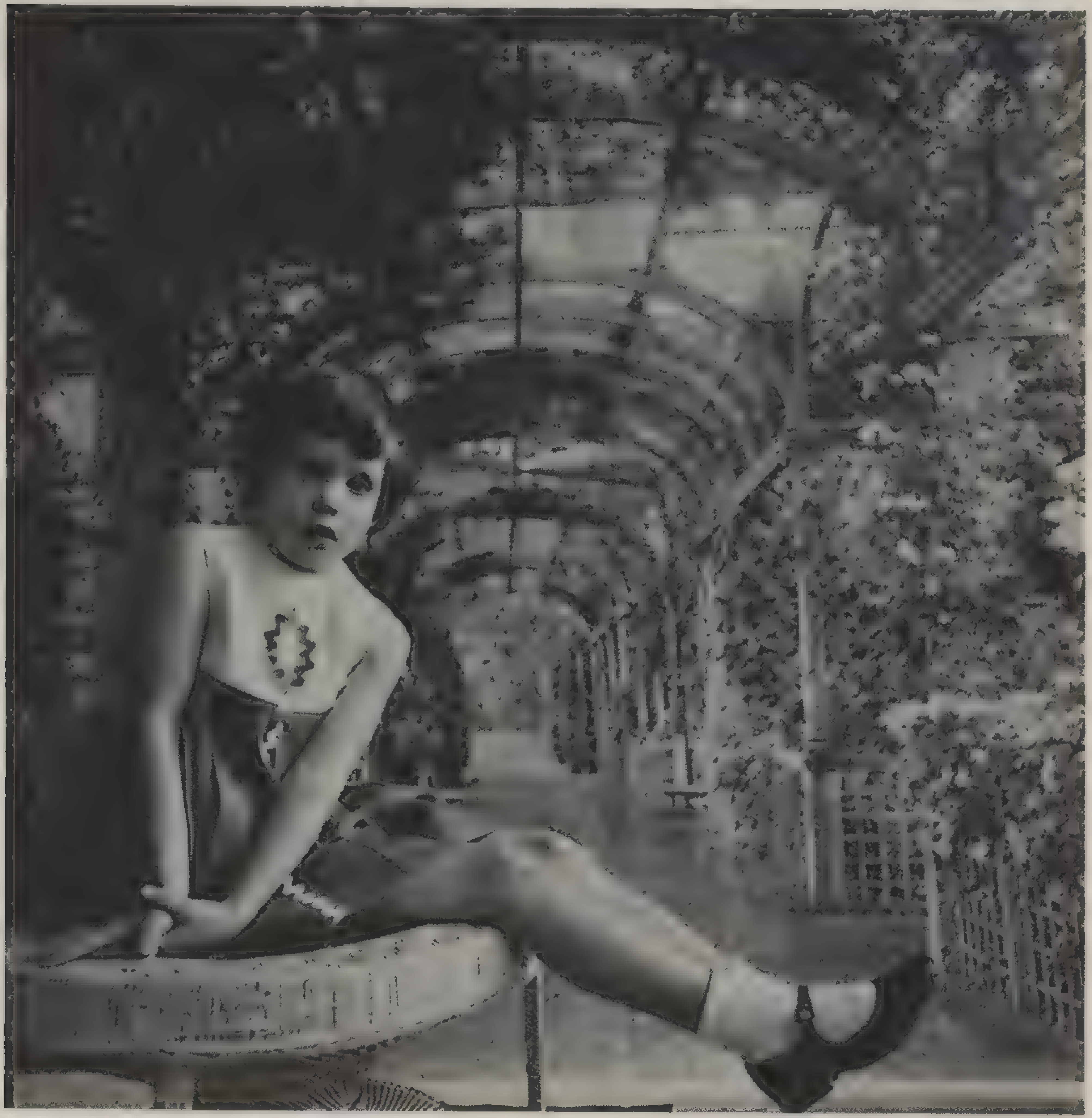
Alexandra Auchincloss wearing masses of blue spring flowers, *above,* scattered over pleats and pleats of voile, with a wide lacy ruff tipping the shoulders. Dress by Kate Greenaway, of Dacron and cotton. 3-6X. About $9. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.



Serena Reed again, her honey-coloured hair pulled up in a bow, *above,* at home in a long white eyelet dress—all ruffles, narrow blue ribbon, and tiny puffed sleeves. By Style Undies, of cotton. Sizes 4-14. About $6. At Bonwit Teller; The Liberty House.

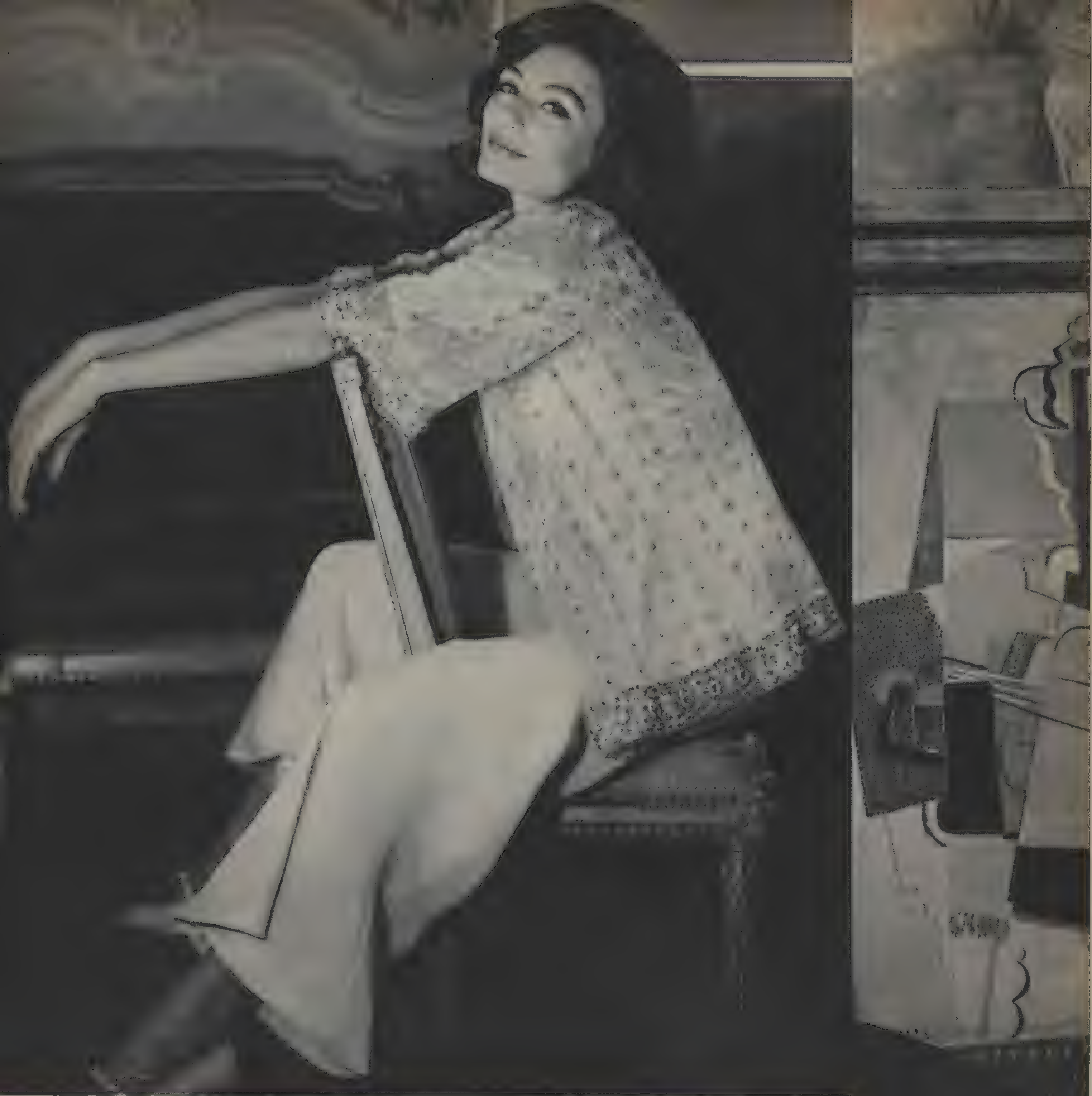


Serena in a grass-green coat, *above*, cuffed and collared in white lace, buttoned high over its own high-waisted, green-and-white dress sashed with lace. By Youngland, of Courtauld's rayon (Rosewood fabric). 3-6X. About $15. Macy's; Livingston's.



Long-stemmed rickrack flower, *above*, growing from the hem of crisp green pleats, blossoming out on the sleeveless white bodice of Alexandra's dress. By Robert Love for Joseph Love, of linen-weave rayon. Sizes 3-6X. About $6. Cerutti; Hutzler's.

PENATI



ANOUK AIMÉE

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES: WHERE THE WILD PYJAMAS ARE

Boutique surprise: Italian pyjamas wild for evening. A splurge of Eastern fantaisie, optical illusion, brash invention—on an over-your-traces kick, dusk to dawn. Anouk Aimée, marvellous in pyjamas, starts the stir on these two pages.

Persian pyjamas, *above:* Turquoise-blue stones fretted with silver embroidery cast the shimmer of Scheherazade enchantment over bias-cut white crêpe. Pyjamas and fling of turquoise-blue chiffon and ostrich feathers, by Veneziani. White silk evening shoes by Tino Ferrario.

Turquerie pyjamas, *opposite:* Beige silk harem pants lozenged in pink and orange gather wild momentum beneath a breeze of beige chiffon. By Glans. Miss Aimée's coiffures are by Claudio of Rome. Photographed before Picasso's "Compotier, Guitare, Bouteille" 1914, from the collection of Count and Countess Henri de Beaumont, whose Rome apartment sets the scene for all of these six pages.

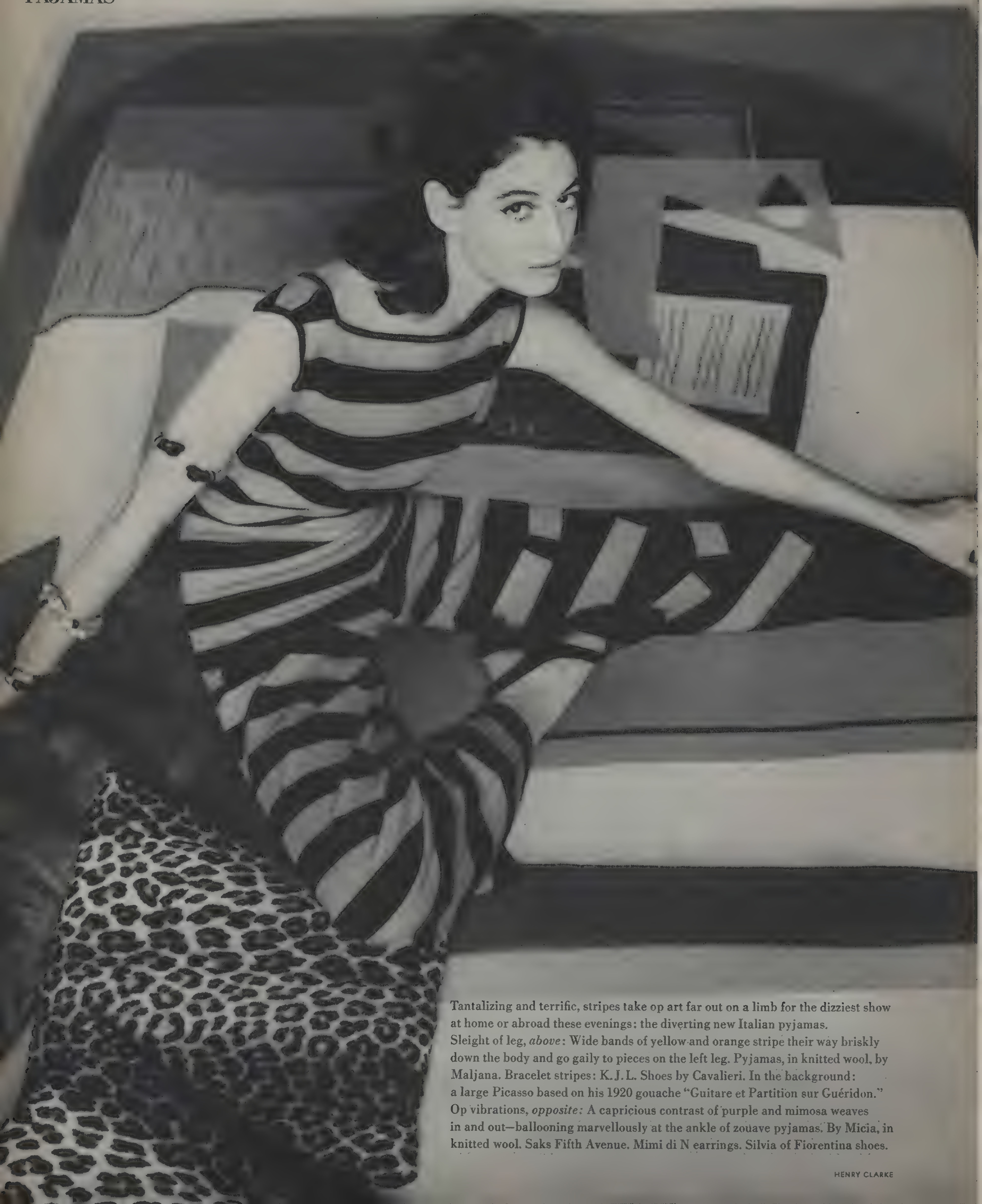
HENRY CLARKE

ITALIAN BOUTIQUE: THE LIGHT SWITCH

Newest Italian switch to light-flash evening—tunic-pant pyjamas going all out for dinner; long, lively dress clinging close to home. Tunic-pants, *left:* Whirligigs of bright-light colour eddy about the sinuous leggy top, the great spill of silk gauze skirting both legs at a double sweep. By Forquet. Earrings by Mimì di N. Lucarelli shoes. Ruffle-dress, *opposite:* Shrill-pink organza adds its edge to far-from-quiet orange wool—trilling the neck, underscoring the waist. Dress by Tricò. Silk shoes by Sisto. Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto wears fashions from the Italian Boutique Collections on these and the next two pages. Her evening coiffures by Claudio of Rome.

HENRY CLARKE

ITALIAN BOUTIQUE: OP-STRIPED PAJAMAS



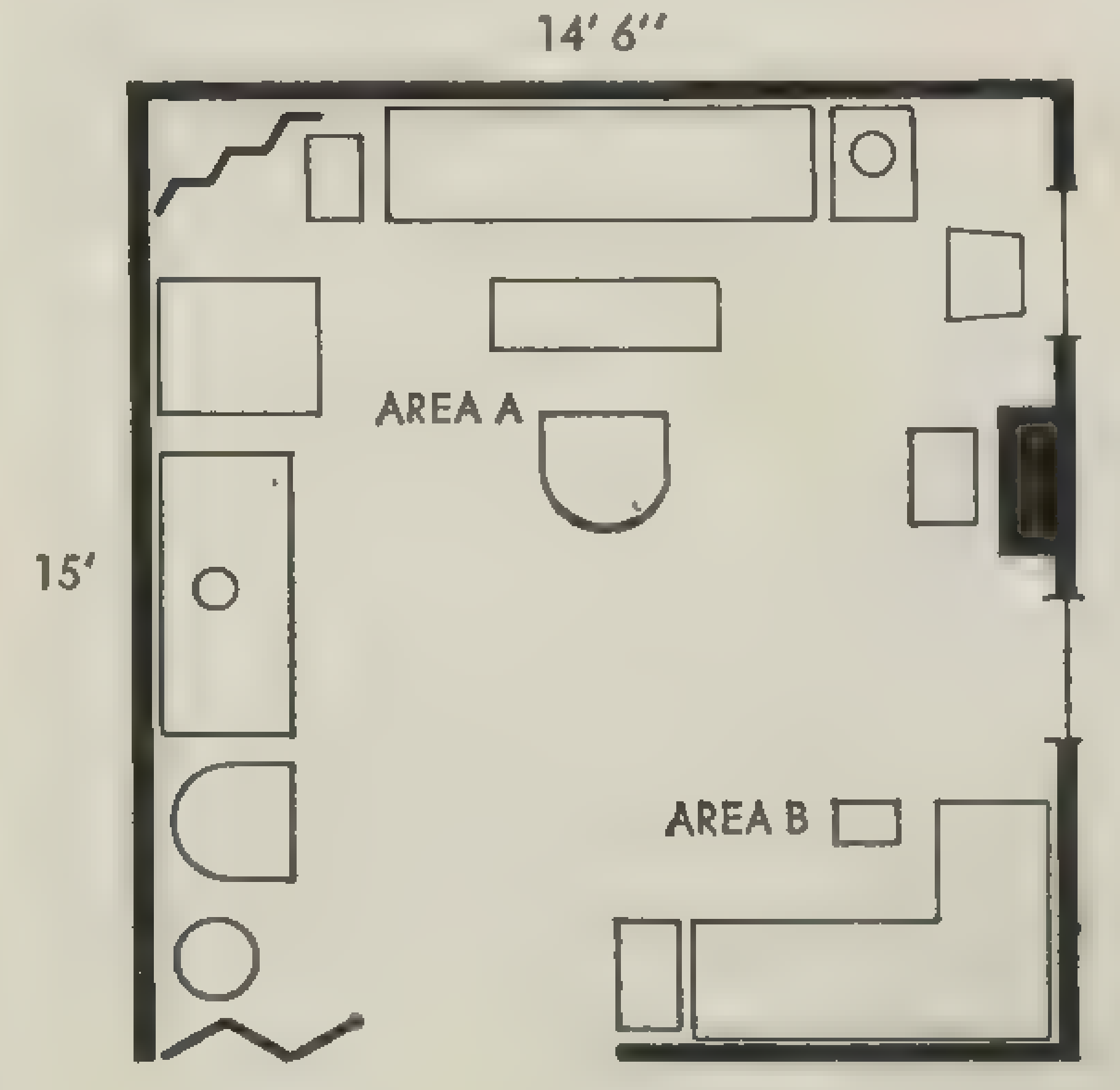
Tantalizing and terrific, stripes take op art far out on a limb for the dizziest show at home or abroad these evenings: the diverting new Italian pyjamas.
Sleight of leg, *above*: Wide bands of yellow and orange stripe their way briskly down the body and go gaily to pieces on the left leg. Pyjamas, in knitted wool, by Maljana. Bracelet stripes: K.J.L. Shoes by Cavalieri. In the background: a large Picasso based on his 1920 gouache "Guitare et Partition sur Guéridon."
Op vibrations, *opposite:* A capricious contrast of purple and mimosa weaves in and out—ballooning marvellously at the ankle of zouave pyjamas. By Micia, in knitted wool. Saks Fifth Avenue. Mimi di N earrings. Silvia of Fiorentina shoes.

HENRY CLARKE

LIVING WITH FLING
IN SMALL QUARTERS

So charged with the owner's personality, with lifts, rests, and surprises for the eye, are rooms William Baldwin decorates that it takes time to become aware that often they started with skimped space. Here and on the next four pages are three small rooms in three small New York apartments—one of them Mr. Baldwin's own. At least two of these rooms are ungainly in shape; none has proportions worth praising. In each Mr. Baldwin simply erased dimensions as a matter of concern. They became, in fact, purposeful. Most noticeable about these rooms are their differences. Next most noticeable, the similarity of palette in all three—a range of whites, off-whites, tortoiseshell browns, and a lick of black—a similarity almost, but not quite, coincidental. Not quite, because, as Mr. Baldwin admits, a kind of intuition may cause people at the same time, unwittingly, to crave the same effects. Some Baldwinisms: the corner banquette, as useful in a small apartment as a scout knife at a picnic; the glint of brass somewhere; a smoulder of old lacquer. Mr. Baldwin added, "the hard, shiny thing of lacquer with the opposite quality of suède." The success of these rooms depends, in part, on his respect and enthusiasm for other peoples' isms—small treasures, "found" furniture, odd pillows, old pictures—that make a good room less a still life than a portrait; in part, on his singular sleight of hand in making a little seem, effortlessly, a lot.

WOODSON TAULBEE'S TALL ROOM "Almost too tall for its own good," Mr. Baldwin said. "It became important to exaggerate the room's height." He hung a beautiful black-iron Spanish chandelier to lead the eye up, and left the tall, narrow windows uncurtained. Then to keep the look of uncluttered space he kept the furniture low, and the centre of this small square room clear except for one handsome French chair. Everything here is "no colour," in as sharp silhouette as the Matisse brush-and-ink, *opposite*, the design of which is echoed, in negative, in coffee-brown and white fabric. (In this cool climate one bunch of anemones becomes a colour explosion.) The horizontal stretches of print deliberately circle the room, covering a corner banquette, a focus for entertaining, *below right* (*Area B* on the scale map below). In the photograph *opposite, Area A*, a Portuguese lacquer table, Chinese lacquer screen, and white lacquer table give glisten, while a chair covered in brown suède, pillows of fur and velvet, and a Moroccan rug give an opposing depth.



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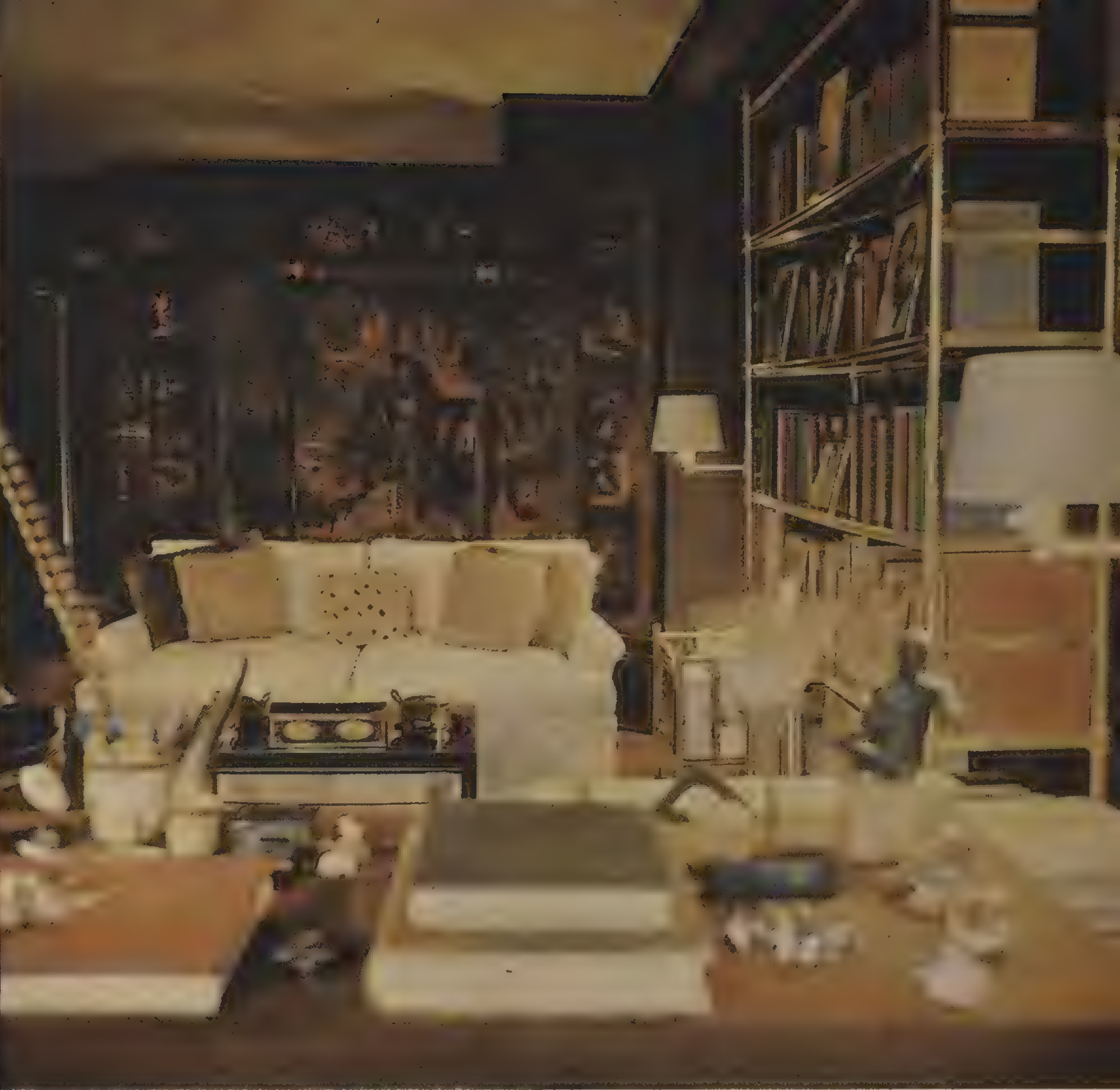
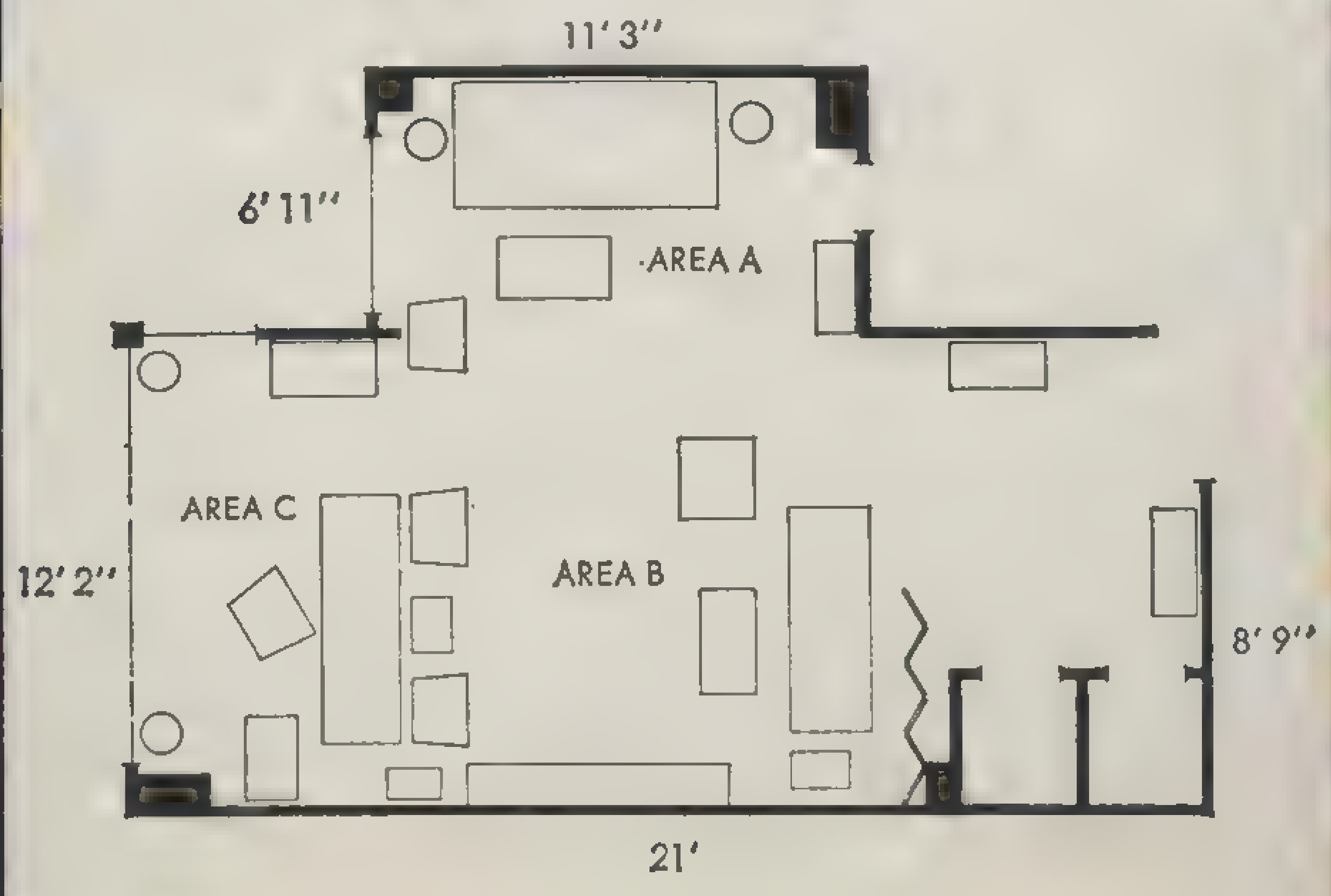
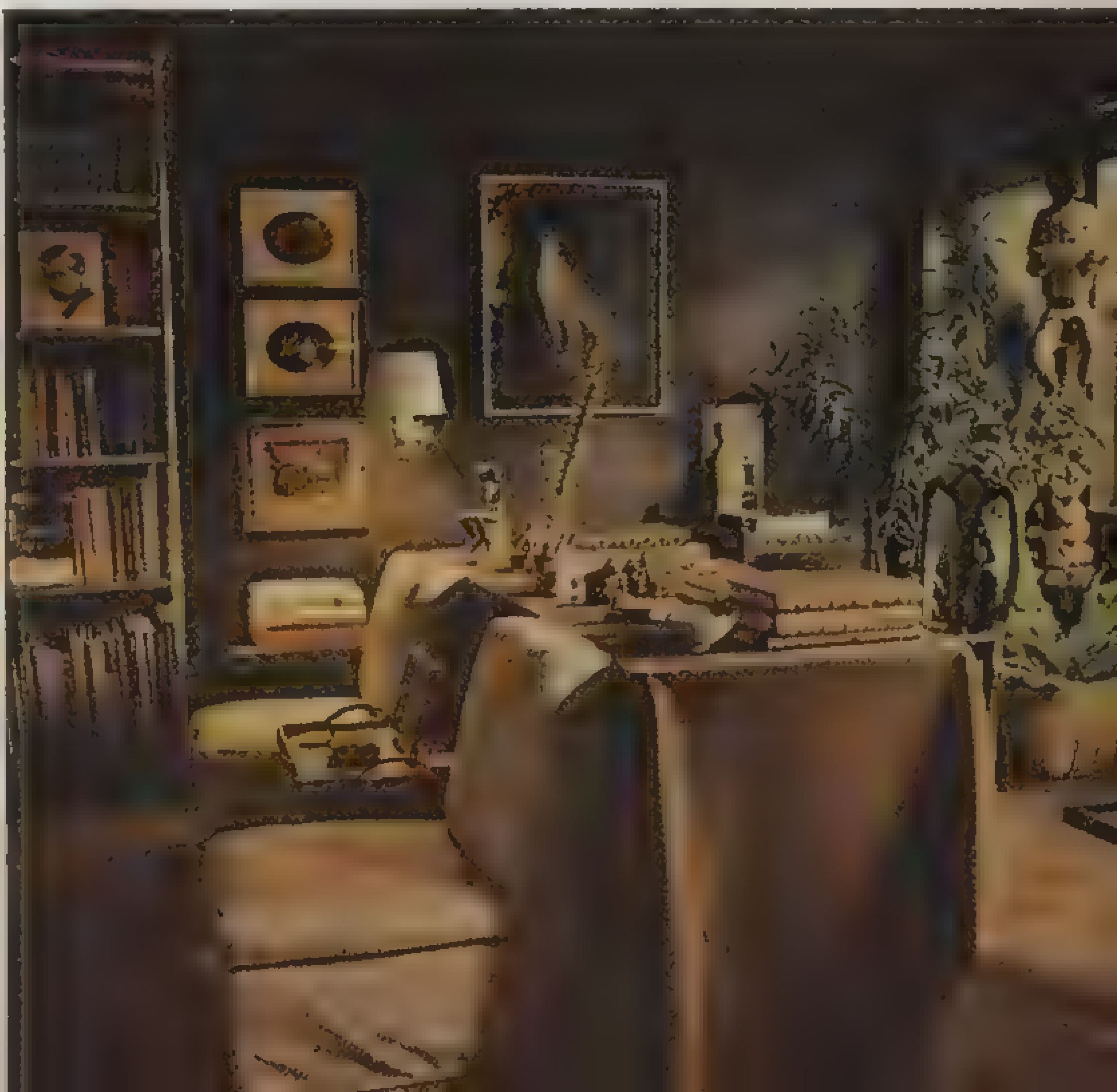
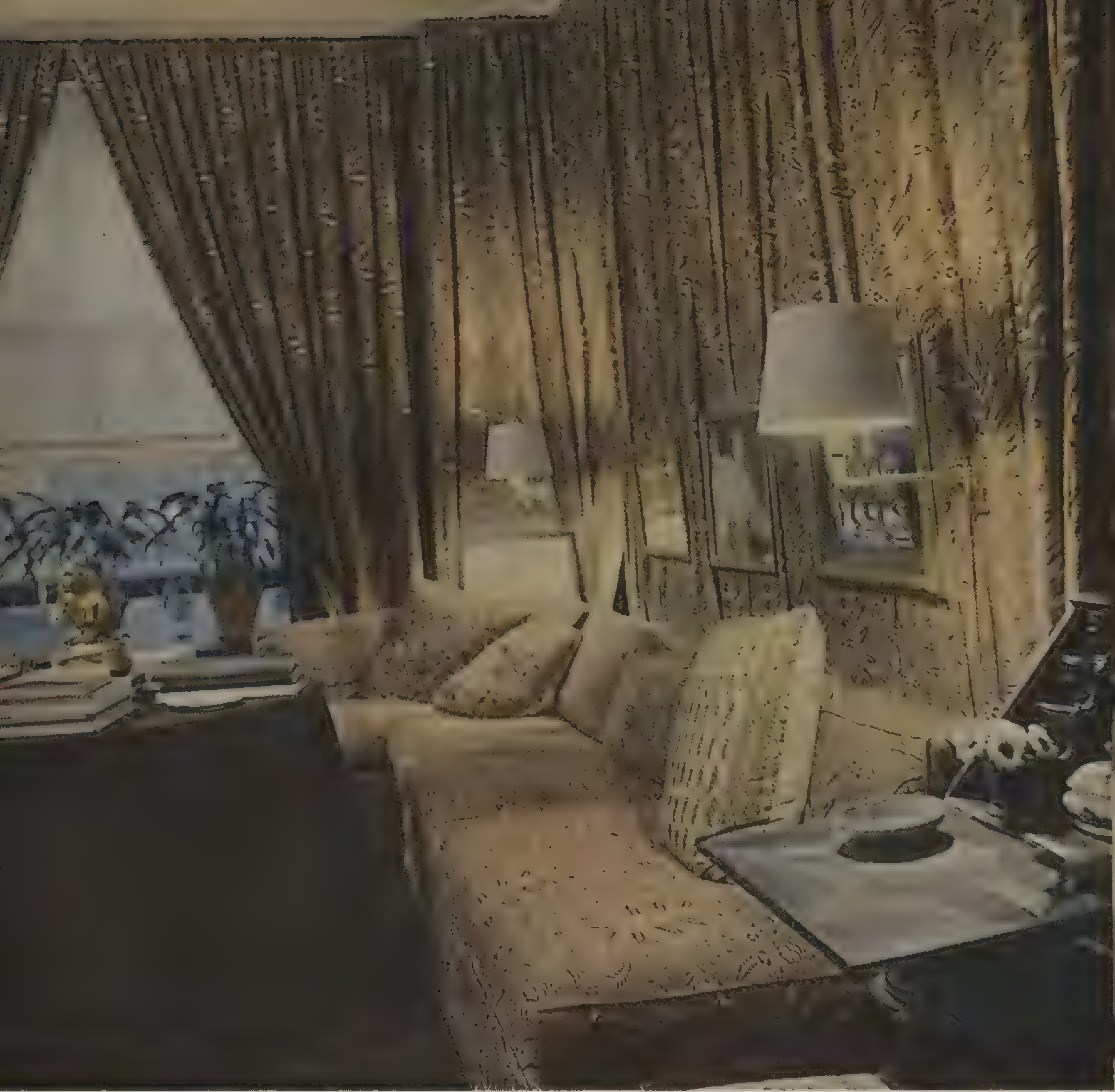


WILLIAM BALDWIN'S GLACE ROOM "Essentially a library I sleep in," Mr. Baldwin said of this exceptionally romantic, even mysterious, yet almost miniature one-room apartment which offers a series of impressions and excitements before the fact of limited space intrudes. This seems to be (1) a one-man museum of things Mr. Baldwin cherishes, given to him by friends who know of his pleasure in the images of animals, crustaceans. (2) A room of books—on brass shelves: "The glint of brass is terribly important here." And (3) at night, a magical space which seems to be all shiny dark glass and mirror opening on New York's night lights. The fact is this is a low-ceilinged, ordinary modern apartment of awkward length which Mr. Baldwin has divided into three completely different, highly livable departments. (One, *Area C,* defined by a desk hung to the floor in brown suède cloth, is a winter garden in a sunny window.) To ex out beams and juts he chose shiny tortoise-brown paint which reinforces the gleam of his beautiful Korean lacquer screen, *Area B, above,* and the varnish depths of the eighteenth-century painting of dogs, *Area A, opposite.* This glazed brown underlines the natural shadings of fur rugs, feathers, tortoiseshell, shined woods, bone, ivory, and shell. To keep the room from becoming a tunnel, Mr. Baldwin hung shiny brown Venetian blinds instead of curtains. For the sofas and chairs, slipcovered here in ivory white, he has a change of dark, Paisleyish print. In summer, he switches to cool, pale-blue denim covers. Exactly five small lamps, none more than four feet off the floor, and an unobtrusive spotlight on the plants give total radiance to this dark low room where "everything shines."

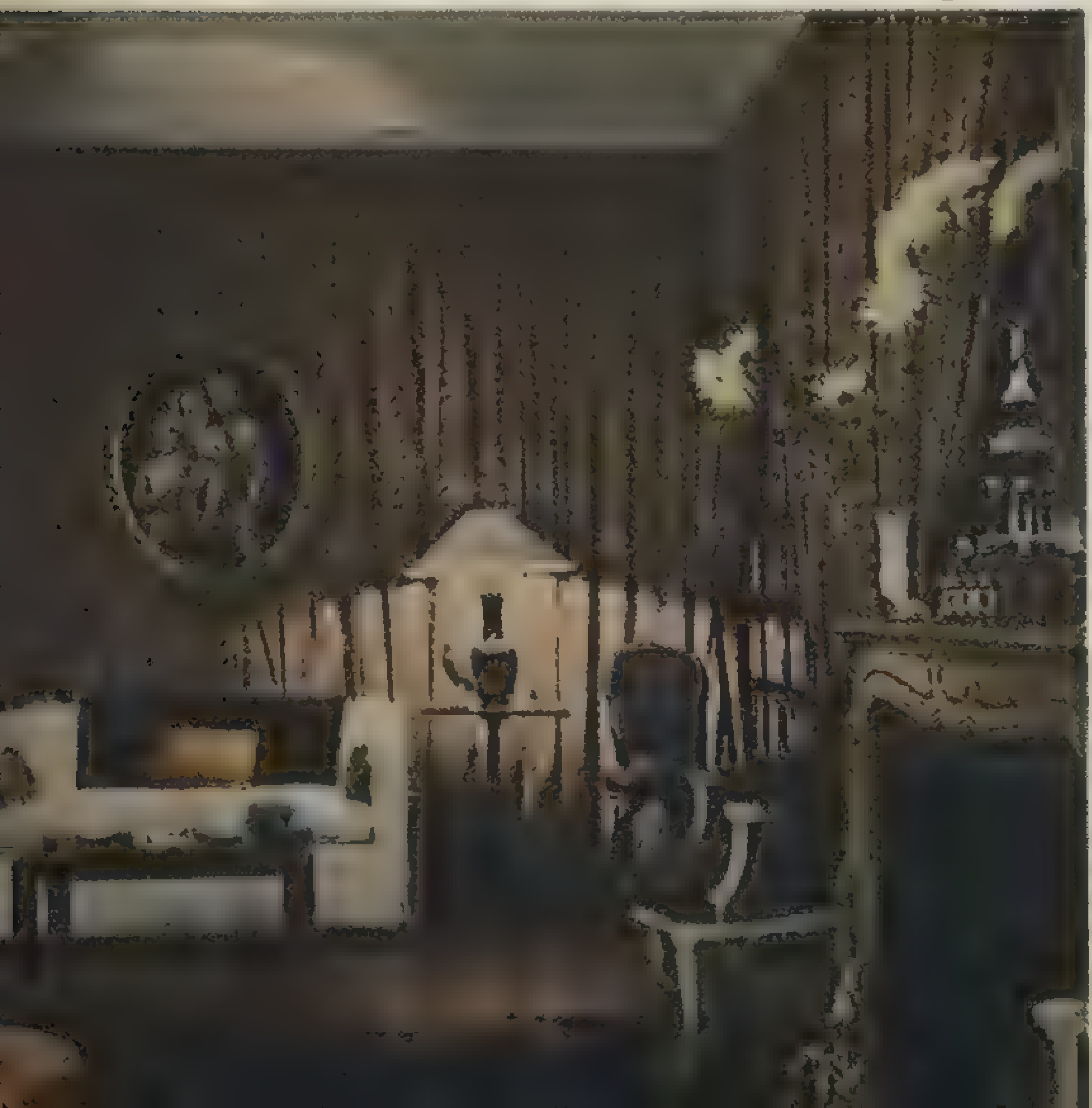


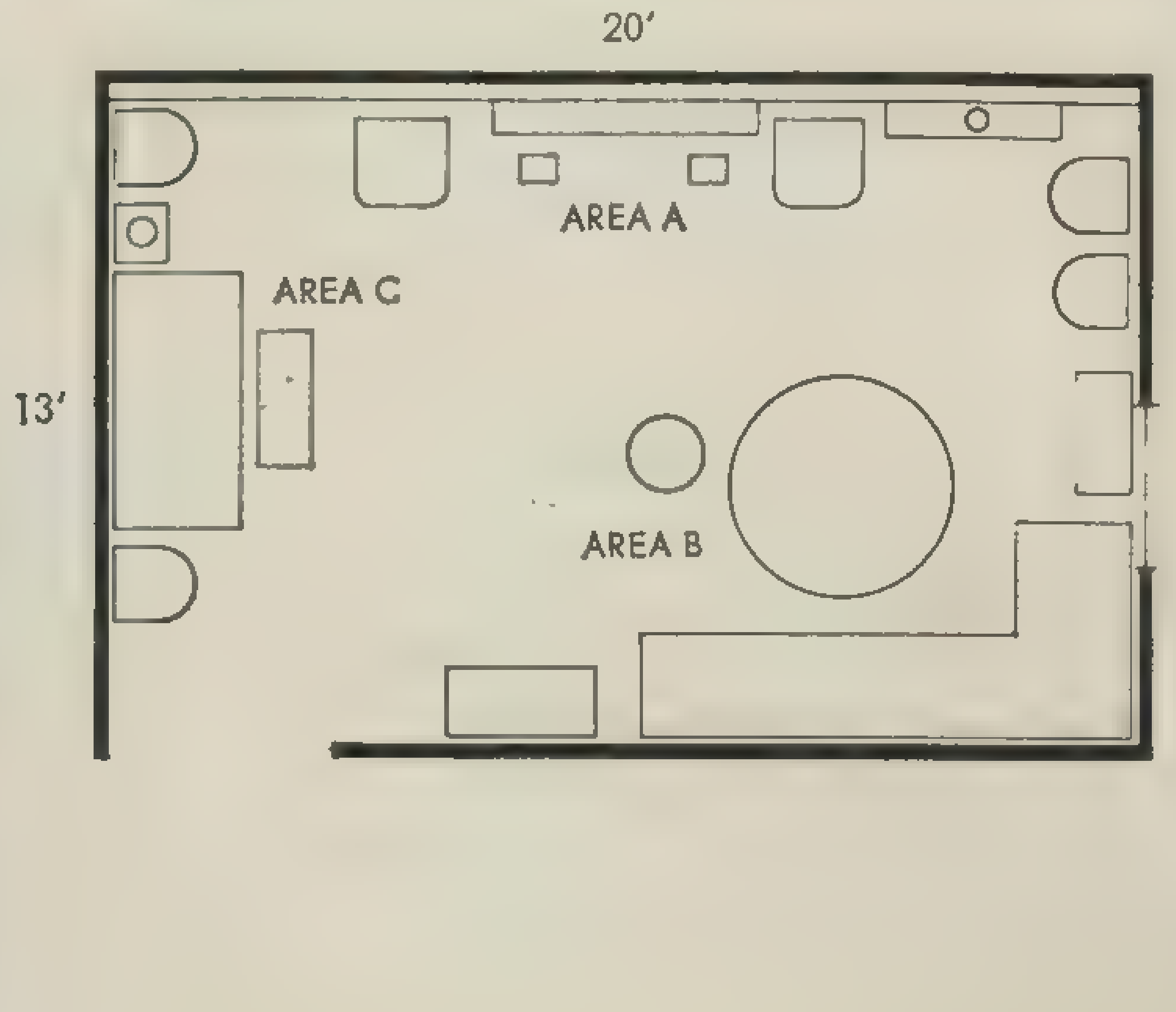
HORST





SPEED LAMKIN'S CURTAINED ROOM To make "a background for a really beautiful collection of objects," Mr. Baldwin took a blamelessly proportioned small living room and hung it non-stop in curtains of printed cotton pulled back to show sudden vistas of window, mirror, bookshelves, door. The effect is an almost dizzying absence of dimension. The trick of this heady room is that while it contains uncountable stops and holds for the eye, it is without obstacles and works as living space with a stripped efficiency. Here, Mr. Lamkin entertains in easy comfort. For dinner for six: A round table, covered to the floor with brown suède cloth, pulled up to a corner banquette, *Area B, above.* For tea for four: A pale sofa and low lacquered table under an enchanting oval family portrait, *Area C, below.* Cocktails for thirty: the whole open barrierless room. "It has a great feeling of pattern on pattern," said Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Lamkin, showing his own feeling for pattern on pattern, boosted the effect. Two beautiful chairs covered in a French cut velvet from the twenties flank a mottled marble Louis XV mantelpiece, *Area A, opposite.* Pillows in an old Paisley found by Mr. Lamkin interrupt the print-covered banquette. A Portuguese lacquer lamp stands on an elaborate Regency game table. Old paintings of animals on mirrors multiply patterns in their reflections. Here, the owner provided sufficient treasures for any reasonable room. To take the small difficult facts of small difficult rooms and to make them individual, imaginative, and exciting may be, after all, the basic Baldwinism.





HORST

Marie-Laure, Vicomtesse de Noailles, one of the most celebrated hostesses of Paris, has two houses: one in Hyères, the other in Paris. At lunch, the menu, hand-written by the hostess, stands on the table. The service is rapid, the conversation spirited, fast.

Several times a year, a group of sculptors, painters, musicians, and writers, all friends of the Vicomtesse, gather in her first-floor Paris dining room, around large, round tables. The buffet is especially attractive: salmon or cold sea pike with green sauce; ham piqued with cloves; long filet of beef; strawberry mousse. (Once, I remember, a ravishing suckling pig, with small electric bulbs for eyes, red and lighted.)

The house at Hyères is on a hillside. Piercing the ivy-coloured garden walls, windows without glass frame the landscape; the atmosphere is calm. On the grass, Alphonse, the donkey, Lo, the Camargue calf, five lambs, and flocks of birds bray, bellow, bleat, and warble, then fall asleep in the shade. In the living room, barefoot on the fresh, cool tiles, I interviewed Marie-Laure de Noailles:

NINETTE LYON: Do you always eat very well?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: I only eat badly when I am hungry. I like to eat well because of my friends.

NINETTE LYON: Do you suit your daily luncheon menus to your friends?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: I make myself remember what each person especially likes. If certain guests have a special diet, I make a point of including it in the menu. Naturally, I also plan the menus according to the food in season.

NINETTE LYON: To entertain well, must you serve complex, rich dishes?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: The food should be refined, delicate. Everything depends on the hostess: she is the orchestral director. The same piece played by the same orchestra sounds totally different if it is conducted by Von Karajan or Markevitch; or it is altogether spoiled by an inexperienced conductor.

At Hyères, I conduct a Neapolitan orchestra; in Paris, an orchestra of Amsterdam.

NINETTE LYON: Who are your favourite guests?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: French and Belgian friends, and those of Russian origin. The most difficult are the British. An Englishman who stays eight days can ruin the work of a year. Americans have allergies, which complicates the seasoning. To eliminate garlic is both sad and difficult. I always try to convince them that it is an antibiotic, but in vain.

NINETTE LYON: What do you most dislike?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: I dislike licorice and I dislike ridiculous mixtures such as eggplant with chocolate.

NINETTE LYON: What do you particularly like?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: Purée of split peas with butter and cream, but not too much cream. I like to try the food of all countries. I adore corned beef and meat from the Swiss canton of Grisons. Self-service pastry shops amuse me and I am quite capable of lunching exclusively on pastries; by the same token, I can eat a Coquille Saint Jacques at four in the afternoon.

NINETTE LYON: What is your definition of the art of cooking?

MARIE-LAURE DE NOAILLES: Cooking is both an art and a science which can be compared to painting and surgery. I would add architecture, too, if the fashion for elaborately decorated dishes had not, alas, tended to disappear. Good food is not contingent upon a bank account, it is a matter of taste and knowledge. Good food is less fattening than bad, because one assimilates it more easily.

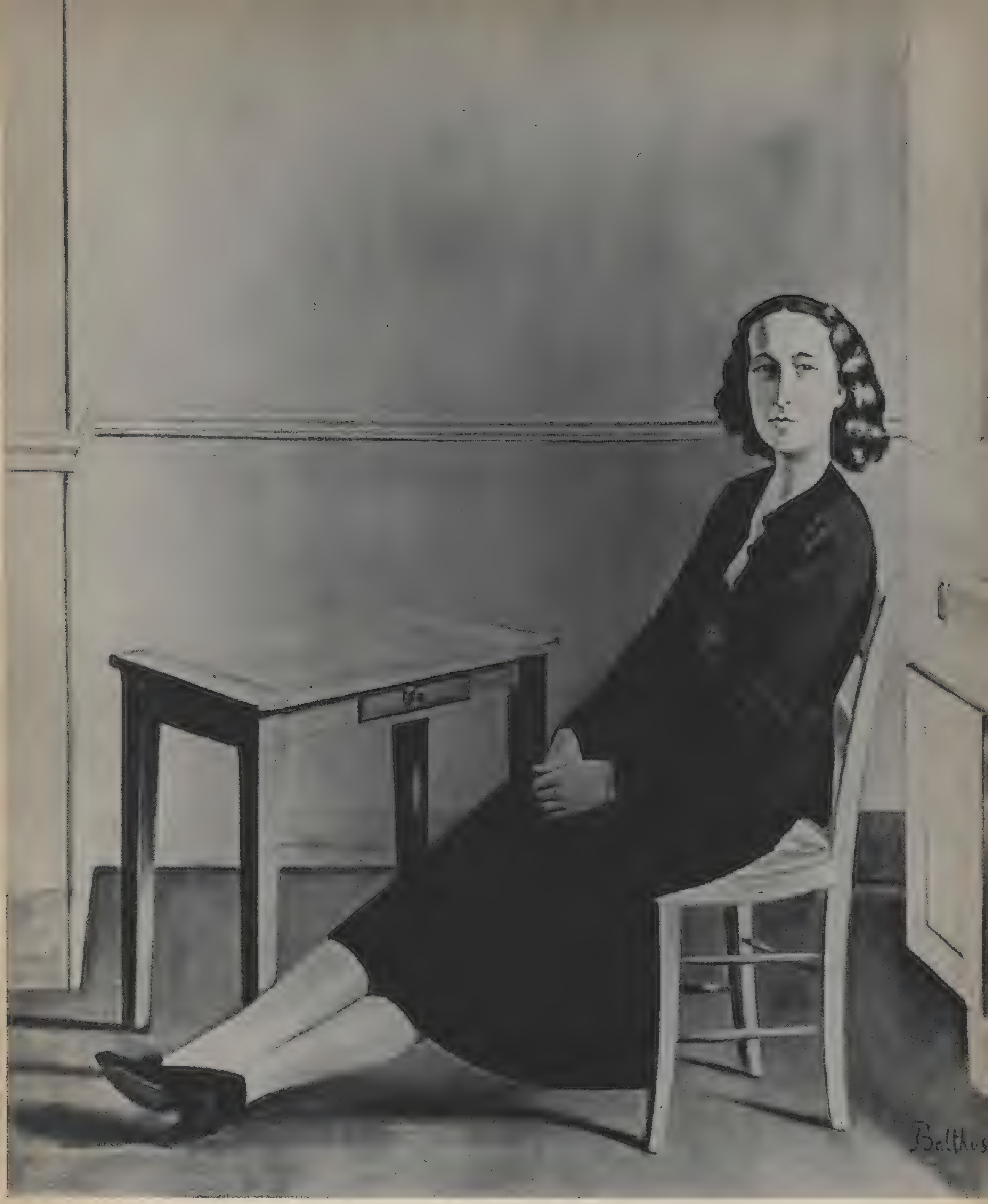
Menus and recipes from Marie-Laure on the next page.

MARIE-LAURE

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Marie-Laure, Vicomtesse de Noailles, a distinguished painter, is as a friend of the arts. For almost forty years, in Paris in a magnificent house that amuses as it impresses, she has collected, adventured, lived the art of her time. Musicians, writers, painters have been her friends; she has fed them, prodded them, bought their work, posed for them: her features, the bold nose, the long face, the magnificent eyes, are famous. (Right, *the Balthus portrait of her, painted in 1936, hangs in her salon.) Born in Paris, she inherited, as a young married woman in the nineteen twenties, her grandfather's house, like an annex of the Louvre. She and the Vicomte covered the stately walls with white leather, hung Picassos and Klees next to the Rubenses and Goyas, put a movie theatre in the ballroom, amazed Paris with extraordinary parties that mixed artists and aristocrats. The Noailles's early supported Surrealism; the Vicomte, with his special fondness for films, backed Jean Cocteau's* The Blood of a Poet *and Luis Buñuel's* L'Age d'Or. *Today, in a different France, the Noailles's continue their interest in the arts, and the Vicomtesse herself has become a widely collected painter who shows, every year, her delicate, dreamlike canvases, signing herself, simply—and as she prefers to be known—Marie-Laure.*


Balthus

Here are four menus especially chosen by Marie-Laure for each season. Recipes for starred dishes follow.

Summer (at Hyères)

Eggs in Madeira jelly
Red mullet fried with herbs
Compote of peaches with orange,*
with shortbread biscuits

Autumn

Scrambled eggs with croutons
Partridge with cabbage
Apple Charlotte

Winter Menu—for a Snowy Cold Day

Chicken and pork pudding
(the classic *boudin blanc*)
on mashed potatoes
Curry of poached chicken*
Mont-Blanc with chocolate sauce

Spring

Filets of sole *à l'Anglaise*
with Hollandaise sauce
Gigot of lamb, piqued with garlic
Cold horseradish sauce*
Vanilla ice cream
with strawberries and cherries
heated in Grand Marnier

Compote of Peaches with Orange for Four People

4 large peaches
1 orange
¼ lemon
4 tablespoons vanilla sugar
½ cup water

To peel peaches, plunge them into boiling water for 2 minutes. Dip the orange 2 minutes in the boiling water to eliminate any bitterness, but do not peel. Line the bottom of a saucepan with round slices of orange. Put the peeled peaches and the lemon quarter on top, sprinkle with vanilla sugar, add the water, cover, and cook gently for 5 to 8 minutes, depending on the ripeness of the peaches. Remove peaches and lemon, leaving the orange wheels to turn golden in the syrup. To serve, place the peaches on the orange rounds, pour the syrup over them and chill. (During cooking, a pinch of clove powder or cinnamon may be added for a spicier taste.)

To make vanilla sugar: Put 4-inch stick vanilla bean and 2 cups sugar in a jar. Keep mixture, closed, for 10 days before using.

Curry of Poached Chicken for Six People

1 chicken of about 5 pounds
1 quart cold water (or to cover)
3 stalks celery
1 onion
2 carrots, cut up
Bouquet of thyme, bay leaf, parsley
Salt and pepper

Clean the chicken, putting the giblets aside for another time. Put chicken in a casserole (with neck and wings), cover with water, bring to a boil. Carefully skim off the top. When boiling, add vegetables and herbs, cover, and reduce fire to simmer, poaching the bird for about 1½ hours. Prick the second joint with a fork. If done, the juice will spurt out clear, not pink. When cooked, leave in the casserole to keep warm while preparing the sauce, which requires three cups of the broth.

Sauce:
5 tablespoons butter
2 onions
1 stalk celery
2 small apples
1 clove garlic (optional)
4 tablespoons flour
3 teaspoons curry powder
½ cup heavy cream
Juice of ½ lemon
Salt and pepper

Chop finely the vegetables and apples. Soften the onions in butter for 10 minutes, then add celery and apples. Sprinkle with flour and curry. Add some of the chicken broth; mix well and stir until it simmers gently. Cook for 15 minutes in covered pan. If sauce is too thick, add broth. If too thin, reduce it until it has reached a good consistency. Pass through a fine strainer. Add cream and lemon juice, then reheat without boiling.

To serve: Detach chicken legs, separate drumsticks from second joints, and cut off wings. Cut the white meat in sections from the bones. Cut the carcass in two, sideways, using it as a base on the platter for the boned chicken. Spoon some sauce over chicken, serving the rest separately. Garnish platter with stewed or braised vegetables in season: celery, small onions, green beans, fennel. Serve with creole rice.

Cold Horseradish Sauce

½ cup heavy cream, whipped
2 slices bread, crusts trimmed
6 tablespoons grated fresh horseradish
1 teaspoon white wine vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared light mustard
⅓ cup milk
Squeeze of lemon
Pinch of sugar
Salt and pepper

One hour before serving, prepare this sauce:

Soak the bread in milk for 5 minutes, then drain liquid and crumble bread in a bowl. Add cream, whipped firm, and the other ingredients.

In England this sauce is served traditionally with roast beef, and mint sauce goes with gigot of lamb.

Who's O-o-oh in America

(Continued from page 108)

Miller and the two revues demonstrated to Americans that some Englishmen were quite skeptical about the supposed virtues of the public servant, the aristocracy, and the monarchy. Both shows used the old American image of Britain in order to demolish it, dwelling insistently on the anachronism of monarchy; the fumbling conservatism of the Tory party; the aristocracy's generic disdain for democracy, modernity, and the working class; the prevalence of homosexuality in high places; and the pretentiousness of university dons.

They gained many fans among the social elite of New York and the political elite of Washington, attracting almost every member of the Kennedy family, including the late President. Their impact may also be measured by their effect on the American language; they helped to make "establishment" a standard pejorative both on the Left and the Goldwater Right, and two scholarly sociological works published last year were entitled *Beyond the Melting Pot* and *Beyond the Ruling Class.*

Now, skilled and lively British entertainers have been coming to America for many years, and if my initial generalization is valid, the success of the latest arrivals is due to something more than their mere presence; it must be an expression of American cultural needs that can only be satisfied by foreigners.

One reason the newcomers have been successful is that they are building a new image on top of the old one. Most of them look—and talk—like traditional Englishmen, but surprise us by debunking English reserve and conservatism. Burton is attractive partly because of his stubborn insistence on remaining a serious actor who has time for Shakespeare in the midst of his preoccupation with Elizabeth Taylor. The character James Bond is attractive because he combines sexuality and violent sadism with gentlemanly poise.

Finally, the immensely popular *Tom Jones* combined features of the old image—the stuffy and decadent ways of the landed aristocracy—with the new (or even older) one by justifying, yea celebrating, Tom's willingness to take advantage of every sexual opportunity.

Finney's identification with the uninhibited poor in *Tom Jones*, his earlier success in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, the general response to English films about the working classes, and the mass hysteria over the Beatles suggest that much of the magnetism of the new British image stems from its working-class component. It is perhaps no coincidence that America's fascination with the British working class came just before our discovery of our own blue-collar population, and may even have been a prelude to the U.S.A.'s new concern with poverty.

In fact, there may be a more general pattern here, for every alteration in the British image seems to have been followed by a change in America's attitude about herself. Thus, it may well be that the new American attitude was facilitated by first projecting the transformation onto Britain, on the assumption that if change could take place in a kindred country—and one previously thought so conservative—it would be proper for America as well. This process may have nothing to do with what is really happening in Britain, but then foreign images are only created for domestic purposes anyway.

The same pattern may be at work in the response to British sexuality and satire. For example, the success of British leftwing satire may have given moral support to a public revival of the domestic socialist critique of America, which had endured an underground existence since the McCarthy era. Similarly, the readiness of Americans to accept Richard Burton's long cohabitation with Miss Taylor before their marriage may presage a greater American tolerance for premarital sexual relations, thus adjusting sexual norms to the practices that have been prevalent among many young Americans for almost a generation. A *Life* article last spring, for instance, stated quite casually that Barbra Streisand had lived with her husband for some time before their wedding.

The use of British actors as sexual idols is another example of this process. In the past, American movie stars popular with female fans have been shown as woman-shy; Gary Cooper and John Wayne were great fighters rather than great lovers. Perhaps the audiences that respond to British stars as lovers will next be ready to accept as sex symbols Americans of Anglo-Saxon hue.

It seems likely, then, that the transformation in the American image of Britain is coming about because of—and slightly in advance of—attitude changes about politics, class, and sex in American society. In support of this theory, it is relevant to note that the subjects of the new British image all have some American connection which has helped bring them to prominence here. The Beatles have used musical styles that owed as much to America's Negro musicians and the publicity techniques of Tin Pan Alley as to London's Denmark Street, while Richard Burton gained new prominence through his involvement with America's ruling sex goddess.

It is of course no coincidence that the new sexual idols are male. The British image has always been dominated by men; the traditional gentleman was only rarely accompanied by a gentlewoman. Whether America is willing to accept female idols—a better word is sexpots—from Britain, or whether Britain can fill that need, remains to be seen.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A young New York sociologist and city planner, Herbert J. Gans proposes his lively theories in three fields: "slums, suburbs, and show business". . . not to mention sex. Associate Professor of Sociology at Teachers College, Columbia University, author of* The Urban Villagers, *a study of a Boston slum, Dr. Gans has just finished a second book on a Philadelphia suburb, plans a third on decision-making in the field of mass communication, in particular its show-business branch, television.*

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The great craftsmen of Paris

(Continued from page 82)

Monsieur Faré awakens me: he informs me that, ever since 1937, he has provided the Pope's gloves. White, green, or red according to the liturgy. I know nothing whatever about the liturgy. Monsieur Faré thrills me more with the great crimson skin of velvet calf for which, as yet, he has no plans. I feel it, I stroke it, I weigh it in my hand, I regret having to return it to the glovemaker. So many forgotten victories have gone to make the peace of that red. Personally, I would not do anything with it, but I am not a glovemaker.

"A glove is a flower on the hand," murmurs Monsieur Faré. I promptly change my mind. Now I want the glovemaker to have plans for the great crimson skin of velvet calf. I should so much like to sheathe my hands in crimson gladioli as the violinist sheathes his violin in its case.

Kissing the hand has become a phantom gesture. This little rose beside which a daisy would seem gigantic, this little leaf beside which an ordinary cloverleaf would be like the vegetation of the Douanier Rousseau, this stalk on the back of a black glove is something other than decoration. It is a kiss on the hand from nature which sends me wild with delight. A woman leaves this glove on the arm of a chair; her love letter is already written.

Garlands, holly leaves, convolvuli flow casually like winding streams all along the fingers of Roger Faré's gloves. What I did not dare tell him in his office, I will tell him now: will-o'-the-wisps invade his workrooms, steal the gloves, carry them off, and dip the fingers of the gloves in meadows and wild flowers. . . . Monsieur Faré is in no way a new discovery. He has been creating two hundred and fifty models a year for thirty years.

The panther has gone out, the tiger is coming in, the dragonfly is still with us. . . . That was what they were saying in the office of Mademoiselle Toussaint on the top floor of Cartier, the jeweller. At this moment, animals are being covered with diamonds. I have a weakness for cigarette lighters, I would willingly collect them. I dare not admit this to Mademoiselle Toussaint when she explains to me how she is changing the pommel of a cane bought in an antique shop and the tortoise presented to her by a young author into two amazing lighters.

How romantic is her tapestry spectacle case. . . . It is rare to find an office with individuality. Mademoiselle Toussaint surrounds herself with unusual and attractive objects. With her plaid suit, as immaculate as the green cloth of a billiard table, her white hair as candid as linen drying in a mountain breeze, her energetic but not hard face, Mademoiselle Toussaint is a dynamic personality.

In her office one breathes in the oxygen of courage and perseverance. Unexpected admission: she tells me that she feeds blackbirds on Gruyère, explaining that birds need fat in winter, otherwise they die. . . . Does she want me to forget what I have in the hollow of my hand? A jewel which is also a bird, whose body is of emeralds, whose wings and beak are of diamonds.

The jewel I like best is the one Mademoiselle Toussaint is wearing in her buttonhole: a cluster of little bells in slightly faded coral, with diamonds at once tucked away and visible to the eye. Long live the lily of the valley if that was what inspired the designer.

Gardenia is to me a more precious name than camellia. That gardenia I used to buy in London conjured up for me the apotheosis and fall of Oscar Wilde. It is there, sheltered in the greenhouse of a glass case, eternal and fragile with its ivory petals, insolent with an imperious diamond in the heart of the flower. . . .

One night, a dragonfly dropped on to the table of my huge thatched cottage at Faucon, in the miserly light of my oil lamp. For two hours I believed it dead, without daring to sweep it off. It flew away, it vanished without leaving me, for the windows and doors were shut. My playactor has been changed into a summer jewel at Cartier. Its wings quiver, it carries diamonds and emeralds as ants carry provisions. This metamorphosis is due entirely to Mademoiselle Toussaint. "I would like a tiger made of narcissi. . . ." Why did I not hear those words when I was tiring myself out picking white marguerites in the Vallée de Chevreuse? I might have dreamed of dangerous animals disguised as flowers. The tiger is a tiger at Cartier but the narcissus is not a yellow diamond.

She entered her salon. . . . *Her* salon. Painters are painting her salons white. . . . *Her* salons. She entered her salon. . . . It was an entrance to contemplate. A kind of masterpiece of neutrality in the clothes, austerity in the unmadeup face, intelligence in the monotonous voice. Her eyes proclaim willpower, tenacity, isolation. In short, she is a power.

I was waiting for her; she sits down beside me on the sofa that is to be re-covered, she makes herself small, unimportant—already I am remembering her feet, calm as a statue's in the court shoes, when she came in. How un-Parisian she is and how that enchants me.

No models, no sketches. . . . She talks of herself as if to a rock sitting beside her, and that pleases me. She goes on working in her own mind while she is giving me explanations, her inner fire separating us. Never any drawings. The fabric she has in mind suggests certain possibilities, the design evolves in the actual handling of it. . . .

She breaks off. A photographer walks across the salon, goes out on to the balcony, casts an exploratory eye over the Place Vendôme, goes out again. The fabric is a material to mould on the body. . . . Yes, one models the fabric like clay. . . .

I could easily mistake her for the "first hand" of a workroom, wearing a grey jersey turban. Never any drawings, never. The fabric inspires her. Her pinpocket hangs at the side of her skirt. Worn, tired, indestructible. If that pocket could talk of draperies. . . . She works alone. At this moment a girl with a wasp waist walks across the salon. Dressed at midday in a long dress of garnet velvet, followed by a fitter who proceeds to circle around her. . . . She works alone; afterwards she summons the head of the workroom who takes over responsibility.

The girl in the long garnet velvet is no longer there. A cotton toile is standing up all alone, exactly like plaster on a living model, on a wooden dressmaker's dummy. Madame Grès's turban, her chemisette, her woollen jacket are here beside me but she herself is far away, pursuing her idea.

I have come; she remains engrossed in her own thoughts because she has been torn away from what she was doing. She would as soon the white wall opposite her were listening, that it should know that her favourite colour at the moment is white. Her highly expert hands repose on her lap.

When one works with a fabric and not a pencil there are no laws. . . . Sometimes the fabric dominates her, sometimes she dominates the fabric. . . . She becomes animated. This unprepossessing canvas which protects the sofa we are sitting on from splashes of paint. . . . It is a very beautiful fabric, an ideal fabric. . . . You only have to follow it, you could make it into anything you like in the way of coats.

She becomes more and more animated. Oh, to get her scissors into it. . . . Into a material that has not been touched. . . . I do not want to deprive her any longer of this joy.

Madame Grès does not detain me. She accompanies me as far as the elevator and, furthermore, presses the button. She has returned to her own home. Had I come? Had I not come? It is irrelevant to that creative force.

Formentera is the most unspoiled of the Balearic Islands: on Sunday men and women separate. The former go to the café, the latter to the draper. The elderly spinster who kept this draper's shop from whom I was buying skeins of pink wool—of such a screaming pink that it set my teeth on edge—urged me to count the petticoats of the other customers.

The women of Formentera are of incomparable beauty. They are tall and slow moving: Greeks, Indians, and Italians. Their plaits, brought forward over their shoulders, hang down below the knees, their great straw hats sit dead straight over the scarf tied as tight as possible. I obeyed the proprietress of the shop, I counted the long petticoats of an unknown woman, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . .

My amazement ended in a general outburst of laughter. We all left the draper's shop together, and I long thought respectfully of those walking goddesses, indifferent to that raging heat in their seven petticoats. . . .

I had a touch of sunstroke. I went to bed in my room on the ground floor of the Café Pépé. My illness was not disgusting: I brought up cocoons of white froth. Madame Pépé, the proprietress of the hotel, taller and more slow moving than the other women of Formentera, used to come in every half hour with armfuls of geranium leaves.

"Breathe them in," she would say each time. I would breathe in the honest smell of geranium leaf. Satisfied, Madame Pépé would stuff her leaves into the chamber pot inside the bedside table. She helped me to recover quickly with sulfamides and the fresh smell of green leaves in the room.

Madame Carette, at the far end of Neuilly, on the top floor of a modern block of flats, awakened this pleasant memory when she confided to me her preference for geranium, her favourite scent, too, which she composes from flowers gathered in her own garden. Madame Carette makes her blends herself. Red rose, iris, heliotrope, tobacco plant marinate in her private laboratory on the outskirts of Paris.

I learn something: perfumes, like wine, must mature for at least a year. Madame Carette presents me with a kind of red flannel hood, scented with geranium. This ingenious cover makes a warm jacket for your coathanger and at the same time perfumes your suit. American women come all the way from New York just to buy those hoods, those geranium and iris and red rose perfumes. I feel as if I had found you again, Madame Pépé, with your armfuls of leaves and your majestic gait.

TRANSLATED BY ANTONIA WHITE

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Julie Andrews

(Continued from page 124)

every year. But thank God for *Emily*. Without her, I might have sung 'I Could Have Danced All Night' forever."

For those who don't know her and can't see her in discothèques, the film of *The Americanization of Emily*—released last year just one month after *Mary Poppins*—was the first introduction to the un-ladylike, uncool, and non-singing Miss Andrews. Some critics had doubts about the film itself, but they all welcomed her enthusiasm, wit, and faintly tangy quality as blessed relief in a world of saccharine ingénues. And Emily was no lady. As an English girl besieged by American soldiers in London, Miss Andrews played love scenes that might have shocked Eliza Doolittle. Most of all, the screen did justice to qualities lost on the stage: a face that registers each emotional nuance, and a rare kind of close-up radiance.

In her third movie, *The Sound of Music*, Miss Andrews sings again, but by the time that is released this month, she will be at work on a fourth called *Hawaii*, in which she will hardly sing, if at all. After that, she will do the film of Peter Schaffer's play *The Public Eye*, in London.

After that—well, there are all her secret ambitions. For instance:

To make a real old-fashioned Western movie. ("If I didn't sound British, I'd make a *super* singing cowgirl. Perhaps Yves Montand and I could be strangers come to town.")

To do the life story of a burlesque queen. ("*That* should put an end to the lady image.")

To play Salomé in the opera. ("All that blood and lust—marvellous!")

To sing light opera. ("I did so many drastically cut versions as a child; I'd love to get my voice in shape for one good crack at the real thing.")

Miss Andrews, now twenty-nine, has been singing since the age of eight, when her mother and stepfather, a vaudeville team in the English provinces, discovered that she had a rare voice with a range of four or five octaves. She performed with her parents on BBC broadcasts and army-camp tours, and looks back on all of World War II as a continuous soprano rendition of "The White Cliffs of Dover."

After the war, she continued singing on television, and in vaudeville, musical revues, and children's shows. She met Tony Walton at a performance of *Humpty Dumpty*, in which she played the egg. She was thirteen; he was a year older, and they began a correspondence. Ten years later, in 1959 (the egg had by then hatched Eliza Doolittle), they were married, and now have a very blond two-year-old daughter named Emma Kate.

"Tony is undoubtedly the biggest single influence on my life," said Miss Andrews. "He even kept Hollywood from changing my nose, which may—who can tell?—have made the difference between success and failure. 'Touch that nose,' he said, 'and I'll kill you.' "

There was, in fact, some concern over how the very English Miss Andrews would get on in Hollywood. The answer is just another proof of unpredictability: she loves it. She loves the weather and the salads and the freedom of driving around in her own little car. She even loves the workdays that begin at 6 A.M. "Between scenes," she explained, "I practise singing or write letters or read; no wasted time. By the end of the day, I really feel I've *accomplished* something!"

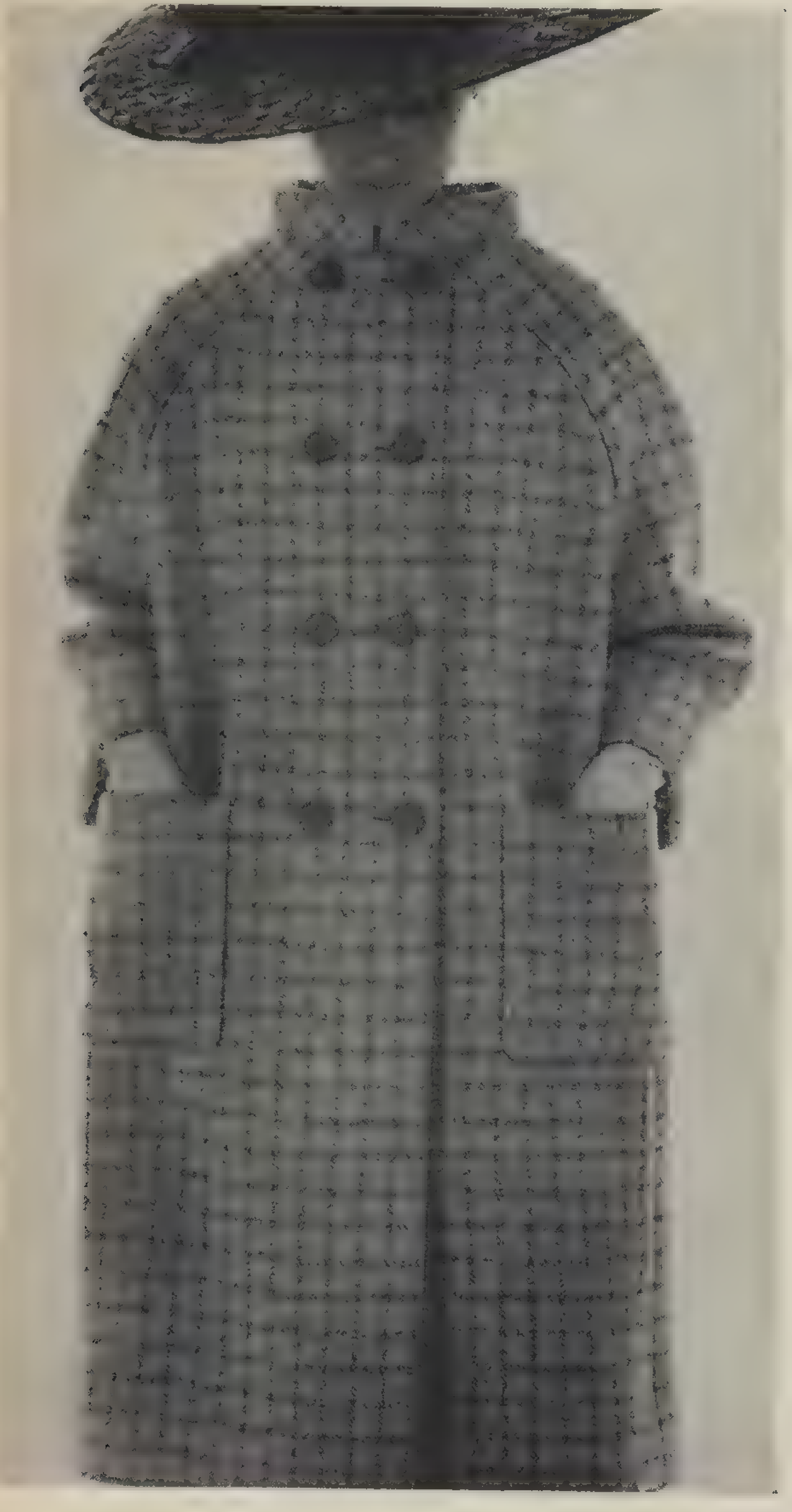
* * *

Success in films has given Julie Andrews more confidence than all her years in *My Fair Lady*. ("I feel a little less like a scared beginner. I can try to make it now on my own.") But she is still periodically dismayed by what she considers her own ineptitudes; her difficulty, for instance, in remembering names, even if they are attached to her employers.

After one such incident (she saw a Broadway playwright with whom she had recently had dinner, and called him by the name of a Hollywood director she barely knows), she suggested she be described this way: "Miss Andrews is tall, has long arms, and makes *faux pas*."

Great new Norell

The Tattersall coat raglan-sleeved, double-breasted



The coat above is the whole marvellous view of the one glimpsed on page 64. In Tattersall checks of pale-pink, natural, and grey double-faced wool, it's double-breasted with narrowed raglan shoulders sloping from a straight little mandarin collar; patch pockets on the hips. Underneath: a double-breasted pink wool jersey dress. Both at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin.

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Private Line from London

By Virginia Cowles

Sir Carol Reed, the distinguished film producer, and his wife are back in their London home on the King's Road—a marvellous house which once belonged to Syrie Maugham. Sir Carol had been in Italy filming *The Agony And The Ecstasy*, which will star Charlton Heston as Michelangelo and Rex Harrison as the Pope.

The film, Sir Carol tells me, will deal only with the years in which Michelangelo painted the Sistine Chapel ceiling. As it was impossible to film inside the Chapel itself, the technical difficulties were great. The Chapel had to be reconstructed, down to the last glorious detail, inside the giant De Laurentiis film studio ten miles from Rome. The authorities gave Sir Carol permission to take still photographs of the chapel paintings, which were then reproduced to scale. The side panels were photographed in black and white, and artists from England, France, Germany, and Italy painted in the colours as exactly as possible.

Lady Reed, the former actress Penelope Dudley Ward, pursued her own interests in Italy. An accomplished photographer, she has sold pictures to famous magazines all over the world, among them that exacting publication *Paris-Match*. She was commissioned by the London publisher George Weidenfeld to take pictures of the Po and the Arno for a book which he is bringing out on famous rivers. In her house on the King's Road she has a darkroom where she does her own processing and developing.

The house has two wonderful drawing rooms looking on to a garden, and is a profusion of twittering birds, flowers, and yapping dogs. Sir Carol adores birds and recently presented his mother-in-law with a pair of budgerigars named Agony and Ecstasy. "But I hate budgerigars," she said. "There is certainly no ecstasy about them. I have renamed them Agony I and Agony II."

Sir Carol has a horror of routine, particularly where the business of living is concerned. More than once I have lunched at his house, sitting at the dining-room table with Lady Reed while he has paced up and down the room.

"So sit down and eat, darling," Lady Reed will murmur.

"No thank you, Pempie," Sir Carol will reply. "I think I'd rather have something cold at four."

However, now that Lady Reed has taken to her darkroom, I am told that Sir Carol complains that he does not eat at all. So husbands please be warned.

* * *

The famous wartime flying ace Group Captain Douglas Bader has been advising the Shell-Esso petroleum group on the type of helicopter and aircraft best suited for ferrying crews and supplies to the rigs being set up in the North Sea. This is in preparation for the gigantic international oil drilling operations which, he told me, will start there in a few weeks' time.

Fifty-five-year-old Douglas Bader is one of the most remarkable men in England. He joined the Royal Air Force in the early nineteen-thirties and lost both legs in a flying accident. Equipped with wooden legs, he learned to walk again without a cane, a feat which most doctors said was impossible.

When war broke out he volunteered as a fighter pilot and was refused. However, trained pilots were scarce, and Bader was persistent. Finally he was told he could have a try and he became one of the heroes of the Battle of Britain. In August 1941 his plane was hit by the enemy and began to burn. His only chance of survival was to jump out. And here the theory about the ill wind blowing some good proved to be true, for Bader's foot was jammed and he could not move it. A man with flesh and blood limbs would have been doomed, but Bader merely unstrapped his wooden leg and parachuted out. He spent the rest of the war in captivity.

When peace came, Douglas Bader rejoined the Shell Oil group, as manager of the company's air fleet. He told me that at least twelve rigs will be set up in the North Sea and that all the major oil companies in the world will be involved in the drilling operations.

Beauty Bulletin

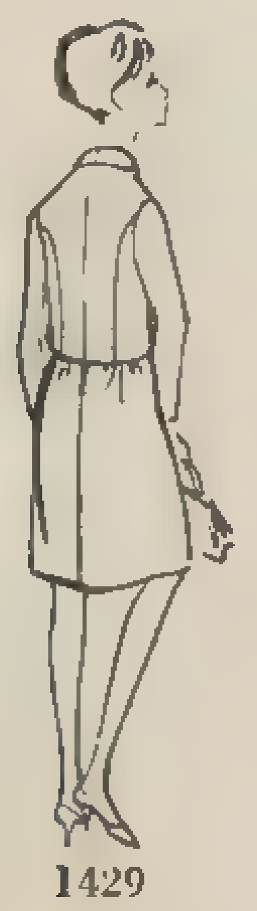
(Continued from page 112)

ternational. . . . Legs and throat considered most important lines of body; should be made to look longest lines. Narrow knees, small tight calves to back of legs essential. . . . Sunburned bodies still world-wide healthmanship, piebald-streaked hair part of look. . . . This expected to be wildest year yet for eye-coverings; slit-shaped lenses newest sunglasses feature; Courrèges not only one seeing things this way. . . . Face-sprays liked everywhere; spa-water mists from Germany; Paris putting Evian water in atomizers to set make-up. . . . Flower scents picking up again London. . . . U.S.A. fragrance still on big green trail. . . . Accessory-lipstick, either separate gloss stick, white stick, silver stick, gold stick, hitting big all over U.S.A. . . . Look for mauves coming on in some spring makeups via Paris and Rome; look for blueberry-mauve eyelids.

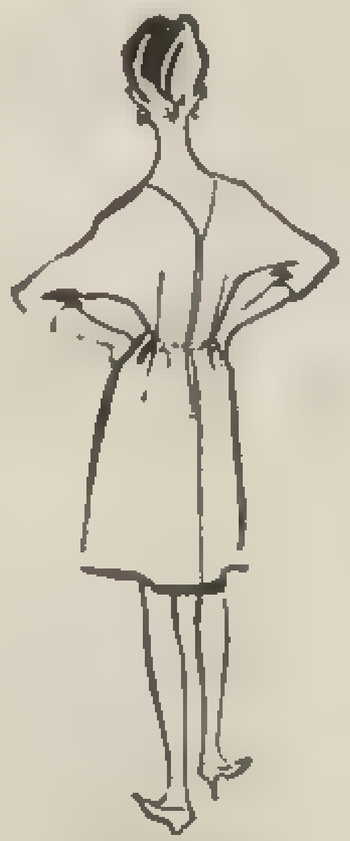
Asked how she felt about baby-face clothes—part sugar, part shrewdness—one international fashion authority (possibly the most intuitive one) said: "If you mean the Shetland Pony baby doll look, this is a genuine look of today. Part child, part vamp, part Lolita, she has the courage and confidence of a child, all the wiles and ways and, often, the means of an adult. The clean, shiny skin; the look of little makeup and much gloss; the loose, extraordinary hair. As one grows older, one tends to lose this wonderful ability to be both irresistible and convincing at once. One must *be* young, not merely look young, at any age."

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 130-131)



1429



6534

Left: Dior Tattersall linen suit. Vogue Paris Original Model 1429, in sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 4¾ yards of 35" fabric without nap (allowance made for matching plaid). $3. In Canada, $3.30.
Right: Dolman-sleeved raw silk dress. Vogue Pattern 6534. In sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 45" fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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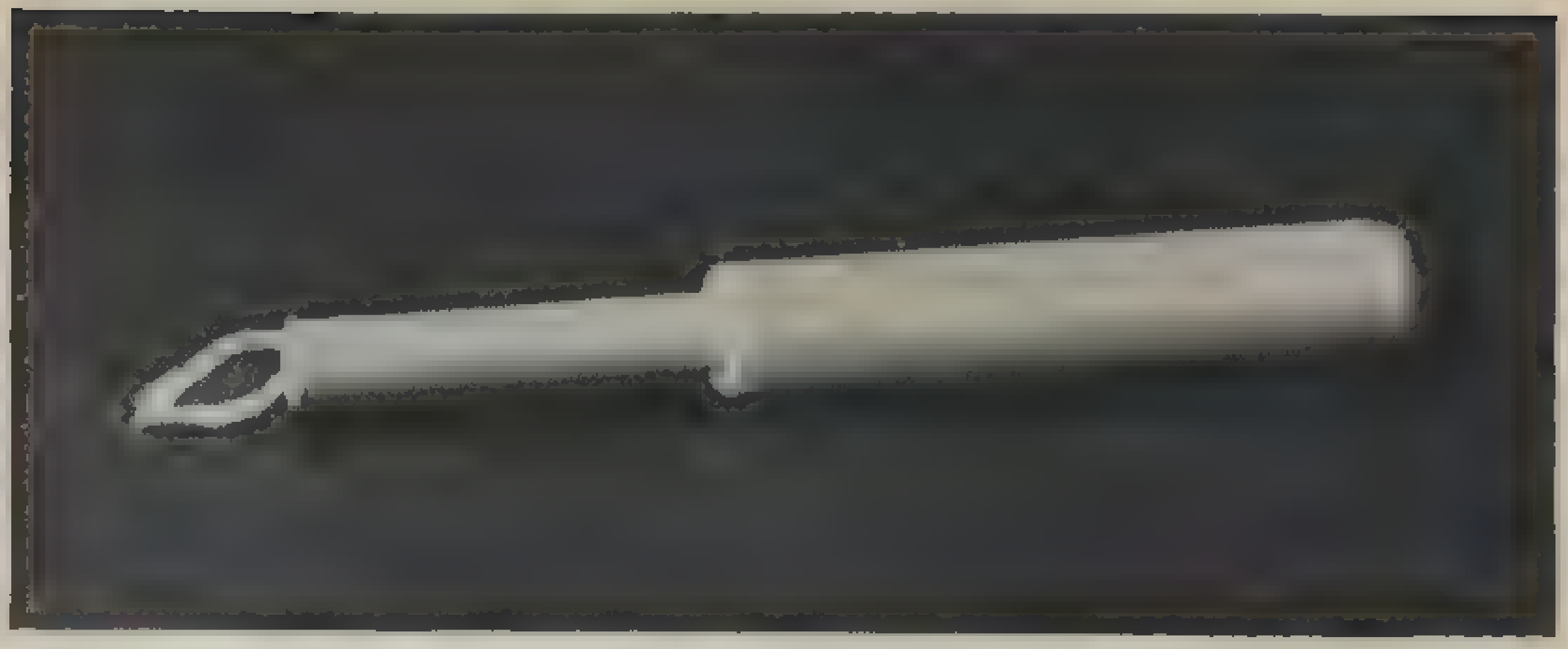

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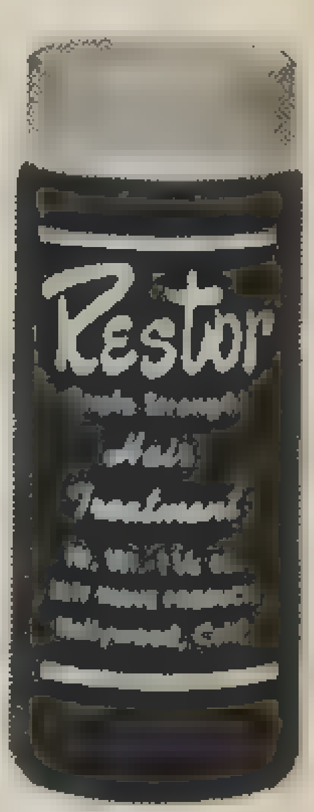

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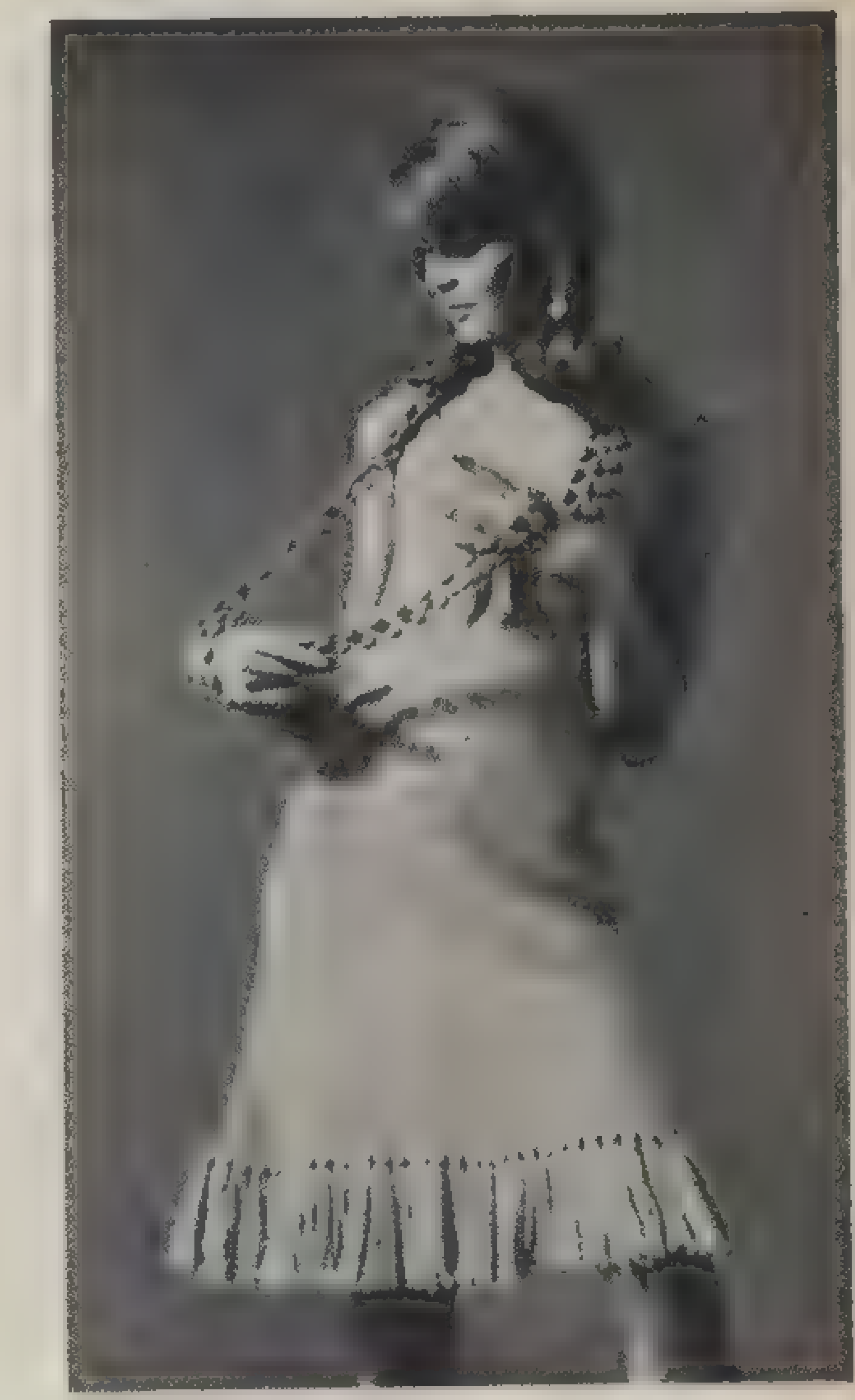
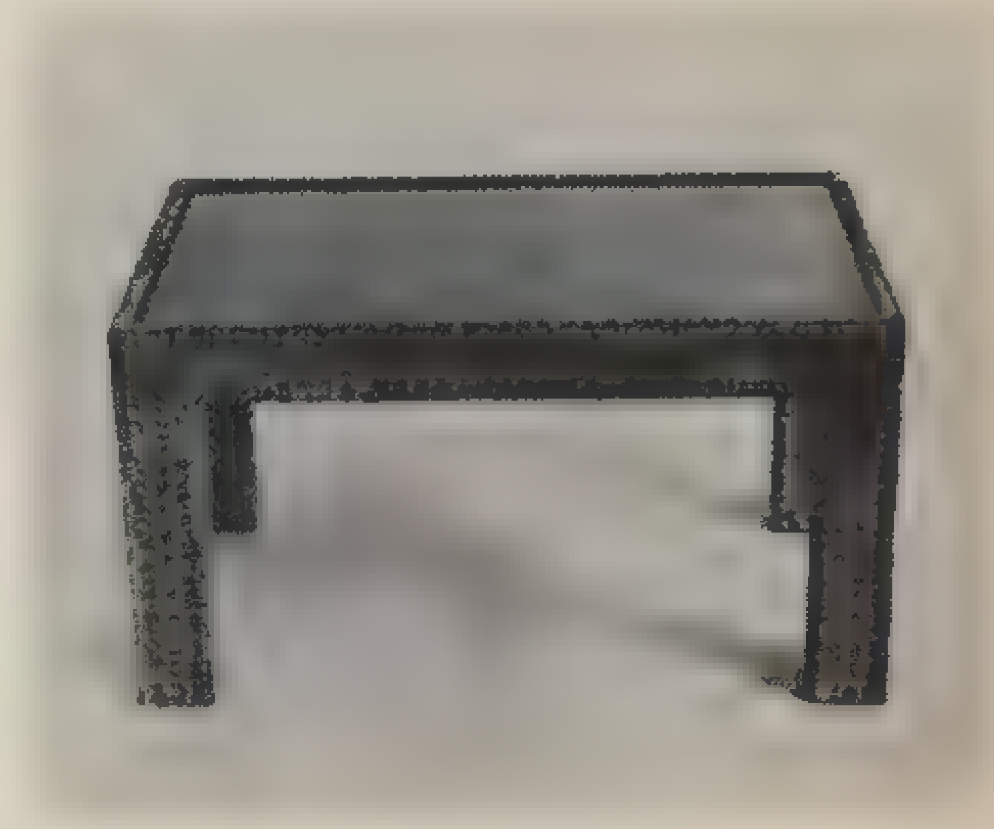
Eight snappy ideas swinging into spring



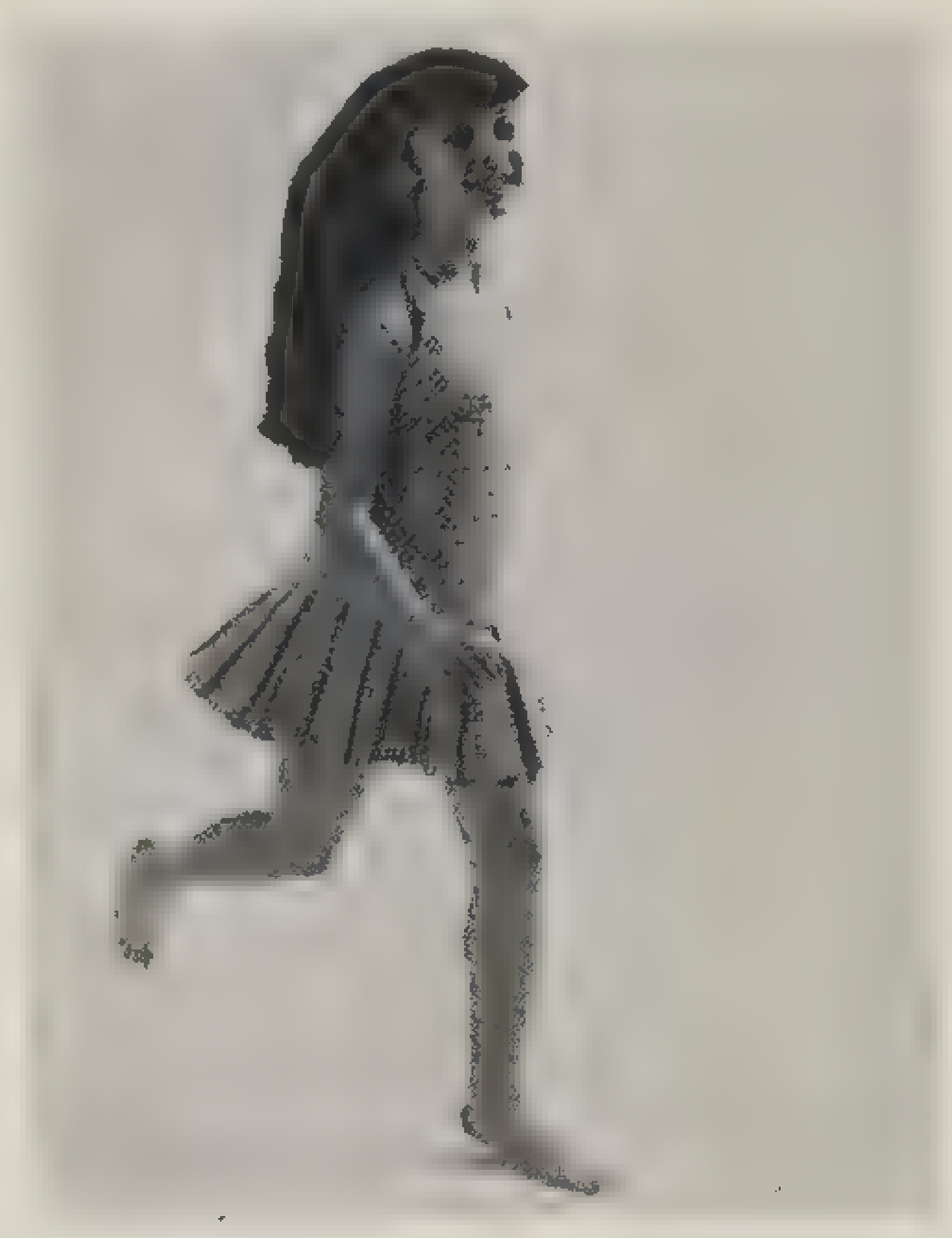
Everything swings

Tassels front and back on a deep V-neck, fringe on the knee—everything swinging on a hand-knitted skimmer of beige wool. Made to order; any colour. $160. By Norja. Nancy Reals Boutique at Enrico Caruso, 110 E. 55th St., N. Y. 22.



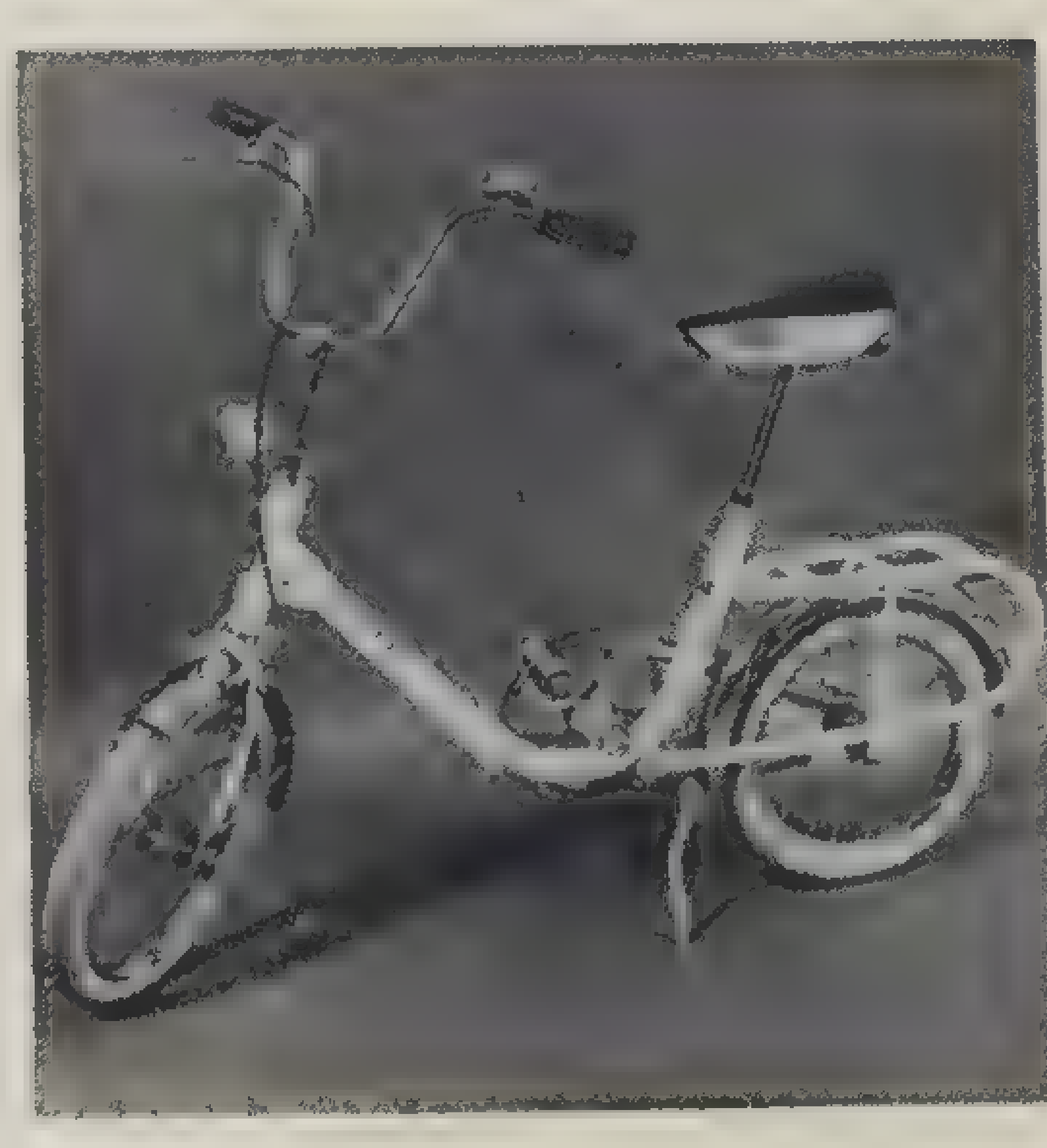
Teatime reading

A little wooden tea table covered with Chinese newspapers, slicked over with clear lacquer. Glass top. 10″ high, 18″ long; $165. Doris Dessauer, 210 E. 58th St., N. Y. 22.



Smallest swing of checks

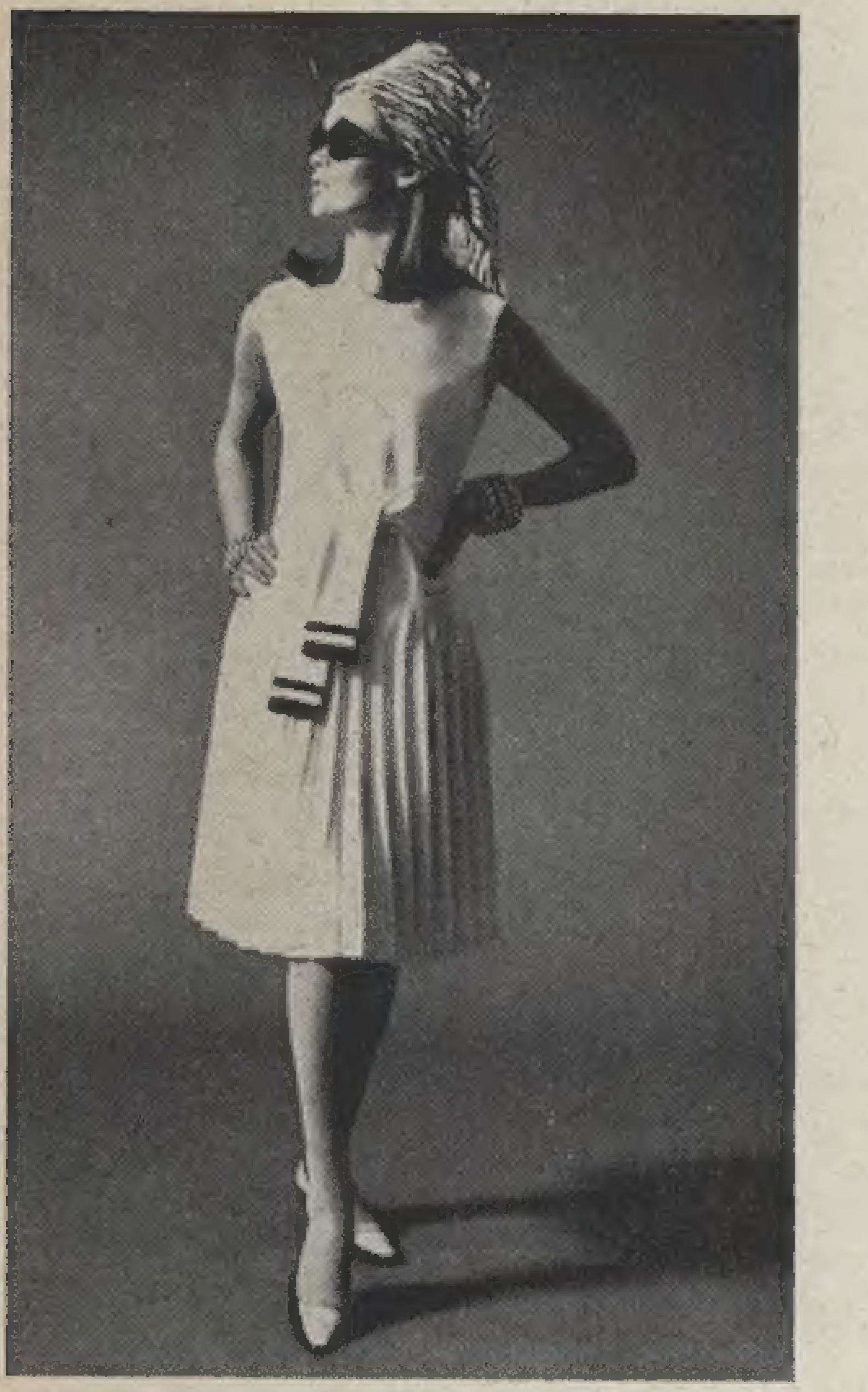
Red-and-white checked gingham dress from Spain for a little girl—cross-stitched down the front, around the hips, above a tiny flick of pleats. Also orange, turquoise, or navy blue with white. 2, 3, 4: $11.50. 5, 6: $12.50. 7, 8, 10: $13.50. All ppd. Amandita, 4 Via Mizner, Palm Beach, Florida.



Italian folding bike

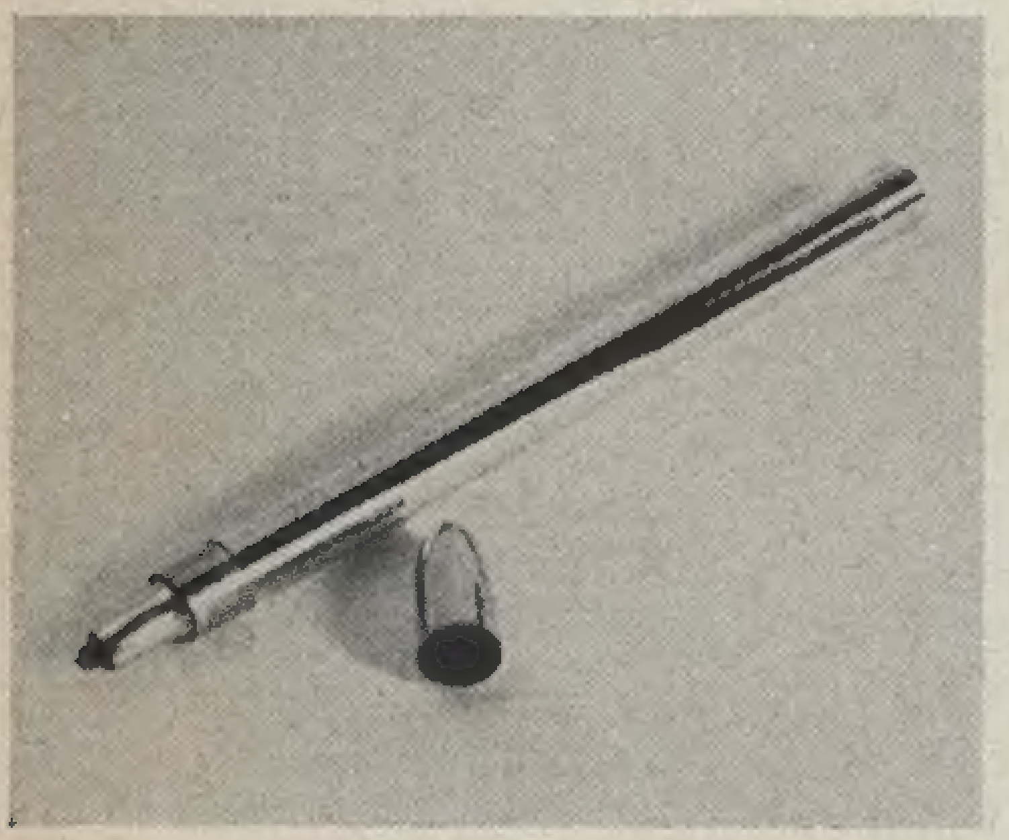
Low-slung bicycle that folds in half—without disassembling—to swing aboard a car or boat. Blue or white enamel; $99.50. Child's, $59.95. By Graziella. Buyways, 154 Bleecker St., N. Y. 12.

SHOP HOUND



Knitted swing of pleats

Fresh from Italy—white knitted wool dress pleated low on the waist; sleeveless, with a half-sash tipped in navy blue to tie just in front. 8-16; $100 ppd. By Fabiani for Virginia Krementz. Eleganza, 61 Main St., Millburn, New Jersey.



In its own write

Terrific idea for devotees of the new felt-tipped pens—a sleek case of fourteen-carat gold. Pen slips in, is easily replaced when dry. Case, $80 tax inc. Tiffany's, 727 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

Zip goes the jacket

Short straight white jacket to zip over skirts, shorts, pants. Of matte vinyl with the look of leather—chopped sleeves, little mandarin collar. 10-16; $36. Also linen, $32; jersey, $30. By Vera Horn. Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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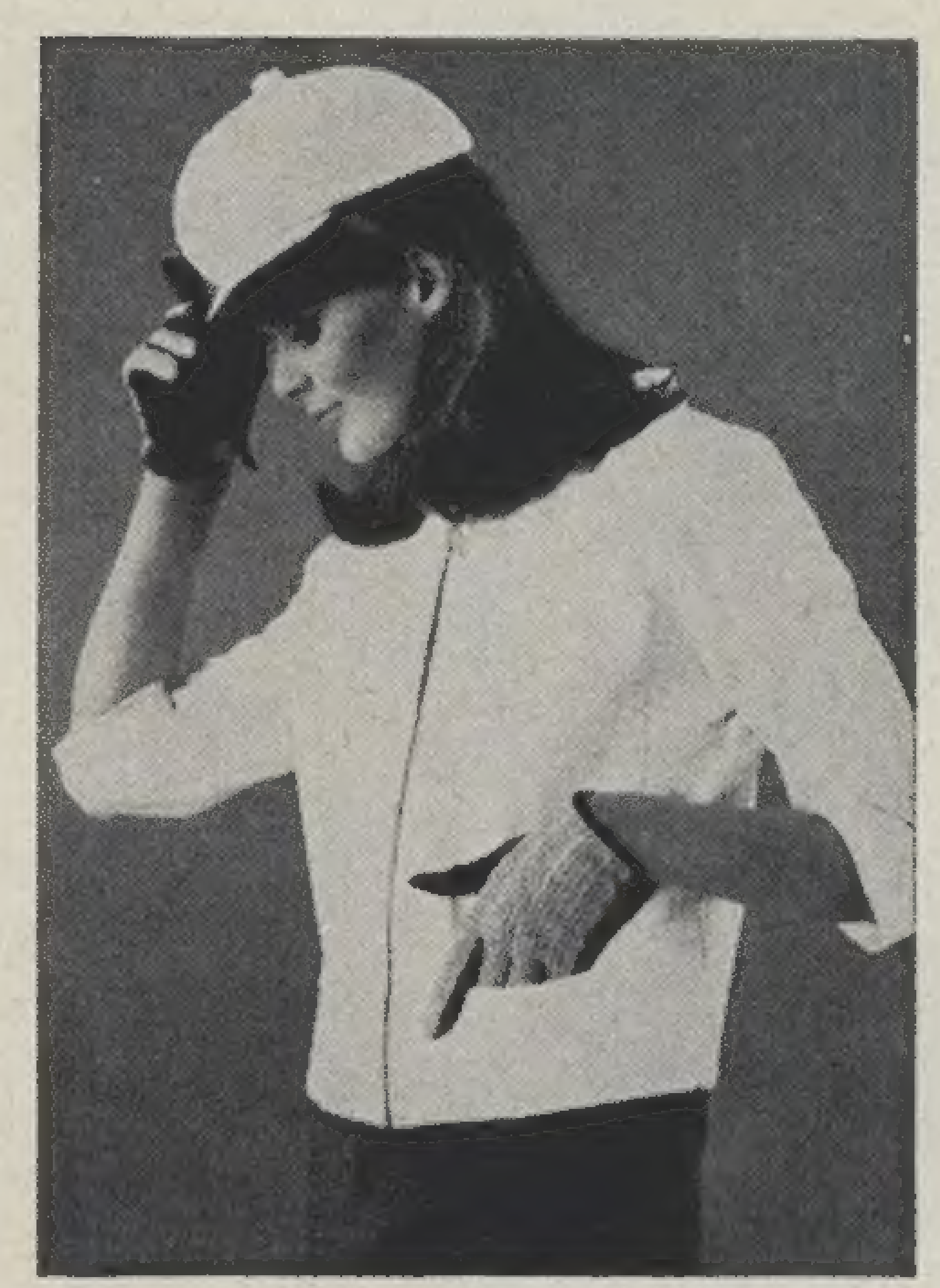

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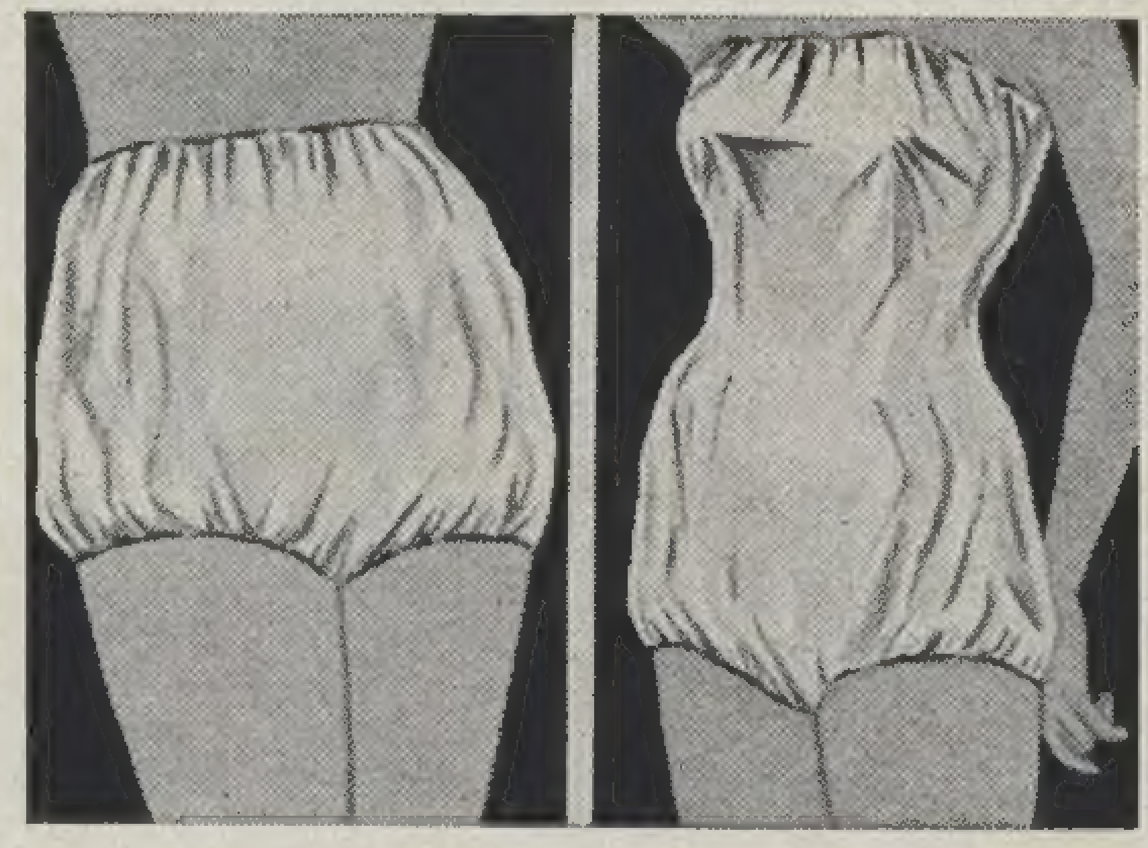

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buy him his life

TRAN DIEN, VIETNAMESE, AGE 5. Father ill. Cannot work. Mother tea-picker. Losing sight. Unable to choose good leaves from bad. Lost job. Five children in family. "Home" is thatch hut. Earthen floor. Dien has almost no clothes. No trousers. Shown in photo with borrowed pants for sake of dignity. No decent food. Nothing. Poverty extreme. Parents despairing for children. Help to Dien means help to entire family. Need acute.

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PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development of the United States Government and filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Check your charity—we eagerly offer our financial statement on request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds. PLAN helps children in Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia and Ecuador.

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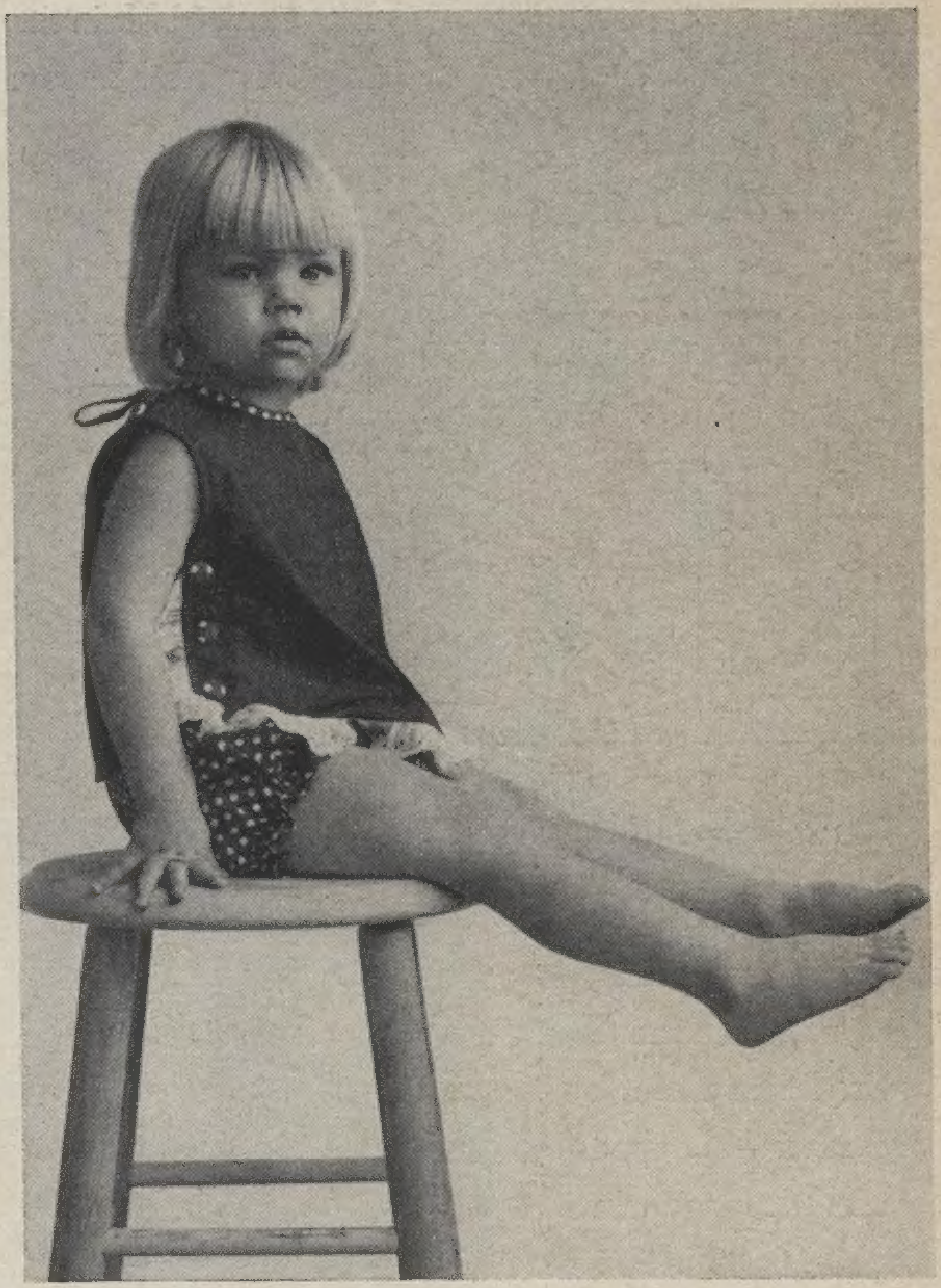
The small smart spender

Polka dots and ruffles—all red, white, and blue



Long-playing idea for the small smart spender—navy-blue broadcloth bib with a frothy ruffle of white eyelet, piped and side-buttoned in the same red-and-white polka dots that make the tiny bloomers. By Nannette, of Springmaid drip-dry cotton. About $3. At Stern's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; L. S. Ayres.

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Clever as he is, he'll never know
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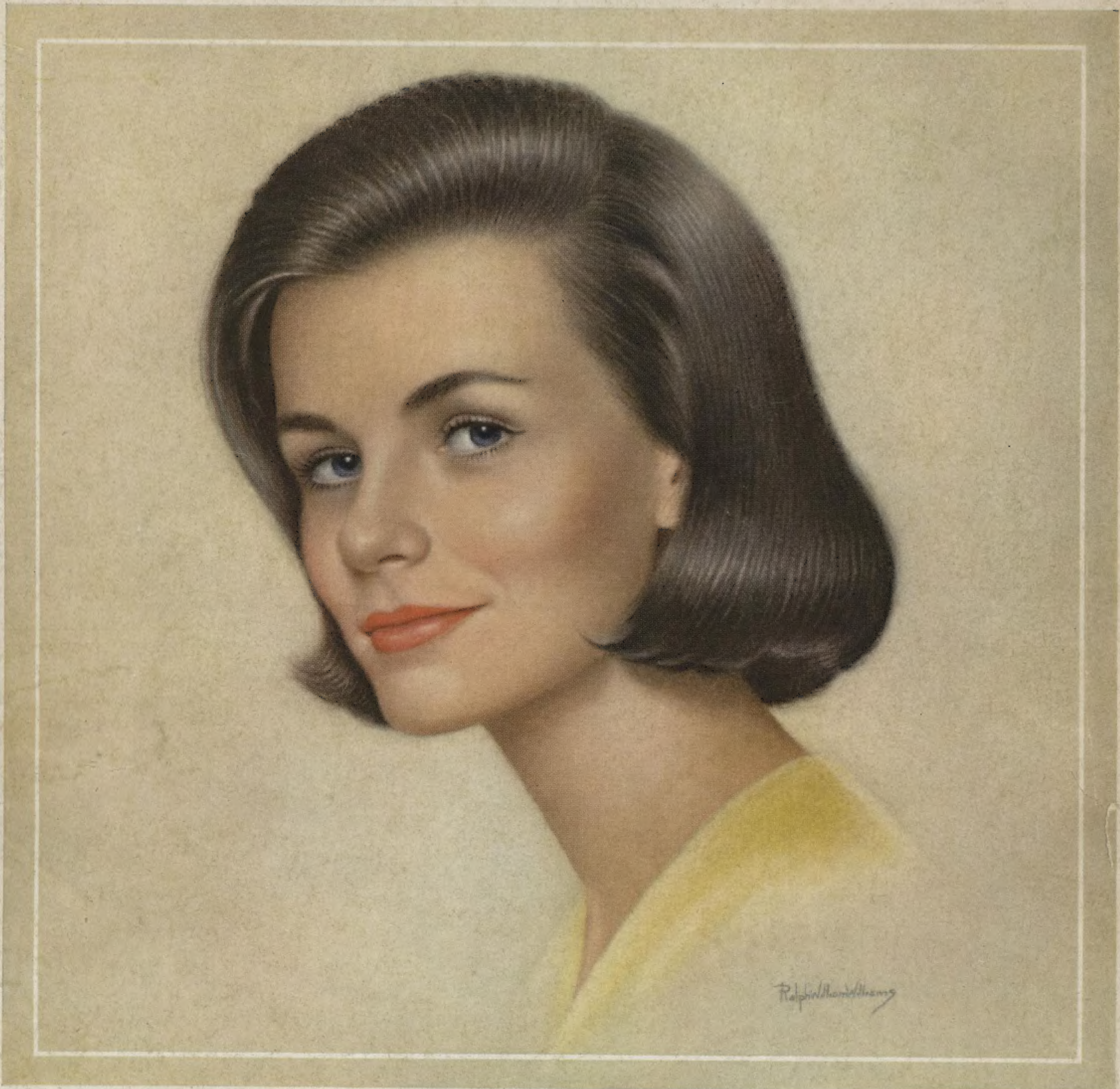
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